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John Webster

Edited by F. L. Lucas

In Four Volumes

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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF JOHN WEBSTER

VOLUME IV

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF JOHN WEBSTER

Edited by

F. L. LUCAS
FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE
CAMBRIDGE

Volume IV

Characters
Anything for a Quiet Life
The Fair Maid
of the Inn

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CONJECTURAL WORKS

CHARACTERS

ANYTHING FOR A QUIET LIFE

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

CHARACTERS

CHARACTERS

DATE

THE Thirty-two Characters here printed first appeared in the Sixth Impression of the collection attributed to Overbury (1615). There is no reason to suppose that they had been written long before: indeed many of them may well belong to the few months that separated this sixth edition from the fifth, published towards the close of 1614. This supposition is confirmed by their frequent parallels with *The Duchess of Malfi* (1613–4); and by the probable allusions in "An Arrant Horse-Courser" to the paving of Smithfield (1615), in "A Roaring Boy" to Spinola's invasion of Cleves and Juliers (Aug. 1614). Undoubtedly "An Excellent Actor" is a reply to J. Stephens's "A Common Player" published in his *Satyricall essayes* of 1615. It seems likely, then, that most of these thirty-two Characters were written in 1614–5.

AUTHORSHIP

Soon after the death of Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower (Sept. 1613) his poem "The Wife" was published. A few months later, in May 1614, it reached a second edition, in which were added twenty-one Characters written, says the printer, partly by Overbury, partly "by other learned Gentlemen, his friends". This proved such a success that three further editions were issued in the same year; the third containing twenty-five Characters, the fourth thirty, the fifth thirty-one. So we come to the edition that really concerns us—the sixth, printed in 1615. This is still further enlarged, so that the number of its Characters now leaps up to seventy-three, by the addition of two new batches, each with a title-page of its own. The first of these batches contains ten Characters, headed "An Addition of Other Characters, or Lively Descriptions of Persons"; the second consists of thirty-two more, entitled "New Characters Drawn to the life of severall persons in severall qualities".

In fine, the Characters of this sixth edition fall into three distinct groups. The thirty-one inherited from the fifth edition; the Ten; and the Thirty-two.

Now in September 1913 (exactly three hundred years, curiously enough, after Overbury's death) Sykes contributed to *Notes and Queries* (11th Series, vol. VIII) a set of articles pointing out many striking parallels between these Thirty-two New Characters and Webster's two great plays; also between the *Conceited News* (first published with the original Characters of 1614) and *The Devil's Law-Case*. His main conclusion was that, since Webster was on general grounds more likely to be the borrower, *The Duchess of Malfi* could not have reached its final form by 1614, but must have been retouched later—between 1615, when the Thirty-two New Characters appeared, and its own publication in 1623.

There was no intrinsic difficulty in this view. Indeed it had been proved already that the present opening of the play, with its allusion to the murder of Concini, actually was so added in 1617.

None the less a quite different explanation of the resemblances was put forward nine months later by Baron A. F. Bourgeois in the same journal (*N.Q.* 11. x)—namely, that Webster had not copied the Thirty-two Characters, but had written them himself. For though we can explain the appearance of parallels to the Characters of 1615 in *The Duchess of Malfi* of 1614, by supposing them to be later insertions made before the play was printed in 1623, we cannot so explain the appearance

of similar parallels in *The White Devil*, which was already in print by 1612, or in *A Monumental Column* (registered in Dec. 1612).

To this reasoning Sykes replied after another nine months, in April 1915 (*N.Q.* 11. xi), with a partial agreement. He admitted that *some* of the Thirty-two Characters might be Webster's, and that there was insufficient reason for supposing that in *The Duchess of Malfi* he was borrowing from the printed Characters of 1615 (though of course Webster might quite conceivably have seen them in manuscript). On the other hand, Sykes was reluctant to credit Webster with all of the Thirty-two Characters.[1] For it is clear that *all* the resemblances between Webster's plays and Characters in the "Overbury" collection as a whole cannot be explained by the theory that Webster wrote both; seeing that the plays occasionally borrow also from parts of the collection known not to be by Webster. Thus there are several echoes of Overbury's own genuine poem "The Wife"; and also of the pieces of *Conceited News* which appeared in 1614 over the initials of various other authors.

On the other hand, in favour of Webster's authorship of some of the Thirty-two Characters, Sykes now pointed out that several of them betrayed Webster's characteristic fondness for borrowing from Montaigne's *Essays* and Sidney's *Arcadia*.

Last of all Bourgeois replied in Oct. 1915 (*N.Q.* 11. xii), pleading that the Thirty-two Characters were so clearly set apart by themselves in the book and distinguished even from the other Ten additional Characters by a title-page of their own, as to imply that they formed a single work by a single author. Therefore if some of them were Webster's, all must be. This argument is, however, somewhat weakened when we remember that the Ten Characters have also a separate title-page without being all by one author. For three, and only three, we know to be Cocke's.

The upshot of the whole matter seems to be, that there is good reason for crediting Webster with at least the great majority of the Thirty-two Characters: personally I believe that they are all his.

Resemblances between two works can in general be explained in five possible ways: by coincidence; by a common source; by borrowing on one side or the other; by mutual borrowing; or by identity of authorship. Of these the first two may here be ruled out at once; the third supposition—that the borrowing was all on one side or the other—is chronologically impossible, for the 1615 Characters resemble work of Webster's printed both before them and after them, both *The White*

[1] A certain amount of misunderstanding perplexed the original discussion at this point, because Baron Bourgeois, by a slip, gave the impression that he claimed for Webster not only the Thirty-two Characters, but also the other batch of Ten, which immediately preceded them in the 1615 edition. This was never his intention: and indeed we know three of the Ten to be by J. Cocke.

Devil of 1612 and *A Cure for a Cuckold* of 1624–5. In the last resort, indeed, it might be suggested that some of the Characters were already circulating in manuscript as early as 1611–2. But the Character most easily dated by internal evidence, "An Excellent Actor", certainly belongs to 1615; and this very one contains an obvious parallel with *The White Devil*. It follows that if borrowing is the only explanation of the resemblances, then first of all the Characters borrowed from Webster, but after 1615 Webster turned round and retaliated by borrowing from the Characters.

Clearly this is not a very probable supposition. And how odd that Webster should take passages so persistently from the Thirty-two Characters and only four or five times from the forty-one other Characters in the edition of 1615!

Besides, there are numerous parallels between *The Duchess of Malfi* in particular and the Thirty-two Characters. It is unlikely that the Characters would borrow so extensively from a play not yet in print. But if, on the other hand, the play borrowed from the Characters, what a remarkable coincidence that the Characters should also show Webster's trick of borrowing from Sidney and Montaigne! What a coincidence, too, that only the Thirty-two Characters show this fondness for those two authors!

We are driven back to the one remaining possibility, that Webster himself wrote at least the bulk of the Thirty-two Characters.

After all there is nothing astonishing in his writing prose Characters; for he has written one in verse that not the most incredulous critic has ever questioned—the "carracter", as Vittoria herself calls it, of a whore, which is put in the Cardinal's mouth in the trial-scene in *The White Devil*. It is indeed a typical specimen of its kind, made up of the usual string of conceits and metaphors. Then too there is "The Character of *Edward* the blacke Prince" in *A Monumental Column* (64 ff.). Again, in *The Duchess of Malfi* we have Antonio's briefer portrait-characters of Cardinal, Duke, and Duchess, and Delio's "Scholar" (III. 3. 50–7); and lastly, in *Appius and Virginia*, the character of a petty Notary (III. 2. 242 ff.).

A further possibility occurs to me, which may slightly increase the likelihood that Webster wrote all the Thirty-two Characters. In 1615 J. Stephens of Lincoln's Inn published his *Satirical Essays, Characters, and others*, which contained a highly abusive Character of "A Common Player". This challenge was almost instantly taken up in the 1615 edition of "Overbury". For among its Thirty-two New Characters, appeared that of "An Excellent Actor", which shows particularly clear signs of Webster's authorship, and ends with a sharp allusion to the "malicious Ignorance" of "the imitating Characterist" (that is to say,

J. Stephens) and his "itch of bestriding the Presse". This so enraged Stephens that, before the year was out, he issued a second impression of his own work, with angry replies by him and his friends to "the namelesse Rayler:[1] who hath lengthened his Excellent Actor, a most needy Caracter, following *The Wife*, with a peece of dog-skin witt: dressed over with oyle of sweaty Post-horse".[2] This second impression contains also a poem in Stephens's defence by A. Croftes of Gray's Inn, three epigrams by G. Greene of Lincoln's Inn, and a satire on the author of "An Excellent Actor" by J. Cocke.[3] All this has long been known. But the important thing is that Cocke incidentally claims to have himself contributed three Characters to the 1615 edition of Overbury;[4] and complains that they had been altered before publication by "the ridiculous and bold dealing of an unknowne botcher: But I neede make no question what he is: for his hackney similitudes discover him to be the Rayler above mentioned whosoever that rayler be". It is interesting to find Cocke three hundred years ago beginning to apply modern methods of determining authorship. His point about "hackney similitudes" becomes plain when we compare 33–5 of "An Excellent Actor" with the following sentence (which must accordingly be one of the interpolations complained of) in Cocke's "Almanacke-maker": "The verses in his booke have a worse pace than ever had *Rochester* Hackney".

Now it is possible that Cocke was completely ignorant how the sixth edition of Overbury had been edited; and his only reason for identifying the author of "An Excellent Actor" with the botcher of his own "Almanacke-maker" may be the internal evidence he gives—the "hackney similitudes". But it seems possible, on the other hand, that Cocke may have known more, and had other reasons as well for his suspicion. In any case, whether he had them or not, he may have been right. And, if he was, a very interesting hypothesis results—that Webster

[1] I cannot agree with Bourgeois, who assumes that Webster was *known* by Stephens and his friends to be the author of "An Excellent Actor": they repeatedly refer to their ignorance of its author's identity. By the date, however, (1617) of the attack on Webster by Fitzjeffrey, a friend of Stephens (see vol. I. p. 55), Webster's authorship may have transpired, and may even have provoked that attack.

[2] An allusion to "An Excellent Actor", 33–5.

[3] Chambers (IV. 255) suggests that J. Cocke is really J. Cooke, the author of *Greene's Tu Quoque*. As, however, elsewhere (III. 269) he very reasonably takes the lines of Heywood prefixed to that play in 1614 to imply that Cooke was then dead, it is not clear how a man dead in 1614 could take part in a controversy a year later.

[4] "A Tinker", "An Apparatour", and "An Almanacke-maker": they appear among the Ten Characters immediately preceding Webster's Thirty-two.

was not only the author of the Thirty-two Characters, but also the editor of the whole sixth edition.[1]

One or two other things slightly support this view. It is significant that, as Bourgeois points out, the title-page of the whole sixth edition bears the motto which introduces two of Webster's uncontested works (*The White Devil* and *Monuments of Honour*)—*Non norunt haec monumenta mori*. Now no edition of the Characters before the sixth has it; and it vanishes again in the seventh and its successors. With it disappear also the separate title-page of the Thirty-two Characters, and the offending paragraph of "An Excellent Actor" which had so annoyed Stephens. Lastly Mr Sykes, when I made this suggestion of Webster's editorship to him, pointed out a further similarity of expression between the Address to the Judicious Reader at the beginning of *The Devil's Law-Case* and the Address to the Reader in this 1615 edition of the Characters: "I doe chiefly therefore *expose it to the Judicious*" (*D.L.*)—"they are now *exposed, not only to the judicious*" (*Characters*).

It seems possible then that Webster edited the whole sixth edition of Overbury; and it seems very probable that he was at all events the author of the Thirty-two New Characters here printed. It remains only to summarize the parallels themselves. (A great number of these had already been noted by Sykes and Bourgeois.)

Commander

12–3. He knowes, the hazards of battels, not the pompe of Ceremonies are Souldiers best theaters.

Cf. *Mon. Col.* 90–2: Who knew that battailes, not the gaudy show
Of ceremonies, do on Kings bestow
Best Theaters.

Cf. also: 7–8, *D.L.* v. 4. 78–9; 8–9, *Mon. Col.* 76–7; 17–9, *A.&L.* I. 1. 19–20; 27–8, *D.M.* v. 2. 379–80 (from *Arcadia*); 37, *W.D.* III. 2. 148–9.

Coward

No absolutely clear parallels, but cf. 8 (traines by the book), *D.M.* III. 3. 27; 23 (*Costive Physicke*), *F.M.I.* IV. 2. 83–4; 22 (pun on "running"), *W.D.* IV. 2. 54.

Pirate

Cf. 15, *A.V.* v. 1. 97.

[1] It is worth noting that Webster's friend Ford was also interested in "Overbury" at this time. A work, no longer extant, was registered on Nov. 25th 1615, called "*Sir Thomas Overbury's Ghost, containing his life and untimely death.* By John Ford, Gent." It likewise was published by Laurence Lisle. Ford also contributed verses to the 1616 editions of the Characters.

Fencer

Cf. 3, *D.L.* III. 3. 207 (but of course the expression is not uncommon); 4–5, *W.D.* v. 1. 144–5; 8, *D.M.* IV. 2. 87–8.

Puny-clarke

Cf. 11–2, *F.M.I.* IV. 2. 251–2; 20–1, *D.L.* II. 1. 42–3.

Foote-man

No very clear parallel.

Cf. 1, *W.D.* IV. 2. 135, *A.V.* III. 2. 44 (pun on "matches"); 14 (onely this), "Pettifogger" (a Character certainly by Webster) 27, *D.M.* I. 1. 212.

House-keeper

16–7. His thoughts have a *high aime*, though their dwelling bee in the *Vale of an humble heart.*

Cf. *Mon. Col.* 33–5: His minde quite voyd of ostentation,
His high-erected thoughts look't downe upon
The smiling valley of his fruitfull heart.

19–20: for he hath, as it were, put a gird about the whole world, and sounded all her *quicksandes.*

Cf. *D.M.* III. 1. 105–6: May say he hath put a girdle 'bout the world,
And sounded all her quick-sands.

Cf. also: 1–3, *Mon. Col.* 39–42; 5, *Mon. Col.* 287; 22–3, *D.L.* I. 2. 259–60, etc.; 23–4, *D.M.* III. 2. 314.

Intruder into Favour

27–8: when hee is falling, hee goes of himselfe faster then misery can drive him.

Cf. *D.M.* v. 5. 57–8: For thou fall'st faster of thy selfe, then calamitie
Can drive thee. (From *Arcadia.*)

Cf. also: 5, *W.D.* II. 1. 80–1; 8, *W.D.* IV. 2. 89; 12–3, *D.M.* III. 1. 110–1; 20–1, *D.M.* I. 1. 185–6.

Milke-mayd

10: [*too*] *Immoderate sleepe is rust to the soule.*

Cf. *D.M.* I. 1. 79–80: If too immoderate sleepe be truly sayd
To be an inward rust unto the soule.

Cf. also: 2 (*face-Physicke*), *D.M.* II. 1. 24; 22–3, *D.M.* v. 2. 183–4 (from *Arcadia*).

Horse-courser

Cf. 1 (Hath the tricke to), *W.D.* II. 1. 175–6; 13 (stretch your selfe in the Stirroppes), *W.D.* v. 4. 15.

Roaring Boy

Cf. 2–3, *A.Q.L.* I. 1. 140: 6–7 (private Quarrell...great Courtiers ...businesse), *D.M.* III. 3. 43–5; 19–20 (gunpowder in hollow tooth), *D.M.* III. 3. 18–9.

Drunken Dutch-man

Cf. 1 (tyranny of Dutch wives), *D.L.* III. 1. 13 ff.; 16–7, *D.M.* II. 4. 87–8.

Phantastique

7–8. If all men were of his minde, all honestie would bee out of fashion.

Cf. *D.M.* I. 1. 171–2. If he laugh hartely, it is to laugh
All honesty out of fashion.

Cf. also: 3–4, *W. Ho!* I. 2 (p. 77) (from Nash); 15–7, *D.M.* I. 1. 43–5 (from Montaigne); 21 (drie-foundred), *D.L.* IV. 1. 44; 21 (purse...calfe), *F.M.I.* IV. 2. 211–2.

Button-maker

No obvious parallel, though the "equivocation" of 7–8 is quite like Webster.

Distaster of the Time

Cf. 15–6, *W.D.* III. 2. 154–5.

Fellow of a House

12–3. Hee hath learn't to cough, and spit, and blow his nose at every period, to recover his memory.

Cf. *D.M.* II. 1. 7–9: and in a set speech, (at th' end of every sentence,) to hum, three, or foure times, or blow your nose...to recover your memory.

Petifogger

Cf. 1 (*Sampsons Foxes*), *D.M.* III. 3. 45–8; 2–3, *A.Q.L.* I. 1. 217; 4 (pun on "*Tariers*"), *D.L.* II. 1. 204–6.

Ingrosser of Corne

Cf. 19, *D.M.* IV. 2. 59–60; 27–9, *F.M.I.* IV. 2. 167.

Usurer

18–9: such a deformed silence, as Witches rayse their spirits in.

Cf. *D.M.* III. 3. 70–1: In such a deformed silence, witches whisper
Their charmes.

Cf. also: 11, *F.M.I.* IV. 2. 111–2; 22–3, *A.V.* V. 1. 181–2.

Water-man

Cf. 17, *D.L.* V. 5. 82.

Judge

Cf. 17–20, *D.M.* I. 1. 18–23.

Vertuous Widdow

2–3. For her Childrens sake she first marries, for she married that she might have children, and for their sakes she marries no more.

Cf. *D.L.* I. 2. 90–3: Know for your sakes
I married, that I might have children;
And for your sakes, if youle be rul'd by me,
I will never marry again.

Cf. also: 1, *D.M.* I. 1. 555–7; 4 (meddals), *D.M.* I. 1. 192; 20–1, *D.M.* I. 1. 208–9; 21–2, *D.M.* I. 1. 135–6.

Ordinarie Widdow

Cf. 23 (Lord but of a filthy purchase), *W.D.* II. 1. 56.

Quacksalver

10. All the learned doctors may cast their Caps at him.

Cf. *D.M.* IV. 2. 111. All the Colledge may throw their caps at me.

Cf. also 4, *F.M.I.* V. 3. 311; 23–4, *D.L.* IV. 2. 448.

Canting Rogue

Cf. 10–1, *C.C.* IV. 1. 95–6.

French Cooke

Cf. 11–2, *D.L.* II. 1. 79–81.

Sexton

Cf. 14–5, *D.M.* IV. 2. 101; 17–8, *W.D.* III. 3. 66–7.

Jesuite

No very obvious parallel; the image of Lion and Fox recurs in *A.Q.L.*, but is too general to prove anything. Cf. also 10 (Canon... mischiefe), *W.D.* III. 3. 16–7; 19, *D.M.* III. 2. 373.

Actor

5. He doth not strive to make nature monstrous.

Cf. *W.D.* postscript 3–4: for the true imitation of life without striving to make nature a monster.

Cf. also: 3–5 (lines... *Center*), *D.M.* II. 2. 21–2; 31–3, *F.M.I.* IV. 2. 83–4.

Franklin

Cf. 4, *W.D.* II. 1. 127–8; 28 (Lord Paramount), *A.Q.L.* I. 1. 291; 32, *Mon. Col.* 219–20.

Purveiour of Tobacco

Cf. 4, *D.L.* II. 1. 204–6; 6–9, *F.M.I.* II. 2. 45–6.

For borrowings by Webster from Overbury's *Wife*, the *Conceited News*, and the original Characters first published in May 1614, see on *D.M.* Dedication, 10, *D.L.* I. 1. 40–1; *D.M.* I. 1. 380–1, V. 2. 244, *D.L.* I. 1. 208–9, I. 2. 222–3, II. 1. 144–5, 211–2, II. 4. 45–7, *A.V.* III. 2. 12.

This last passage recalls the Character of "A Prisoner" (Rimbault, pp. 157–9); which, together with the preceding one, "A Prison", seems to me perhaps also by Webster. They were added in 1616. (Cf. Rimbault, p. 155: "so sweet an ayre", *Mon. Col.* 222; "sings Lachrymae...runnes division", *F.M.I.* IV. 2. 233–4, 283; p. 156: "piles" (pun), *W.D.* III. 3. 8–9.)

THE CHARACTERS

"To have as many severall change of faces,
As I have seene carv'd upon one Cherrystone."
The Devil's Law-Case.

I have nothing new to say about Character-writing as a literary form; this would hardly be the place for it, in any case; my only object here is to provide an intelligible introduction for the general reader.

The "Character" might have been defined by Aristotle as an enumeration of the characteristics of a certain general type of human being, largely by describing how such a person will behave in a number of particular situations. It is obviously different from the character-portrait of some individual, as perfected by Tacitus or Clarendon; but there are intermediate varieties which give us general types presented as fictitious individuals, like the circle of Sir Roger in Addison; or, again, real individuals disguised under pretended types as Addison himself is portrayed in the "Atticus" of Pope.

"Character" has indeed come with us to be associated with particularly individual qualities: by "a character" we mean someone eccentric. But its generalizing sense appears clearly enough in the original use of the word to denote the stamp which marks off one whole class or denomination of coins from another. And in early narrative literature all character-drawing is in fact broadly generalized. Writers have not yet gained experience and psychological subtlety; and the broad types of mankind are still interesting novelties. Accordingly we can find foreshadowings of the Character proper long before Theophrastus—"The Demagogue" in Homer's Thersites[1] or the Sausage-seller of Aristophanes, "An Honest Countryman" in figures like the peasant-husband of the *Electra* of Euripides. Next come the more general political types drawn by Thucydides and Plato. And so we reach Aristotle with his theory of the good character as the happy Mean, and his disciple Theophrastus with his thumb-nail illustrations of thirty deviations from it in practice. That little book has remained unequalled of its kind, in our world as in his own. In antiquity, indeed, if we look for anything like it, we shall find only occasional approximations in the Roman satirists (things like Horace's "Miser", Juvenal's "Greekling" or "Blue-stocking", or the swift sketches of Catullus and Martial), in the letters of Seneca, and in the essays of Lucian.

[1] Cf. Hor. *Epistles*, I. 2. 1–31, where the persons of Homer are treated as didactic types.

Then, if we leap the gulf of the Dark Ages and turn to English literature, we meet almost at once something very like the Character, in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*.[1] Take some of those marvellously perfect portraits out of their setting and their metre, and how naturally Chaucer's Franklin might go hand in hand with Webster's, the Knight with "An Honourable Commander in the Wars", or the Wife of Bath, much as she might resent it, with "An Ordinary Widow"! But in his century Chaucer stands alone. And we need give but a passing glance to the paler shadows in *Piers Plowman* and the Moralities, in the *Shyp of Folys* or the *Caveat for Common Cursitors*, curious works where the Character spontaneously re-invents itself in order to classify the multiplicity of fools or of knaves. Only towards the close of the sixteenth century appears the influence of Theophrastus himself. At first it is indirect, having apparently filtered down through the rhetorical manuals of the Empire (for the orator must be able to penetrate human nature and describe it) into works like Wilson's *Arte of Rhetorique* (1553) or Guevara's *Golden Epistles* (1545). But with the complete Latin translation of Theophrastus by Casaubon (1592), the Greek model itself was opportunely restored to the eyes of a world which was now acquiring a fresh interest in the individual: and then resulted that mushroom-crop of Characters which was to produce over three hundred editions of them in seventeenth-century England.

Here one broad distinction at once reveals itself between Theophrastus and his imitators. To the definition with which we began we must add, in describing the English Character, that it is written in a conceited style. "It is," in the phrase of one characterist, "wit's descant on any plain song"; it is the fantastic carving of a cherry-stone. It has been influenced by the verse epigram; and it shows itself the true offspring of the age of the Metaphysical Poets, before the growth of taste had taught men that the way to produce effect is not perpetual emphasis and that the kingdom of prose is not conquered by displays of fireworks. And so at the approach of the eighteenth century, with its plain sense and its plain English, the conceited Character is replaced by the deft sketches of Addison and Steele, the acid-bitten etchings of Dryden and Pope, and the vast portrait-galleries of the novel. Thus in English literature, as in Greek, the Character proper makes its brief appearance at the stage when poetic tragedy is giving place to comedy, when philosophy and science and prose are casting their harder, clearer day-

[1] E. C. Baldwin's assertion (see his interesting articles in *Publications of the Mod. Lang. Assoc. of Am.* XVIII. 412: XIX. 77) that Chaucer had read Theophrastus is based on a misunderstanding of "The Wife of Bath's Prologue", 671. The "Theofraste" there referred to is not the characterist, but the author of the *Liber Aureolus de Nuptiis*. See Skeat *ad loc.*

light over the realms of the imagination. Human types are of course drawn and studied before this stage and after; but it is at this moment that the specialized Character appears in Greece and England—just as in France La Bruyère emerges on the eve of the century of *les philosophes*, when Corneille and Racine have passed away. The difference of the English Character from its Greek and its French counterparts is that its style still remains imaginative and untamed. Here too the age of analysis is beginning; but in his primitive dissecting-room the English Characterist still writes with a peacock-quill.

Into the detailed development of the Character proper this is no place to enter. Bishop Hall can still claim to be the first true English Theophrastian, with his *Characters of Virtues and Vices* (1608). Many writers, as we have seen, had partially anticipated him; notably Jonson in the prose sketches of his *dramatis personae* prefixed to *Every Man Out of his Humour* (1600) and *Cynthia's Revels* (1601); but Hall is the first to make a complete book after the model of the Greek master. Next comes our "Overbury" collection (1614); followed by Earle (the best of the school, with less "wit" and more understanding than his fellows), by Fuller and Adams, Breton and Braithwaite, Saltonstall and Butler, and the whole multitude of smaller men.

The Thirty-two Characters here printed are an interesting and novel addition to Webster's work, especially as they date from his brief period of greatness. That indeed is no assurance of excellence in his style as the longueurs and languors of *A Monumental Column* may remind us. But these Characters are good, and noticeably the best part of the whole "Overbury" collection. For those who refuse to regard Webster as simply the poet of horror, here is one more piece of evidence; while those who still cling to that view of him, may snatch a fearful pleasure from watching the ogre here at play. Further, these sketches add a new interest to the plays as well. The Cardinal's browbeating of Vittoria with his Character of a whore, reveals itself now as a verse experiment in a *genre* Webster was shortly to practise here in prose; and Bosola's taunting of the Duchess with the misery of greatness compared to some poor milkmaid's lot gains a new association when we remember that "Fair and Happy Milkmaid" who forms the best loved of all these sketches. It is true that many of the jests are frigid, many of the allusions dead. Yet the collection retains the quaint charm of a row of Elizabethan houses or a set of old prints of London street-cries. The drawing is firm, if harsh and mannered; and there is at moments a grace in the style for which we should be thankful, remembering how frowsy and detestable the studied prose of the Elizabethans tends to be. It is noteworthy, I think, how among these Characters (unlike Hall's) those which praise succeed better than those which blame. There is genuinely pretty

writing—it does not pretend to be more—in the "Milkmaid" and the "Franklin": but those pieces that try to amuse with a jest or sting with a gibe, are usually less happy. They snarl too much to bite deep; and mere snarling is tedious. It remained for a more cultured, colder-blooded age to learn the secret of mortal venom from Swift and Pope. Even Webster who, unlike most of his contemporaries, succeeds so transcendently in being bitter on the stage, has no great terrors here. But it matters little: enough, that as a pleasant appendix to his plays, he has also left us a few silhouettes of the rough, motley, vivid crowd of spectators that watched them at Blackfriars or The Globe.

CHARACTERS

NEW

AND CHOISE

CHARACTERS,

of ſeuerall Authors:

Together with that exquiſite and *vnmatcht Poeme,*

THE

WIFE,

Written by Syr *Thomas Ouerburie.*

With the former Characters and conceited *Newes, All in one volume.*

With many other things added to this ſixt Impreſſion.

Mar.—*non norunt hæc monumenta mori.*

LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede, for *Laurence L'iſle,* at the Tygers head in Pauls Church-yard. 1615.

NEW

CHARACTERS

(DRAWNE TO THE
life) of ſeuerall perſons, in
ſeuerall qualities.
(***)

[Printer's Device]

LONDON
Printed for *L. L'iſle*
1615.

NEW CHARACTERS
(drawne to the life) of severall *Persons, in severall qualities.*

A worthy Commander in the Warres

IS one that accounts learning the nourishment of militarie vertue, and laies that as his first foundation. He never bloudies his sword but in heate of battaile; and had rather save one of his owne Souldiers, then kill tenne of his enemies. He accounts it an idle, vaine-glorious, & suspected bounty, to be ful of good words; his rewarding therefore of the deserver arrives so timely, that his liberalitie can never bee said to bee gouty-handed. He holds it next his Creed, that no coward can be an honest man, and dare die in't. He doth not thinke his body yeeldes a more spreading shadow after a victory then before; and when he lookes upon his enemies dead bodie, tis with a kinde of noble heavinesse, not insultation; hee is so honourably mercifull to women in surprisall, that onely that makes him an excellent Courtier. He knowes, the hazards of battels, not the pompe of Ceremonies are Souldiers best theaters, and strives to gaine reputation not by the multitude, but by the greatnesse of his actions. He is the first in giving the charge, and the last in retiring his foot. Equall toile hee indures with the Common Souldier, from his example they all take fier as one Torch lights many. Hee understands in warre, there is no meane to erre twice; the first, and least fault beeing sufficient to ruine an Army: faults therefore hee pardons none, they that are pre[ce]dents of disorder or mutiny, repaire it by being examples of his *Justice*. Besiege him never so strictly, so long as the aire is not cut from him, his heart faints not. He hath learn'd aswell to make use of a victory as to get it, and in pursuing his enemie like a whirlewind carries all afore him; being assured if ever a man will benefit himselfe upon his foe, then is the time when they have lost force, wisdome, courage, and reputation. The goodnesse of his cause is the speciall motive to his valour; never is he known to slight the weakest enemy that comes arm'd against him in the hand of *Justice*. Hastie and overmuch heate hee accounts the *Step-dame* to all great actions, that will not suffer them to thrive; if hee cannot overcome his *enemy* by force, he does it by *Time*. If ever he shake hands with warre, hee can die more calmely then most Courtiers, for his continuall dangers have beene as it were so many meditations of death; he thinkes not out of his owne calling, when hee accounts life a continuall warfarre, and his praiers then best become him when armed *Cap a pea*. He utters them like the great *Hebrew Generall*, on horsebacke. Hee castes a smiling contempt upon *Calumny*, it meetes

him as if *Glasse* should encounter *Adamant*. He thinkes warre is never to be given ore, but on one of these three conditions: an assured *peace*, absolute *victorie*, or an honest *death*. Lastly, when peace folds him up, his silver head should leane neere the golden Scepter, and die in his *Princes* bosome.

A vaine-glorious Coward in Command,

Is one that hath bought his place, or come to it by some Noble-mans Letter, he loves a life dead paies, yet wishes they may rather happen in his Company by the scurvy, then by a battel. View him at a muster, and he goes with such noise, as if his body were the wheelebarrow that carried his judgement rumbling to drill his Souldiers. No man can worse define betweene *Pride* and noble *Courtesie*: he that salutes him not as farre off as a Pistoll carries levell, gives him the *disgust* or *affront*, choose you whether. He traines by the book, and reckons so many postures of the Pike, and Musket, as if hee were counting at Noddy. When hee comes at first upon a Camisado, he lookes like the foure windes in painting, as if hee would blow away the enemy; but at the verie first onset suffers feare and trembling to dresse themselves in his face apparantly. He scornes any man should take place before him: yet at the entring of *a breach*, hee hath beene so humble-minded, as to let his Lieutenant lead his Troopes for him. Hee is so sure armed for taking hurt, that he seldome does any: and while he is putting on his Armes, hee is thinking what summe hee can make to satisfie his ransome. Hee will raile openly against all the great *Commanders* of the adverse party, yet in his owne conscience allowes them for better men: such is the nature of his feare, that contrarie to all other filthy qualities, it makes him thinke better of another man then himselfe. The first part of him that is set a-running, is his *Eye-sight*: when that is once strucke with terror, all the *Costive Physicke* in the world cannot stay him; if ever he doe any thing beyond his owne heart, tis for a *Knighthood*, and he is the first kneels for't without bidding.

A Pirate,

Truely defined, is a *bould Traitor*, for hee fortifies a Castle against the King. Give him Sea-roome in never so small a vessell; and like a witch in a sive, you would thinke he were going to make merry with the Divell. Of all callings his is the most desperate, for he will not leave off his theeving though he be in a narrow prison, and looke every day (by tempest or fight) for execution. He is one plague the Divell hath added, to make the Sea more terrible then a storme; and his heart is so hardned in that rugged element, that hee cannot repent, though he view his grave (before him) continually open: hee hath so little his owne, that the house hee sleepes in is stolne; all the necessities of life hee filches, but one; he cannot steale a sound sleepe, for his troubled Conscience:

Hee is very gentle to those under him, yet his rule is the horriblest tyranny in the world; for he gives licence to all rape, murder, and cruelty in his owne example: what he gets, is smal use to him, onlie [he] lives by it, (somewhat the longer) to doe a little more service to his belly; for hee throwes away his treasure upon the shore in riot, as if he cast it into the Sea. He is a *cruell Hawke* that flies at all but his owne kind: and as a *Whale* never comes a-shore, but when she is wounded; so he, very seldome, but for his necessities. He is the *Marchants book*, that serves only to reckon up his losses; *a perpetuall plague* to noble trafique, the *Hurican of the Sea*, and the *earthquake of the Exchange*. Yet for al this give him but his pardon, and forgive him restitution, he may live to know the inside of a Church, and die on this side Wapping.

An ordinary Fencer

Is a fellow, that beside shaving of Cudgels hath a good insight into the world, for he hath long been beaten to it. Flesh and bloud he is, like other men; but surely Nature meant him *Stock-fish*: his and a Dancing-schoole are inseparable adjuncts; and are bound, though both stinke of sweat most abominably, neither shall complaine of annoiance: three large bavins set up his trade, with a bench; which (in the vacation of the afternoone) he uses for his day bed; for a firkin to pisse in, he shall bee allowed that, by those make *Allom*: when he comes on the Stage, at his Prize, he makes a leg seven severall waies, and scrambles for mony, as if he had beene borne at the *Bath in Somerset-shire*: at his challenge he shewes his mettle; for contrary to all rules of Physick, he dare bleed, though it be in the dog-daies: he teaches *Divelish* play in's Schoole, but when he fights himself, he doth it in the feare of a good Christian. Hee Compounds quarrels among his Scholers: and when hee hath brought the businesse to a good upshot, he makes the reckoning. His wounds are seldome above skin-deepe: for an inward bruse, Lambe-stones and sweetbreads are his only *Sperma Ceti*, which he eats at night, next his heart fasting: strange Schoolemasters they are, that every day set a man as far backward as he went forward; and throwing him into a strange posture, teach him to thresh *satisfaction* out of *injurie*. One signe of a good nature is, that hee is still open-breasted to his friends; for his foile, and his doublet, weare not above two buttons: and resolute he is, for he so much scornes to take blowes, that he never weares *Cuffes*, and he lives better contented with a little, then other men; for if he have two eyes in's head, hee thinks Nature hath overdone him. The Lord Maiors triumph makes him a man, for that's his best time to flourish. Lastly, these Fencers are such things, that care not if all the world were ignorant of more Letters then onely to reade their Patent.

A Puny-clarke.

He is tane from *Grammar-schoole* halfe codled, and can hardly shake off his dreames of breeching in a twelvemonth. Hee is a Farmers sonne, and his Fathers utmost ambition is to make him an *Atturney*. He doth itch towards a Poet, and greases his breches extreamely with feeding without a napkin. He studies false dice to cheate Costermongers, & is most chargeable to the butler of some *Inne of Chancery*, for pissing in their Greene-pots. Hee eates Ginger-bread at a Play-house; and is so saucy, that he venters fairely for a broken pate, at the banketing house, and hath it. He would never come to have any wit, but for a long *vacation*, for that makes him bethinke him how hee shall shift another day. He praies hotely against fasting: and so hee may sup well on Friday nights, he cares not though his master be a Puritan. He practises to make the words in his *Declaration* spread, as a Sewer doth the dishes at a Niggards table; a Clarke of a swooping *Dash*, is as commendable as a Flanders horse of a large taile. Though you be never so much delai'd, you may not call his master knave: that makes him go beyond himselfe and wright a challenge in Court hand; for it may be his own another day. These are some certaine of his *liberall faculties*: but in the Terme time, his *Clog* is a *Buckrom bag*. Lastly, which is great pitty, hee never comes to his full growth, with bearing on his sholder the sinfull burden of his Master at several Courts in *Westminster*.

A Foote-man.

Let him be never so well made, yet his Legs are not matches: for he is still setting the best foot forward. He will never be a staid man, for he has had a running head of his owne, ever since his child-hood. His mother (which, out of question, was a light-heel'd wench) knew it, yet let him run his race, thinking age would reclaime him from his wilde courses. Hee is very long-winded: and, without doubt, but that hee hates naturally to serve on horsebacke, hee had proved an excellent trumpet. Hee has one happinesse above all the rest of the Servingmen, for when he most overreaches his Master, hee's best thought of. Hee lives more by his owne heat then the warmth of cloathes: and the w[ai]ting-woman hath the greatest fancy to him when he is in his close trouses. Gardes hee weares none: which makes him live more upright then any [c]ross-gartered gentleman-usher. Tis impossible to draw his picture to the life, cause a man must take it as he's running; onely this. Horses are usually let bloud on S. *Stevens* day: on S. *Patrickes* hee takes rest, and is drencht for all the yeare after.

A noble and retir'd House-keeper,

Is one whose bounty is limited by *reason*, not *ostentation*: & to make it last, he deales it discreetly, as we sowe the *furrow*, not by the sacke, but

by the handfull. His word & his meaning never shake hands and part, but alway goe together. Hee can survay good, and love it, and loves to doe it himselfe, for it owne sake, not for thankes. He knows there is no such miserie as to outlive good name, nor no such folly as to put it in practise. His minde is so secure, that *thunder* rockes him asleepe, which breakes other mens slumbers. *Nobilitie* lightens in his eies, and in his face and gesture is painted, *The God of Hospitality*. His great houses beare in their front more durance, then state; unlesse this adde the greater state to them, that they promise to outlast much of our new phantasticall buylding. His *heart* never growes old, no more then his *memorie*: whether at his booke, or on horsebacke, hee passeth his time in such noble exercise, a man cannot say any time is lost by him: nor hath he onely *yeeres*, to approve he hath lived till hee bee old, but *vertues*. His thoughts have a *high aime*, though their dwelling bee in the *Vale of an humble heart*; whence, as by an *Engin* (that raises water to fall, that it may rise the higher) he is heightned in his humility. The *Adamant* serves not for all Seas, but his doth; for he hath, as it were, put a gird about the whole world, and sounded all her *quicksandes*. He hath this hand over *Fortune*, that her injuries, how violent or sodaine soever, they doe not daunt him; for whether his time call him to live, or die, he can do both nobly: if to fall, his descent is breast to breast with vertue; and even then, like the *Sunne* neare his Set, hee shewes unto the world his *clearest countenance*.

An Intruder into favour,

Is one that builds his reputation on others infamy: for slaunder is most commonly his morning praier. His passions are guided by *Pride*, and followed by *Injustice*. An inflexible anger against some poore sutor, he falsly calles a *Couragious constancy*, and thinkes the best part of *gravity* to consist in a ruffled forehead. Hee is the most slavishly submisse, though envious to those are in better place then himself, and knowes the art of words so well, that (for shrowding dishonestie under a faire pretext) hee seemes to preserve mud in Ch[r]ystall. Like a man of a kind nature, he is first good to himselfe; in the next file, to his French Tailor, that gives him al his perfection: for indeede, like an *Estridge*, or *Birde of Paradise*, his feathers are more worth then his body. If ever hee doe good deed (which is very seldome) his owne mouth is the *Chronicle* of it, least it should die forgotten. His whole body goes all upon *screwes*, and his face is the *vice* that mooves them. If his *Patron* be given to musicke, hee opens his choppes, and *sings*, or with a wry necke falles to tuning his instrument: if that faile hee takes the height of his Lord with a Hawking-pole. He followes the mans fortune, not the man: seeking thereby to encrease his owne. He pretends, hee is most undeservedly envied, and cries out, remembring the game *Chesse*, that a Pawne before a King is most plaid on. Debts hee

owes none, but shrewd turnes, and those he paies ere hee be sued. Hee is a flattering *Glasse* to conceale age, and wrinkles. Hee is [*Montaigne's*] *Monkie*, that climbing a tree, and skipping from bough to bough, gives you backe his face; but comne once to the top, hee holdes his nose up into the winde, and shewes you his taile: yet all this gay glitter shewes on him, as if the Sunne shone in a puddle, for he is a small wine that will not last: and when hee is falling, hee goes of himselfe faster then misery can drive him.

A fayre and happy Milke-mayd,

Is a Countrey Wench, that is so farre from making her selfe beautifull by Art, that one looke of hers is able to put *all face-Physicke* out of countenance. She knowes a fayre looke is but *a dumbe Orator* to commend vertue, therefore mindes it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolne upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparell (which is her selfe) is farre better then outsides *of Tissew*: for though shee bee not arrayed in the spoyle of the *Silke-worme*, shee is deckt in *innocence*, a farre better wearing. She doth not, with lying long a-bed, spoyle both her *Complexion* & *Conditions*; nature hath taught her [*too*] *Immoderate sleepe is rust to the soule*: she rises therefore with *Chaunticleare*, her Dames Cocke; & at night makes the *Lambe* her *Courfew*. In milking a Cow, and strayning the Teates through her fingers, it seemes that so sweet a Milke-presse makes the Milke the whiter, or sweeter; for never came *Almond Glove or Aromatique Oyntment* on her Palme to taynt it. The golden eares of Corne fall and kisse her feete when shee reapes them, as if they wisht to bee bound and led prisoners by the same hand fell'd them. Her breath is her owne, which sents all the yeere long of *June*, like a new-made Hay-cocke. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pittie: and when winter evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheele) she sings a defiance to the giddy *Wheele of Fortune*. Shee doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seemes *ignorance* will not suffer her to doe ill, being her minde is to do well. She bestowes her yeeres wages at next Faire; and in choosing her Garments, counts no bravery i'th' worlde like decency. The *Garden* and *Bee-hive* are all her *Physicke* & *Chyrurgery*, & she lives the longer for't. She dare goe alone, and unfold sheepe i'th' night, and feares no manner of ill, because she means none: yet to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with *old songs*, *honest thoughts*, and *prayers*, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not pauled with insuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreames are so chaste, that she dare tell them: only a Frydayes dreame is all her *superstition*: that shee conceales for feare of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is, She may dye in the *Spring-time*, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheete.

An Arrant Horse-courser

Hath the tricke to blow up Horse-flesh, as a Butcher doth Veale, which shall wash out againe in twise riding twixt *Waltham* and *London*. The Trade of Spurre-making had decayde long since, but for this ungodly tyre-man. He is curst all over the foure ancient High-waies of England; none but the blinde men that sell switches i'th' Road are beholding to him. His Stable is fill'd with so many Diseases, one would thinke most part about Smithfield were an Hospitall for Horses, or a Slaughter-house for the common Hunt. Let him furnish you with a Hackney, 'tis as much as if the Kings Warrant over-tooke you within ten miles, to stay your journey. And though a man cannot say, Hee cousens you directly; yet any Ostler within ten miles, should hee bee brought upon his Booke-oath, will affirme he hath layd a baite for you. Resolve when you first stretch your selfe in the Stirroppes, you are put as it were upon some Usurer, that will never beare with you past his day. Hee were good to make one that had the Collicke alight often, and (if example will cause him) make urine; let him only for that say, *Gra'mercy Horse*. For his sale of Horses, he hath false covers for all manner of Diseases, onely comes short of one thing (which he despayres not utterly to bring to perfection) to make a Horse goe on a wodden legge and two crutches. For powdring his eares with Quicksilver, and giving him suppositories of live Eeles he's expert. All the while you are a-cheapning he feares you will not bite; but hee laughs in his sleeve when hee hath cousened you in earnest. French men are his best Chapmen, he keepes amblers for them on purpose, and knowes hee can deceive them very easily. He is so constant to his Trade, that while hee is awake he tyres any man hee talkes with, and when hee's asleepe hee dreames very fearefully of the Paving of Smithfield, for hee knowes it would founder his occupation.

A Roaring Boy.

His life is a meere counterfeit Patent: which neverthelesse, makes many a Countrey Justice tremble. *Don Quixotes* [*water*]-*Milles* are still Scotch Bagpipes to him. Hee sends Challenges by worde of mouth: for he protests (as hee is a Gentleman and a brother of the Sword) hee can neyther write nor reade. Hee hath runne through divers parcells of Land, and great houses, beside both the Counters. If any private Quarrell happen among our great Courtiers, he proclaimes the *businesse*, that's the word, the *businesse*; as if all the united forces of *the Romish Catholicks* were making up for *Germany*. He cheates young Guls that are newly come to Towne; and when the Keeper of the Ordinary blames him for't, answeres him in his owne Profession, That a *Woodcock* must bee pluckt ere he be drest. He is a *Supervisor* to Brothels, and in them is a more unlawfull reformer of vice, then Prentises on Shrove-tuesday. He loves his Friend, as a Counseller at Law loves the velvet

Breeches he was first made Barrester in, hee'll bee sure to weare him thread-bare ere hee forsake him. He sleepes with a Tobacco-pipe in's mouth; and his first prayer i'th' morning is, hee may remember whom he fell out with over-night. *Souldier* he is none, for hee cannot distinguish 'tweene *Onion seede* and *Gunpowder*: if he have worne it in his hollow tooth for the Tooth-ach, and so come to the knowledge of it, that's all. The Tenure by which he holds his meanes, is an estate at Will; and that's borrowing. Land-lords have but foure Quarter-dayes; but he three hundred and odde. He keepes very good *Company*; yet is a man of no *reckoning*: and when hee goes not drunke to bed, he is very sicke next morning. He commonly dyes like *Anacreon*, with a Grape in's throate; or *Hercules*, with fire in's marrow. And I have heard of some (that have scap't hanging) begg'd for *Anatomies*, onely to deterre men from taking *Tobacco*.

A drunken Dutch-man resident in England

Is but quarter Master with his Wife. He stinks of Butter, as if he were noynted all over for the Itch. Let him come over never so leane, & plant him but one Moneth neere the Brew-houses in S. *Catherines*, and hee'll be puft up to your hand like a bloate Herring. Of all places of pleasure, he loves a Common Garden; and (with the Swine of the Parish) had neede be ringed for rooting. Next to these he affects Lotteries naturally; and bequeaths the best prize, in his Will aforehand: when his hopes fall, hee's blanke. They swarme in great Tenements like Flyes: sixe House-holds will live in a Garret. Hee was wont (onely to make us fooles) to buy the Foxe skinne for three pence, and sell the tayle for a shilling. Now his new Trade of brewing Strong-waters makes a number of mad-men. Hee loves a Welch-man extreamely for his Dyet and Orthography; that is, for plurality of Consonants and Cheese. Like a Horse, hee's onely guided by the mouth: when hee's drunke, you may thrust your hand into him like an Eele skinne, and strippe him his inside outwards. He whoords up fayre gold, and pretends 'tis to seethe in his Wives broth for a Consumption, and loves the memory of King *Henry* the eight most especially for his old Soveraignes. He sayes we are unwise to lament the decay of Timber in England: for all manner of Buildings or Fortification whatsoever, hee desires no other thing in the world, then Barrels and Hop-poles. To conclude, the onely two plagues hee trembles at, is small Beere, and the Spanish Inquisition.

A Phantastique.

An Improvident young Gallant.

THERE is a confederacy betweene him and his Clothes, to be made a puppy: view him well, and you'll say his Gentry sits as ill upon him, as if hee had bought it with his penny. Hee hath more places to send

money to, then the Divell hath to send his Spirits: and to furnish each Mistresse, would make him runne beside his wits, if he had any to lose. Hee accounts bashfulnes the wicked'st thing in the world; and therefore studies Impudence. If all men were of his minde, all honestie would bee out of fashion. He withers his Cloathes on the Stage, as a Sale-man is forc't to doe his Suits in Birchin-Lane; and when the Play is done, if you but mark his rising, 'tis a kind of walking Epilogue betweene the two Candles, to know if his Suite may passe for currant. He studies by the discretion of his Barbar, to frizzle like a Baboone: three such would keep three the nimblest Barbers i'th' towne, from ever having leasure to weare [k]net Garters: for when they have to do with him they have many Irons i'th' fire. He is travelled, but to little purpose; only went over for a squirt, and came backe againe; yet never the more mended in his conditions, cause he carried himselfe along with him: a Scholer he pretends himselfe, and saies hee hath sweat for it: but the truth is, hee knowes *Cornelius*, farre better then *Tacitus*. His ordinarie sportes are Cock-fights; but the most frequent, horse races, from whence hee comes home drie-foundred. Thus when his purse hath cast her calfe, hee goes downe into the Countrey, where hee is brought to milke and white cheese like the *Switzers*.

A Button-maker of Amsterdame

Is one that is fled over from his *Conscience*, and left his wife and children upon the Parish. For his knowledge, he is meerely a *Horne-booke*, without a *Christ-crosse* afore it, and his zeale consists much in hanging his Bible in a Dutch button. He cosens men in the puritie of his Cloathes: and twas his only joy, when he was on this side, to bee in Prison. He cries out, tis impossible for any man to be damn'd, that lives in his religion, and his equivocation is true: so long as a man lives in't, he cannot; but if he dye in't, there's the question. Of all Feasts in the yeare, hee accounts St. *Georges* Feast the prophanest, because of St. *Georges* Crosse: yet, sometimes he doth *sacrifice* to his owne belly; provided, that he put off the Wake of his owne nativity, or wedding, till *Good Friday*. If there be a great feast in the Town, though most of the wicked (as hee calles them) be there, he wil be sure to be a guest, and to out-eat sixe of the fattest *Burgers*. He thinkes, though he may not pray with a *Jew*, he may eate with a *Jew*. Hee winkes when he praies, and thinkes he knowes the way so [well] to heaven, that he can finde it blindefold. Latin hee accounts the language of the *Beast* with seven heads; and when hee speakes of his owne Countrey, cries, He is fled out of *Babel*. Lastly, his devotion is *Obstinacy*, the onely solace of his heart, *Contradiction*, and his maine end *Hypocrisie*.

A Distaster of the Time

Is a *Winter Grashopper* all the yeare long, that lookes backe upon *Harvest*, with a leane paire of cheekes, never sets forward to meet it. His malice suckes up the greatest part of his own venome, and therewith impoisoneth himselfe: and this sickenesse rises rather of *selfe-opinion*, or *over-great expectation*; so in the conceit of his owne overworthinesse, like a *Coistrell* he strives to fill himselfe with winde, and flies against it. Any mans advancement is the most capitall offence that can be to his malice: yet this envy, like *Phalaris' Bull*, makes that a torment first for himselfe, he prepared for others. He is *a day-bed for the Divell* to slumber on. His bloud is of a yellowish colour: like those that have beene bitten by *Vipers*: and his gaule flowes as thicke in him as oile, in a poison'd stomacke. He infects all society, as Thunder sowres Wine. Warre or Peace, Dearth or Plenty, make him equally discontented. And where hee findes no cause to taxe the State, he descends to raile against the rate of salt butter. His wishes are *Whirlewindes*; which breathed foorth, returne into himselfe, and make him a most giddy and tottering vessell. When he is awake, and goes abroad, hee doth but walke in his sleepe, for his visitation is directed to none: his businesse is nothing. Hee is often dumbe-madde, and goes fetter'd in his owne entrailes. Religion is commonly his pretence of discontent, though hee can bee of all religions; therefore truely of none. Thus by unnaturallising himselfe, some would thinke him a very dangerous fellow to the State, but hee is not greatly to bee fear'd: for this dejection of his, is onely like a rogue that goes on his knees and elbowes in the mire, to further his begging.

A Fellow of a House

Examines all mens carriage but his owne: and is so kind-natured to himselfe, hee findes fault with all mens but his owne. Hee weares his apparell much after the fashion; his meanes will not suffer him come too nigh: they afford him *Mock-velvet* or *Satinisco*; but not without the Colledges next Leases acquaintance: his inside is of the selfe-same fashion, not rich: but as it reflects from the glasse of selfe-liking, there *Crœsus* is *Irus* to him. He is a *Pedant* in shew, though his title be *Tutor*; and his *Pupils*, in broader phrase, are *Schoole-boyes*. On these hee spends the false gallop of his tongue; and with senselesse discourse towes them along, not out of ignorance. Hee shewes them the rinde, conceales the sappe: by this meanes he keepes them the longer, himselfe the better. Hee hath learn't to cough, and spit, and blow his nose at every period, to recover his memory: and studies chiefely to set his eyes and beard to a new forme of learning. His Religion lyes in wayte for the inclination of his Patron; neyther ebbes nor flowes, but just standing water, betweene *Protestant* and *Puritane*. His dreames are of pluralitie

of Benefices and non-residency; and when he rises, acts a long Grace to his Looking-glasse. Against he comes to be some great mans Chaplaine, hee hath a habit of boldnes, though a very Coward. Hee speakes Swords, Fights, *Ergo's*: his pase on foote is a Measure; on horse-backe, a gallop: for his legs are his owne, though horse and spurres are borrowed. He hath lesse use then possession of Bookes. He is not so proud, but hee will call the meanest Authour by his name; nor so unskill'd in the Heraldry of a Studie, but he knowes each mans place. For recreation, now and then he hath a Wench; and in the end, the Wench him. So ends that fellowship, and begins the other.

A meere Petifogger

Is *one of Sampsons Foxes*: He sets men together by the eares, more shamefully then *Pillories*; and in a long Vacation his sport is to goe a-Fishing *with the Penall Statutes*. He cannot erre before Judgement, and then you see it, onely *Writs of error* are the *Tariers* that keepe his *Clyent* undoing somewhat the longer. He is a Vestrie-man in his Parish, and easily sets his neighbours at variance with the *Vickar*, when his wicked *counsell* on both sides is like weapons put into mens hands by a *Fencer*, whereby they get blowes, hee money. His honesty and learning bring him to *Under-sherif-ship*; which having thrise runne through, he do's not feare the *Lieutenant* a'th' Shire: nay more, he feares not God. *Cowardise* holds him a good Common-wealths-man; his Pen is the Plough, & Parchment the Soyle, whence he reapes both Coyne and Curses. He is an *Earthquake*, that willingly will let no ground lye in quiet. Broken titles make him whole; to have halfe in the County breake their Bonds, were the onely liberty of conscience: He would wish (though he be a *Brownist*) no neighbour of his should pay his tythes duely, if such Sutes held continuall Plea at *Westminster*. He cannot away with the reverend Service in our Church, because it ends with *The peace of God*. Hee loves blowes extreamely, and hath his *Chyrurgions* Bill of all rates, from head to foote, to incense the fury: hee would not give away his yeerely beatings for a good peece of money. He makes his Will in forme of a Law-case, full of quiddits, that his Friends after his death (if for nothing else) yet, for the vexation of Law, may have cause to remember him. And if hee thought the Ghosts of men did walke againe (as they report in time of Popery) sure hee would hide some single money in *Westminster-Hall*, that his Spirit might haunt there. Only with this, I wil pitch him o're the Barre, & leave him; That his fingers itch after a Bribe, ever since his first practising of Court-hand.

An Ingrosser of Corne.

THERE is no Vermine in the Land like him: He slaunders both Heaven and Earth with pretended Dearths, when there's no cause of scarcitie. His whording in a deare yeere, is like *Erisicthons* Bowels, in *Ovid*:

Quodque urbibus esse, quodque satis poterat populo, non sufficit uni. Hee prayes dayly for more inclosures, and knowes no reason in his Religion, why wee should call our fore-fathers dayes, *The time of ignorance*, but onely because they sold Wheat for twelve-pence a Bushell. He wishes that *Danske* were at the *Moloccos*; and had rather be certaine of some Forraine invasion, then of the setting up of the Stilyard. When his Barnes and Garners are ful (if it be a time of dearth) he will buy halfe a bushell i'th' Market to serve his Houshold: and winnowes his Corne in the night, lest, as the chaffe throwne upon the water shew'd plentie in *Ægypt*; so his (carryed by the winde) should proclayme his abundance. No painting pleases him so well, as *Pharaohs* dreame of the seaven leane Kine, that ate up the fat ones: that he has in his Parlour, which hee will describe to you like a motion, & his comment ends with a smothered prayer for the like scarcity. He cannot away with Tobacco; for he is perswaded (and not much amisse) that tis a sparer of Bread-corne; which hee could find in his heart to transport without Licence: but waighing the penalty, hee growes mealy-mouth'd, and dares not. Sweete smelles hee cannot abide; wishes that the pure ayre were generally corrupted: nay, that the Spring had lost her fragrancy for ever, or we our superfluous sense of Smelling (as he tearmes it) that his corne might not be found musty. The Poore hee accounts the Justices intelligencers, and cannot abide them: he complaynes of our negligence of discovering new parts of the World, only to rid them from our Clymate. His Sonne, by a certaine kinde of instinct, he bindes Prentise to a Taylor, who all the terme of his Indenture hath a deare yeere in's belly, and ravins bread extreamely: when hee comes to be a Free-man (if it be a dearth) hee marries him to a Bakers Daughter.

A Divellish Usurer

Is sowed as *Cummin* or *Hemp-seede*, with curses; and he thinks he thrives the better. He is better read in the *Penall Statutes* then the *Bible*; and his evil Angel perswades him, he shall sooner be saved by them. He can be no mans friend; for all men he hath most interest in, he undo's: and a double dealer he is certainely; for by his good will hee ever takes the forfaite. He puts his money to the unnaturall Act of generation; and his Scrivener is the supervisor Bawd to't. Good Deedes he loves none, but Seal'd and Delivered; nor doth he wish any thing to thrive in the Countrey, but Bee-hives; for they make him waxe rich. He hates all but Law-Latine; yet thinks hee might be drawne to love a Scholler, could he reduce the yeere to a shorter compasse, that his use-mony might come in the faster. He seemes to be the Son of a Jaylor; for all his estate is most heavie and cruell bonds. He doth not give, but sell daies of Payment; and those at the rate of a mans undoing. He doth onely feare, the Day of Judgement should fall sooner then the payment of some great summe of mony due to him. He remooves his lodging

when a Subsidy comes; and if hee be found out, and pay it, he grumbles Treason; but 'tis in such a deformed silence, as Witches rayse their Spirits in. Gravitie he pretends in all things, but in his private Whore; for he will not in a hundreth pound take one light sixepence: and it seemes hee was at *Tilbury Campe*; for you must not tell him of a *Spaniard*. Hee is a man of no conscience; for (like the *Jakesfarmer* that swouned with going into Bucklersbury) he falles into a cold sweat, if he but looke into the Chauncery: thinks in his Religion, we are in the right for every thing, if that were abolish't. He hides his money, as if he thought to find it againe at last day, and then beginn's old trade with it. His clothes plead prescription; and whether they or his body are more rotten, is a question: yet should he live to be hangd in them, this good they would doe him, The very Hangman would pitty his case. The Table he keepes is able to starve twenty tall men; his servants have not their living, but their dying from him; and that's of Hunger. A spare Dyet hee commends in all men, but himselfe: hee comes to Cathedralls onely for love of the singing Boyes, because they looke hungry. Hee likes our Religion best, because 'tis best cheape; yet would faine allow of Purgatory, 'cause 'twas of his Trade, and brought in so much money. His heart goes with the same snaphance his purse doeth, 'tis seldome open to any man: friendship he accounts but a word without any signification; nay, hee loves all the world so little, that, and it were possible, hee would make himselfe his owne Executor: for certaine, he is made Administrator to his owne good name, while he is in perfect memory, for that dyes long afore him; but hee is so farre from being at the charge of a Funerall for it, that hee lets it stinke above ground. In conclusion, for Neighbour-hood, you were better dwell by a contentious Lawyer. And for his death, 'tis either Surfet, the Pox, or Despaire; for seldome such as he dye of Gods making, as honest men should doe.

A Water-man

Is one that hath learn't to speake well of himselfe: for alwaies hee names himselfe *The first man*. If hee had betane himselfe to some richer Trade, hee could not have chos'd but done well: for in this (though it be a meane one) he is still plying it, and putting himselfe forward. He is evermore telling strange newes; most commonly lyes. If he be a Sculler, aske him if he be maried, hee'l equivocate and sweare hee's a single man. Little trust is to be given to him, for he thinks that day he does best when he fetches most men over. His daily labour teaches him the Art of dissembling; for like a fellow that rides to the Pillory, hee goes not that way he lookes. He keepes such a bauling at *Westminster*, that if the Lawyers were not acquainted with it, an order would bee tane with him. When he is upon the water, he is Fare-company: when he comes ashore, he mutinies; and contrarie to all other trades, is most surly to Gentlemen, when they tender payment. The Play-houses only keepe

him sober; and as it doth many other Gallants, make him an afternoones man. London Bridge is the most terriblest eye-sore to him that can be. And to conclude, nothing but a *great Presse*, makes him flye from the River; nor any thing, but a *great Frost*, can teach him any good manners.

A Reverend Judge

Is one that desires to have his greatnesse onely measured by his goodnesse. His care is to appeare such to the people, as he would have them be; and to bee himselfe such as he appeares: for vertue cannot seem one thing, and be another. He knowes that the hill of greatnesse yeelds a most delightfull prospect, but withall that it is most subject to lightning, and thunder: and that the people, as in ancient *Tragedies*, sit and censure the actions of those are in authority. He squares his owne therefore, that they may farre be above their pittie. He wishes fewer Lawes, so they were better observ'd: and for those are Mulctuary, he understands their institution not to bee like briers or springes, to catch every thing they lay hold of; but like Sea-markes (on our dangerous *Goodwin*) to avoid the shipwracke of ignorant passengers. He hates to wrong any man; neither hope, nor despaire of preferment can draw him to such an exigent: he thinks himself then most honourably seated, when he gives mercy the upper hand. Hee rather strives to purchase good name, then la[n]d; and of all rich stuffes forbidden by the Statute, loaths to have his Followers weare their cloathes cut out of bribes and extortions. If his Prince call him to higher place, there he delivers his mind plainely, and freely; knowing for truth, there is no place wherin dissembling ought to have lesse credit, then in a Princes Councel. Thus honour keepes peace with him to the grave, and doth not (as with many) there forsake him, and goe backe with the Heralds: but fairely sits ore him, and broods out of his memory many right excellent Common-wealths-men.

A vertuous Widdow

Is the Palme-tree, that thrives not after the supplanting of her husband. For her Childrens sake she first marries, for she married that she might have children, and for their sakes she marries no more. She is like the purest gold, only imploid for Princes meddals, she never receives but one mans impression; the large jointure moves her not, titles of honor cannot sway her. To change her name were, shee thinkes, to commit a sin should make her asham'd of her husbands Calling: shee thinkes shee hath traveld all the world in one man; the rest of her time therefore shee directs to heaven. Her maine superstition is, shee thinkes her husbands ghost would walke should shee not performe his Will: shee would doe it, were there no Prerogative Court. Shee gives much to pious uses, without any hope to merit by them: and as one Diamond fashions another; so is shee wrought into workes of Charity, with the

dust or ashes of her husband. Shee lives to see her selfe full of time: being so necessary for earth, God calles her not to heaven, till she bee very aged: and even then, though her naturall strength faile her, shee stands like an ancient *Piramid*; which the lesse it growes to mans eye, the nearer it reaches to heaven: this latter Chastity of Hers, is more grave and reverend, then that ere shee was married; for in it is neither hope, nor longing, nor feare, nor jealousie. Shee ought to bee a mirrour for our yongest Dames, to dresse themselves by, when shee is fullest of wrinkles. No calamity can now come neere her, for in suffering the losse of her husband, shee accounts all the rest trifles: she hath laid his dead body in the worthyest monument that can be: Shee hath buried it in her owne heart. To conclude, shee is a Relique, that without any supers[ti]tion in the world, though she will not be kist, yet may be reverenc't.

An ordinarie Widdow

Is like the Heralds Hearse-cloath; shee serves to many funerals, with a very little altering the colour. The end of her husband beginnes in teares; and the end of her teares beginnes in a husband. Shee uses to Cunning women to know how many husbands shee shall have, and never marries without the consent of sixe midwives. Her chiefest pride is in the multitude of her Suitors; and by them shee gaines: for one serves to drawe on another, and with one at last shee shootes out another, as Boies do Pellets in Elderne Gunnes. Shee commends to them a single life, as Horse-course[r]s doe their Jades, to put them away. Her fancy is to one of the biggest of the Guard, but Knighthood makes her draw in a weaker Bow. Her servants, or kinsefolke, are the Trumpeters that summon any to this combat: by them shee gaines much credit, but loseth it againe in the old Proverb: *Fama est mendax*. If shee live to be thrise married, shee seldome failes to cozen her second Husbands Creditors. A Churchman shee dare not venture upon; for shee hath heard Widowes complaine of dilapidations: nor a Soldier, though he have Candle-rents in the Citie, for his estate may be subject to fire: very seldome a Lawyer, without hee shew his exceeding great practise, and can make her case the better: but a Knight with the old Rent may doe much, for a great comming in is all in all with a Widow: ever provided, that most part of her Plate and Jewels, (before the wedding) lye concealde with her Scrivener. Thus like a too ripe Apple, she falles of her selfe: but hee that hath her, is Lord but of a filthy purchase, for the title is crackt. Lastly, while shee is a Widow, observe ever, shee is no Morning woman: the evening a good fire and Sacke may make her listen to a Husband: and if ever shee bee made sure, tis upon a full stomacke to bedward.

A Quacksalver

Is a Mountebanke of a larger bill then a Taylor; if he can but come by names enow of Diseases, to stuffe it with, tis all the skill hee studies for. Hee tooke his first being from a Cunning woman, & stole this blacke Art from her, while he made her Seacoale fires. All the diseases ever sinne brought upon man, doth he pretend to bee Curer of; when the truth is, his maine cunning, is Corne-cutting. A great plague makes him: what with railing against such, as leave their cures for feare of infection, and in friendly breaking Cakebread with the Fish-wives at Funerals, he utters a most abominable deale of musty Carduus-water, and the Conduits cry out, All the learned doctors may cast their Caps at him. He parts stakes with some Apothecary in the Suburbes, at whose House hee lies: and though he be never so familiar with his wife; the Apothecary dare not (for the richest Horne in's shoppe) displease him. All the Mid-wives in the Towne are his intelligencers; but nurses and yong Merchants Wives (that would faine conceive with childe) these are his Idolaters. Hee is a more unjust Bone-setter, then a Dice-maker; hath put out more eyes then the smal Pox; made more deafe then the *Cataracts* of *Nilus*; lamed more then the Gout; shrunke more sinewes, then one that makes Bowstrings; and kild more idly, then Tobacco. A Magistrate that had any way so noble a spirit, as but to love a good horse wel, would not suffer him to be a Farrier. His discourse is vomit; and his ignorance, the strongest purgation in the world: to one that would be speedily cured, he hath more delaies, and doubles, then a Hare, or a Law-suit: hee seekes to set us at variance with nature, and rather then wee shall want diseases hee'le beget them. His especiall practise (as I said afore) is upon women; labors to make their mindes sicke, ere their bodies feele it, and then there's worke for the Dog-leach. He pretends the cure of mad-men; and sure he gets most by them, for no man in his perfect wit would meddle with him. Lastly, he is such a Juggler with Urinals, so dangerously unskilfull, that if ever the Citie will have recourse to him for diseases that neede purgation, let them imploy him in scouring *Moore-ditch.*

A Canting Rogue.

Tis not unlikely but hee was begot by some intelligencer under a hedge; for his minde is wholly given to travell. Hee is not troubled with making of jointures: he can divorce himselfe without the fee of a Proctor, nor feares he the cruelty of overseers of his Will. He leaves his children all the world to Cant in, and all the people to their fathers. His Language is a constant tongue; the Northerne speech differs from the South, Welch from the Cornish: but Canting is generall, nor ever could be altered by Conquest of the *Saxon*, *Dane*, or *Norman*. Hee will not beg out of his limit though hee starve; nor breake his oath if he sweare by

his *Salomon*, though you hang him: and he paies his custome as truly to his graund Rogue, as tribute is paid to the great Turke. The March sun breeds agues in others, but he adores it like the *Indians*; for then begins his progresse after a hard winter. Ostlers cannot indure him, for he is of the infantry, and serves best on foot. Hee offends not the Statute against the excesse of apparell, for hee will goe naked, and counts it a voluntary penance. Forty of them lie in a Barne together, yet are never sued upon the statute of Inmates. If hee were learned no man could make a better description of *England*; for he hath traveld it over and over. Lastly, he bragges, that his great houses are repair'd to his hands, when Churches go to ruine: and those are prisons.

A French Cooke.

Hee learnt his trade in a Towne of Garison neere famish't, where hee practised to make a little goe farre; some derive it from more antiquity, & say *Adam* (when he pickt sallets) was of his occupation. He doth not feed the belly, but the palate: and though his command lie in the Kitchin (which is but an inferiour place) yet shall you finde him a very saucy companion. Ever since the warres in *Naples*, hee hath so minc't the ancient and bountifull allowance, as if his nation should keepe a perpetuall diet. The Servingmen call him the last relique of Popery, that makes men fast against their Conscience. He can be truely said to bee no mans fellow but his Masters: for the rest of his servants are starved by him. He is the prime cause why noblemen build their Houses so great, for the smalnesse of the Kitchin, makes the house the bigger: and the Lord calles him his Alchymist that can extract gold out of hearbs, rootes, musheromes or any thing: that which he dresses wee may rather call a drinking, then a meale: yet is he so full of variety, that he bragges, and truely, that hee gives you but a taste of what hee can doe: he dare not for his life come among the Butchers; for sure they would quarter and bake him after the English fashion; hee's such an enemy to Beefe and Mutton. To conclude, he were onely fit to make a funerall feast, where men should eate their victuals in mourning.

A Sexton

Is an ill-willer to humane nature. Of all Proverbs, he cannot endure to heare that which saies, We ought to live by the quick, not by the dead. Hee could willingly all his life-time bee confinde to the Churchyeard; at least within five foote on't: for at every Church-stile, commonly there's an Ale-house; where let him be found never so idlepated, hee is still a grave drunkard. He breakes his fast hartiliest while he is making a grave, and saies the opening of the ground makes him hungry. Though one would take him to be a sloven, yet hee loves cleane linnen extreamely, and for that reason takes an order that fine holland sheets be not made

wormes meate. Like a nation cald the *Cusani*, hee weepes when any are borne, and laughes when they die: the reason; hee gets by Burials not Christnings: he will holde argument in a Taverne over Sacke, till the Diall and himselfe be both at a stand: hee never observes any time but Sermon time, and there hee sleepes by the houre-glasse. The rope-maker paies him a pension, and hee paies tribute to the Physition; for the Physition makes worke for the Sexton; as the Rope-maker for the Hang-man. Lastly, hee wishes the Dogge-daies would last all yeare long: and a great plague is his yeere of Jubile.

A Jesuite

Is a larger Spoone for a Traytor to feede with the Divell, then any other Order: unclaspe him, and hee's a gray Woolfe, with a golden Starre in the fore-head: so superstitiously hee followes the Pope, that he forsakes Christ, in not giving *Cæsar* his due. His vowes seeme heavenly; but in medling with State-businesse, he seemes to mixe heaven and earth together. His best Elements, are Confession and Penance: by the first, hee findes out mens inclinations; and by the latter, heaps wealth to his Seminarie. Hee sprang from *Ignatius Loiola*, a *Spanish* Souldier; and though he were found out long since the invention of the Canon, 'tis thought hee hath done not lesse mischiefe. Hee is a false Key to open Princes Cabinets, and pry into their Counsels; and where the Popes excommunication thunders, hee holds no more sinne the decrowning of Kings, then our Puritanes doe the suppression of Bishops. His order is full of all irregularitie and disobedience; ambitious above all measure; for of late daies, in *Portugall* & the *Indyes*, he rejected the name of Jesuite, and would bee called Disciple. In *Rome*, and other Countries that give him freedome, he weares a Maske upon his heart; in England he shifts it, and puts it upon his face. No place in our Climate hides him so securely as a Ladyes Chamber; the modestie of the *Pursevant* hath only forborne the bed, & so mist him. There is no Disease in Christendome, that may so properly be call'd *The Kings Evill*. To conclude, would you know him beyond Sea? In his Seminary, hee's a Foxe; but in the Inquisition, a Lyon Rampant.

An excellent Actor.

WHATSOEVER is commendable in the grave Orator, is most exquisitly perfect in him; for by a full and significant action of body, he charmes our attention: sit in a full Theater, and you will thinke you see so many lines drawne from the circumference of so many eares, whiles the *Actor* is the *Center*. He doth not strive to make nature monstrous, she is often seen in the same Scæne with him, but neither on Stilts nor Crutches; and for his voice, tis not ∧ lower then the prompter, nor lowder then the Foile and Target. By his action he fortifies morall precepts

with example; for what we see him personate, we thinke truely done before us: a man of a deepe thought might apprehend the Ghosts of our ancient *Heroes* walk't againe, and take him (at severall times) for many of them. Hee is much affected to painting, and tis a question whether that make him an excellent Plaier, or his playing an exquisite painter. Hee addes grace to the Poets labours: for what in the Poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and musicke. He entertaines us in the best leasure of our life, that is betweene meales, the most unfit time, either for study or bodily exercise: the flight of Hawkes, and chase of wilde beastes, either of them are delights noble: but some think this sport of men the worthier, despight all *calumny*. All men have beene of his occupation: and indeed, what hee doth fainedly that doe others essentially: this day one plaies a Monarch, the next a private person. Heere one Acts a Tyrant, on the morrow an Exile: A Parasite this man to-night, t[o]-morow a Precisian, and so of divers others. I observe, of all men living, a worthy Actor in one kind is the strongest motive of affection that can be: for when he dies, we cannot be perswaded any man can doe his parts like him. Therefore the imitating Characterist was extreame idle in calling them Rogues. His Muse it seemes, with all his loud invocation, could not be wak't to light him a snuffe to read the Statute: for I would let his malicious ignorance understand, that Rogues are not to be imploide as maine ornaments to his Majesties Revels; but the itch of bestriding the Presse, or getting up on this wodden Pacolet, hath defil'd more innocent paper, then ever did Laxative Physicke: yet is their invention such tyred stuffe, that like Kentish Post-horse they cannot go beyond their ordinary stage, should you flea them. But to conclude, I valew a worthy Actor by the corruption of some few of the quality, as I would doe gold in the oare; I should not minde the drosse, but the purity of the metall.

A Franklin.

His outside is an ancient Yeoman of England, though his inside may give armes (with the best Gentleman) and ne're fee the Herald. There is no truer servant in the house then himselfe. Though he be master he saies not to his servants goe to field, but let us goe: and with his owne eye, doth both fatten his flocke, and set forward all manner of husbandry. He is taught by nature to be contented with a little; his own fold yeelds him both food and raiment: he is pleasd with any nourishment God sends, whilest curious gluttony ransackes, as it were, *Noahs Arke* for food, onely to feed the riot of one meale. He is nere known to goe to Law; understanding to bee Law-bound among men, is like to bee hide-bound among his beasts: they thrive not under it; and that such men sleepe as unquietly, as if their pillowes were stuft with Lawyers pen-knifes. When hee buildes, no poore tenants cottage hinders his prospect, they are indeed his Alme-houses, though there bee painted on them no such superscription. He never sits up late, but when he hunts the Badger, the vowed foe of his Lambes: nor uses hee any cruelty, but

when hee hunts the Hare, nor subtilty but when hee setteth snares for the Snite, or pittefalles for the Blackbirde; nor oppression, but when in the month of July, he goes to the next river, and sheares his sheepe. He allowes of honest pastime, and thinkes not the bones of the dead any thing brused, or the worse for it, though the Countrey Lasses daunce in the Churchyard after Evensong. Rocke Monday, and the Wake in Summer, shrovings, the wakefull ketches on Christmas Eve, the Hoky, or seed Cake, these he yearely keepes: yet holdes them no reliques of Popery. Hee is not so inquisitive after newes derived from the privie closet, when the finding an eiery of Hawkes in his owne ground, or the foaling of a Colt come of a good straine, are tydings more pleasant, more profitable. Hee is Lord paramount within himselfe, though he hold by never so meane a Tenure, and dies the more contentedly (though hee leave his heire young) in regard hee leaves him not liable to a covetous Guardian. Lastly, to end him, hee cares not when his end comes; he needes not feare his audit, for his *Quietus* is in heaven.

A Purveiour of Tobacco.

Call him a Broker of Tobacco, he scornes the title, hee had rather be tearmed a cogging Merchant. Sir *John Falstaffe* robb'd with a bottle of Sacke; so doth hee take mens purses, with a wicked roule of Tobacco at his girdle. Hee takes no long time to undoe any man hee hath to deale with, he doth it in halfe a yeare, as well as twenty; and then brags he has nipt them by the members. Hee causes his wife to sit in his Ware-house, to no other purpose, then (as a Countrey Poticary hangs up an *Aligarta* in his shop) that while his Customers are gaping at her, hee may cosen them of their waight. Hee does not love God, because God loves plaine dealing; and tis a question, whether he loves the King, because the King loves no Tobacco. Many trades hath he filcht through; but this making of Fire-workes brings most commodity: For hee sels his Tobacco with this condition, that they that buy it, shall bee undone by it. Such fellowes that have tane so many by the nose, should hang up for their signe *Dives* smoaking in hell, and the word under it: Every man for himselfe, and the Divell for them all.

A Rimer

Is a fellow whose face is [t]hatcht all over with impudence, and should he be hanged or pilloried, tis armed for it. He is a Juggler with words, yet practises the Art of most uncleanly conveiance. Hee doth boggle very often; and because himselfe winkes at it, thinkes tis not perceived: the maine thing that ever hee did, was the tune hee sang to. There is no thing in the earth so pittifull, no not an Ape-carrier, he is not worth thinking of, and therefore I must leave him as nature left him; a Dunghill not well laide together.

FINIS.

COMMENTARY

CHARACTERS

TITLE-PAGES

The first of these is the title-page of the whole book, the Sixth Impression of "Overbury's" *Characters*: the second that of the thirty-two "New" Characters here printed. See Introd. p. 6.

FIRST TITLE-PAGE

non norunt...mori. See on *W.D.* title-page.
Thomas Creede: printer (1593–1617).
Laurence L'iſle: bookseller (1607–26).

SECOND TITLE-PAGE

In the original this bears the device of T. Creede—a figure of Truth, crowned, but being scourged by a hand from the clouds, with the motto "Virescit Vulnere Veritas" and the initials T.C.

A worthy Commander

Cf. Hall's "Of a Valiant Man".

10. *a kinde of noble heavinesse*: as Hannibal with Marcellus. Cf. Landor, *Imaginary Conversations*, "Hannibal and Marcellus"; Plutarch, *Marcellus*, 30.
22–3. *to make use of a victory as to get it*: an echo, probably, of Maharbal's reproach to Hannibal for failing to march on Rome after Cannae—*vincere scis, Hannibal, victoria uti nescis.* (Livy xxii. 51.)
29. *Step-dame*: so Aeschylus of a dangerous promontory—"μητρυιὰ νεῶν" (*Prom.* 727).
35. *the great Hebrew Generall*: presumably Judas Maccabaeus (cf. *e.g. Maccabees* ii. 15. 21).
40. *silver head...golden Scepter*: is this a graceful reminiscence of Peele's "Sonnet" on Sir Henry Lea's resignation of his place of honour at tilt (1590)—"His golden locks time hath to silver turn'd"? It seems just possible.

A vaine-glorious Coward

2. *loves a life*: loves as (dearly as) his life. Common in Middleton (H.D.S.).
2. *dead paies*: the pay of fallen soldiers, still drawn as if they were alive by dishonest captains. See on *A.V.* v. 1. 48.
8. *traines*: drills.

8. *by the book*: with pedantic dependence on his manual, with merely theoretical knowledge. See on *D.M.* III. 3. 27.
9. *Noddy*: a card-game, resembling cribbage.
10. *Camisado*: night-attack (shirts being often worn by the attackers over their armour as a means of recognition).
22. *a-running*: with a play on "running (sore) eyes".

A Pirate

23. *Wapping*: the regular place of pirates' execution. See on *F.M.I.* v. 2. 83.

An ordinary Fencer

3. *Stock-fish*: dried fish, beaten hard during the process of its preparation. See on *D.L.* III. 3. 207.
6. *bavins*: bundles of brushwood.
8. *Allom.* Cf. *D.M.* IV. 2. 87–8.
9. *Prize*: a match, contest, especially in fencing. Cf. Pepys, April 12th 1669: "Here we saw a prize fought between a soldier and a country fellow".
13. *in the feare of a good Christian*: I suppose (1) "in the fear appropriate to a good Christian"; (2) "in fear of that good Christian, his opponent".
17. *Sperma Ceti*: for this remedy see on *A.Y.L.* v. 1. 604.
25. *two eyes*: so many fencing-masters having lost one. We may recall that Lord Sanquhar was executed in 1612 for arranging the murder of a fencer who had accidentally put out one of his eyes years before.
27. *flourish*: (1) thrive; (2) brandish his weapon. Feltham, *Resolves*, speaks of "him that flourishes at a show".
28. *Patent*: license to carry on their profession.

A Puny-clarke

Puny = Puisne (*puis* + *né*), junior.

1. *codled*: stewed—cf. "half-baked" in mod. slang.
6. *chargeable*: "indebted", apparently.
7. *Greene-pots*: on *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 1. 46 ("green earthen pots") Halliwell quotes a letter from Sir Julius Caesar to the effect that these were made in England at that time and "drunk in by the gentlemen of the Temple".
12. *Puritan*: because Puritans made a special point of feeding well on Fridays, when Papists fasted.
13. *Declaration*: plaintiff's statement of claim.
13. *Sewer*: officer superintending the seating and service at meals.
17. *Court hand*: used in legal documents; see on *D.L.* IV. 1. 103.
19. *Clog*: *lit.* a piece of wood fastened to an animal, such as an ape, to prevent escape. See on *A.Y.* III. 2. 32–3.
19. *Buckrom*: coarse stiff linen used for lawyers' bags.

A Foote-man (runner)

3. *a running head*: means also "flighty wits", "a hare-brained disposition". The joke recurs in Howell, *Letters* (1890), II. 133 (of a footman): "Yet tho' he hath a running head as well as running heels (and who will expect a footman to be a stay'd man?), I would not part with him" (written May 25th 1628).
8. *trumpet*: trumpeter, in a cavalry regiment.
9. *overreaches*: (1) outstrips, (2) cheats.
12. *Gardes*: (1) trimmings, (2) guards (having no guards he is forced to live uprightly). Cf. *F.M.I.* v. 3. 319.
13. [*c*]*ross-gartered gentleman-usher*: doubtless a reminiscence of Malvolio (cf. the allusion to Falstaff in "A Purveiour of Tobacco"). On cross-gartering and its Puritan associations see note in Furness's *Variorum* ed. of *Twelfth Night*, II. 5. 145.
15. *S. Stevens day*: Dec. 26th. It was an old superstition that this was a good day to bleed horses, and then drench them. See Tusser's *Husbandry*, December.
15. *S. Patrickes*: March 17th. Footmen were frequently Irish at this time and wore their native dress, even carrying an Irish dart. Cf. Field, *Amends for Ladies*, II. 3: "*Enter* Maid, *like an Irish footboy, with a dart*".
16. *drencht*: dosed (with drink, doubtless).

A noble and retir'd Housekeeper

2–3. *sacke...handfull*: an echo of Corinna's advice to the young Pindar to sow the mythological detail more sparsely in his poems—τῇ χειρὶ σπείρειν, ἀλλὰ μὴ ὅλῳ τῷ θυλάκῳ, "to sow with the hand and not with the whole sack". (Plutarch, *Moral.* 348 A.) Cf. *W.D.* IV. 3. 88.
5. *for it owne sake*: for *it* = *its* see on *Mon. Col.* 287.

An Intruder into favour

14. *vice*: mechanism. The word had then a wider sense. The detestable Cockney pun recurs in Mrs Browning's *Aurora Leigh*.
16. *wry necke*. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.* II. 5. 30, "the wry-necked fife", where Boswell quotes B. Riche's *Aphorisms*: "A fife is a wry-neckt musician for he always looks away from his instrument". But it would suit a fiddle, which seems meant here (cf. "tuning"), equally well.
23. [*Montaigne's*] *Monkie*: Mont. II. 17: "the saying of Lord Oliver, whilome Chancellor of France, who said that Frenchmen might be compared to apes, who, climbing up a tree, never cease skipping from bough to bough, till they come to the highest, where they shew their bare tailes". Cf. *Jul. Caes.* II. 1. 21–7: and see Text. Note.

A fayre and happy Milke-mayd

See Walton, *Compleat Angler*, ch. IV. Webster's enemy, J. Stephens, produced a curiously similar "Farmer".

7. *Tissew*: rich cloth.

20–1. Was Tennyson remembering this in his picture of Enid, as Geraint first found her, singing her song of Fortune's wheel?

30. *pauled*: palled, enfeebled.

An Arrant Horse-courser (dealer)

1. *blow up Horse-flesh*: dope a horse so as to seem healthy.

4. *tyre-man*: the only point is the pun on "tire" = weary.

4. *the foure ancient High-waies*: the Fosse Way, Watling Street, Ermin Street, Ikenild. See "The Description of Britain" in Holinshed, ch. XIX.

12. *baite*: (1) snare; (2) stoppage to refresh horses.

17. *Gra'mercy Horse*: a ridiculous stock-phrase, based on a story thus quoted in *N.E.D.* from J. Payne's *Royal Exchange* (1597): "As the hostes, reckonyng with her gest less willinge to lodge in her hows then his tyred horse, made a low curtesy...to the beaste, and seyd 'Gathamercy horse!'"

A different explanation is however quoted by H.D.S. from *Tarlton's Jests* (Part II, registered 1600; first extant edition of all three parts, 1611). There it is related that Banks's famous horse, being told by his master to fetch the veriest fool in the company, dragged forward Tarlton; whose only comment was "God a mercy, horse". Next, when Tarlton retorted by bidding the animal fetch the veriest whoremaster in the company, it took hold of Banks himself. "Then god a mercy, horse, indeed, saies Tarlton... But ever after it was a by-word thorow *London*, God a mercy Horse, and is to this day."

Tarlton died in 1588: on the other hand, many of the *Jests* are apocryphal, and the present context, where the horse takes the lead and makes his master follow suit in doing likewise, is closer to Payne's version. It seems indeed possible that the phrase is older than either story and its true origin had been forgotten.

Gra'mercy from O.F. *grant merci*.

22. *a-cheapning*: bargaining.

23. *best Chapmen*: "best customers" (not "dealers"). This French fondness for easy-pacing "amblers" may recall the French Ambassador in *W.D.* who slept on horseback like a poulterer.

27. *Paving of Smithfield*: performed in this very summer of 1615. Its horse-fair was famous, and likewise the swindling that accompanied it, so that "a Smithfield bargain" became proverbial. See Dekker, *Lanthorn and Candlelight*, ch. X: "Of the knavery of Horse-coursers in Smith-field discovered". There it will be seen that the

point of the paving is this—that, while the horse is ridden "onely uppon soft ground, a very cunning *Horseman* shal hardly find where his shoo wrings him, or that hee is *Fowndred*". But on paving the fraud would at once appear.

A Roaring Boy

1. *Patent*: official license conferring some special privilege.
2. *Don Quixotes* [*water*]*-Milles*: *i.e.* the fulling-mills of Pt I. ch. xx. of that work, with their terrifying din.
2. *still*: "always" would be an easy rendering; but the parallel passage in *A.Q.L.* I. I. 140: "*Bowe-bell* is a still organ to her" rather suggests that here too the meaning is "quiet".
3. *to*: compared with.
6. *Counters*: prisons for debtors in Poultry and Wood Street.
8–9. *Romish Catholicks...making up for Germany*: probably with reference to Spinola's invasion of the Duchies of Cleves and Juliers in August 1614.
13–4. *Shrove-tuesday*: when the prentices used to wreck brothels. See on *C.C.* III. 2. 10.
19. *Onion seede* is small and black, like gunpowder. And the gunpowder of the time was so like seed, that Opocohontas, the Indian king, sowed what he captured from the Virginian settlers (1622), hoping for a crop of gunpowder the next summer.
19–20. *Gunpowder...Tooth-ach*: probably the nitre numbed the pain. Cf. *D.M.* III. 3. 18–9.
21–2. *estate at Will*: *i.e.* where property is let to a tenant to have and to hold at the will of the lessor.
22–3. *I.e.* he is always exacting money.
24. *of no reckoning*: (1) of no esteem; (2) with no means to pay a reckoning.
25. *Anacreon*: choked by a grapestone. (Val. Max. IX. 12. Ext. 8.)
26. *fire in's marrow*: the pox. Cf. *Com. of Errors*, IV. 3. 56: "Light wenches will burn".
27. *Anatomies*: bodies for dissection. See on *D.M.* V. 2. 76.
27–8. *to deterre...Tobacco*: it was asserted by its enemies completely to soot up the respiratory organs. Cf. James I, *Counterblast to Tobacco*: "it makes a kitchin also oftentimes in the inward parts of men, soiling and infecting them, with an unctuous and oily kind of Soote, as hath bene found in some great *Tobacco*-takers that after their death were opened".

A drunken Dutch-man

1. *quarter Master*: for the subjection of Dutchmen to their womenfolk see on *D.L.* III. 1. 13 ff.
3. *Brew-houses...S. Catherines*: the King's brewery being at St Catherine's near the Tower (Rimbault).

4. *bloate Herring*: soft (half-dried) herring as contrasted with a fully dried one. "Bloat" in this sense, meaning "soft", seems to have become confused with "bloat" meaning "flabby, swollen", a word of quite different origin.
6. *rooting*: owing to his Dutch fondness for bulbs?
7. *Lotteries*: there had been one for the benefit of the Virginia Colony in 1612. See on *D.L.* I. 1. 17.
8. *blanke*: having drawn one, that is; with, of course, a pun.
8–9. *swarme in great Tenements, etc.* Cf. Donne's account of such a house he had stayed in at Aix-la-Chapelle (*Fifty Sermons*, XXI): "I found my self in a house which was divided into many families, and indeed so large as it might have been a little Parish, or, at least a great lim of a great one...the whole house was a nest of these boxes". (He found that all the families were Anabaptists and none of them on speaking terms.)
11. *Strong-waters*: gin (from Dutch *genever*, *i.e.* "juniper", which was used to flavour it).
17. *seethe in...broth*: for gold boiled in cullises cf. *D.M.* II. 4. 87–8.
18. *old Soveraignes*: doubtless those of the first and second coinages of Henry VIII; for with the third (1543) debasement began and with the fifth (1545) reached the lowest state of degradation in all English history.
19. *decay of Timber*: Rimbault quotes a royal proclamation of Aug. 8th 1611, ordering brick and stone to be used in building "for the preservation of timber, whereof there was plaine appearance of extreame want, except by Providence prevented".

An Improvident young Gallant

Title. *A Phantastique*: fop.
3. *penny*: money.
3–4. H.D.S. points out that this and the parallel passage in *W. Ho!* I. 2 (p. 77) seem based on Nash's *Unfortunate Traveller* (ed. Brett-Smith), p. 55: "He that is a knight arrant, exercised in the affaires of Ladies and Gentlewomen, hath more places to send mony to than the devil hath to send his spirits to".
9. *Birchin-Lane*: the haunt of old-clothes-dealers.
11. *Candles*: *i.e.* at the "private" theatres; the "public" ones being open to the daylight.
14. [*k*]*net Garters*: *i.e.* knit (knitted) Garters. Cf. *Tam. Shrew*, IV. 1. 94: "garters of an indifferent knit". *N.E.D.* is, I think, wrong in connecting with *net*.
16. *squirt*: frisk. *N.E.D.* gives no example of the noun in this sense, but several of the verb—"to squirt about" or "up and down".
17. *carried himselfe*: a jest derived from Socrates by way of Montaigne; see on *D.M.* I. 1. 43–5.

19. *Cornelius*: with reference to the sweating treatment of venereal disease in tubs called after their inventor, "Cornelius' tubs": cf. Middleton, *Blurt, Master-Constable*, I. 2. 16: *Hen. V*, II. 1. 79: *Meas. for Meas.* III. 2. 61.
19. *Tacitus*: Cornelius Tacitus, the Roman historian.
21. *drie-foundred*: *lit.* lamed from inflammation of the hoof.
21. *cast her calfe*: miscarried.
22. *brought to*: reduced to.

A Button-maker

The Dutch were noted for the number of buttons in their dress.
3. *Christ-crosse*: a cross ordinarily put before the alphabet in a horn-book. To extreme Protestants it was, of course, a "profane, superstitious, and Antichristian Letter".
3–4. *hanging his Bible in a Dutch button*: the devout used to carry about on their persons a breviary (see *N.E.D. s.v.* "portasse") or, after the Reformation, a Bible or prayer-book. So Gratiano promises to "wear prayer-books in my pocket" in *Merch. of Ven.* II. 2: here our button-maker, more ostentatious, wears his book dangling from a button.
11. *Wake*: festival (originally the vigil *before* one). He puts it off to Good Friday out of sheer contrariness, so as to revel on a day of what he considers idolatrous grief. Cf. "Puny-clarke", 11–2.
15. *winkes*: shuts his eyes.

A Distaster of the Time

3–4. *malice...venome...impoisoneth himselfe*: from Montaigne III. 2: "Malice sucks up the greatest part of her owne venome, and therewith impoysoneth herselfe". (Gough.)
6. *Coistrell*: kestrel, small hawk; according to Nash called also "windsuckers".
8. *Phalaris' Bull*: Perillus having made a brazen bull for Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum, as an instrument of torture, was himself the first victim roasted inside it.

A Fellow of a House

House: College.
3. *after the fashion*: (1) according to it, (2) behind it.
5. *next Leases acquaintance*: *i.e.* drawing on its proceeds.
7. *Irus*: the beggar of Ithaca in Homer.
7. *to him*: compared with him.
9. *false gallop*: *lit.* canter.
10. *not out of ignorance*: *i.e.* he has a purpose in it, as the next sentence shows.
20. *Ergo's*: Lat. *ergo* = "therefore"—used in the conclusion of a

syllogism. Cf. "A Meere Scholer" (one of the Ten new Characters in the Sixth Impression of "Overbury"): "The currant of his speech is clos'd with an *ergo*".

20. *Measure*: dance.

A meere Petifogger

1. *Sampsons Foxes*: see on *D.M.* III. 3. 45–8.
3. *cannot erre before Judgement*: *i.e.* his mistakes only reveal themselves after it, he seems infallible before.
4. *Writs of error*: writs brought to remedy some mistake in previous legal proceedings.
4. *Tariers*: (1) terriers; (2) with a quibble on "tarry" = "delay". Cf. *D.L.* II. 1. 205.
11. *holds*: keeps.
11. *good Common-wealths-man*: good citizen.
16. *Brownist*: follower of Robert Brown (1550–1633); this sect objected to the discipline, not to the doctrine, of the Anglican Church; and from them, largely, sprang the later "Independents". The point of "though" is not clear; unless we understand—"though a Brownist and opposed to church discipline, yet as a lawyer he would like continual prosecutions to be brought for non-payment of tithes". Possibly the text should run "(though he be *no* Brownist)".
20. *Bill of all rates*: *i.e.* a tariff of legal damages for every sort of blow.
22. *quiddits*: quiddities, quibbles.
25. For this idea of the decay of the supernatural with the fall of the old religion cf. Corbet's "Farewell Rewards and Fairies".
26. *single money*: small change.
27. *pitch him o're the Barre*: apparently a play on "bar" in its legal sense, and the sport of "pitching the bar".

An Ingrosser of Corne

Gough points out the resemblance between this character and Sordido in *Every Man out of his Humour*—"A wretched hob-nailed chuff whose recreation is reading of almanacks; and felicity, foul weather. One that never pray'd except for a lean dearth, and ever wept in a fat harvest". And of course there is the mad corn-dealer of *D.M.* IV. 2.

3–4. Ovid, *Met.* VIII. 832-3. Erysichthon offended Demeter by cutting down trees in her sacred grove; and was punished by her with an insatiable hunger.
5. *inclosures*: for this grievance of enclosures of common land, see on *W.D.* I. 2. 95.
7. *Wheat for twelve-pence a Bushell*: according to Rogers, *History of Agriculture and Prices in England* (1882), IV. 290, the average price did not sink as low as this (8*s.* a qr.) after 1547–8, and did not even approach it after 1570. But the period 1528–44 kept on the whole

fairly close to this level (decennial average, 1531–40, 7*s*. 8½*d*. a qr.: whereas in 1613–22 it was 37*s*. 9*d*. a qr.).

8. *Danske*: the free city of Dantzig, important in the Baltic corn-trade.
8. *Moloccos*: or Spice Islands, in the E. Indies.
9. *Stilyard*: the Stillyard or Steelyard, the seat of the Hanseatic traders in London (where Cannon St Station now stands), was suppressed in Jan. 1598 in retaliation for the exclusion of English merchants from the Empire. Its revival would mean renewed competition for the Ingrosser.
12–3. *chaffe...Ægypt*: I cannot explain this allusion.
14–5. *No painting pleases him so well...leane Kine*: we may be reminded of Uncle Toby's similar professional fondness for the siege of Jericho. Cf. too Falstaff's opposite preference (1 *Hen. IV*, II. 4. 526): "If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved".
16. *motion*: "puppet-show".
19. *transport without Licence*: see on *D.M.* IV. 2. 60.
20. *mealy-mouth'd*: soft-spoken.
25–6. *I.e.* he complains that the discovery of new lands for the emigration of the poor progresses so slowly.
27. *who*: *i.e.* the son.
29. *a Free-man*: free of his company (the Merchant Taylors), a privilege acquired after seven years of apprenticeship.

A Divellish Usurer

1. *sowed...with curses*. Cf. Pliny XIX. 7: (of basil) "the more that it is cursed, the better it will speed and prosper...And, more particularly, they that sow Cumin, pray to God that it may never come up". For analogous superstitions all the world over, based partly on a conviction of the innate contrariness of things, see Frazer, *Golden Bough*, I. 279 ff.
4. *interest*: of course, a pun.
5–6. *takes the forfaite*: exacts the penalty for non-payment.
6. *unnaturall Act of generation*: see on *D.M.* II. 4. 89.
17. *Subsidy*: levy of tax.
19. *Gravitie...Whore*: *i.e.* he will tolerate lightness in nothing except his mistress: *pretends* = "claims".
21. *Tilbury Campe*: where Elizabeth reviewed the assembled troops in 1588.
22. *Spaniard*: is this a quibble on Span-yard, *i.e.* short measure? Cf. *Sir T. Wyat* (p. 45).
23. *Bucklersbury*: the street of the London apothecaries and grocers, between Cheapside and Walbrook: the smell of its spices was said to have saved its inhabitants from plague. (Sugden.)
27. *prescription*: claim based on long use and ancient custom.
30. *case*: this too, of course, is a pun.

35–6. With allusion to the sale of Masses and Indulgences.
36. *snaphance*: spring-catch.
37. *but a word*: see on *D.M.* III. 2. 81–5.

A Water-man

2. *The first man* = "next oars" (Rimbault); implying that it was his turn to be hired—like the taxi at the head of a rank.
4. *plying it*: (1) plying his trade, (2) plying as a ferry.
8. *fetches...over*: also = "cheats".
9. *rides to the Pillory*: with his face to the tail of his mount. Cf. T. Adams's Sermon, *The White Devill* (publ. 1613): "like a Ferry man, looking towards charity with his face, rowing towards covetousnesse with his armes". But the idea is a common one.
11. *acquainted with it*: accustomed to bawling in their own profession.
14–5. *Play-houses...keepe him sober*: probably because the watermen had to keep themselves sober for the afternoon rush of traffic to and from the theatres in Southwark, on which they largely lived. They may also have been sobered in another sense by the increasing tendency of the players to act in the city: thus there was a petition from the watermen on the subject in 1613–4. For a vivid description of the crossing of the theatre-crowds, see Jusserand, *Lit. Hist. of the Eng. People*, III. 89.
15–6. *afternoones man*: (1) busy in the afternoon (the time for plays); (2) a tippler. Cf. Burton, *Anat. of Mel., Democritus* to the Reader: "drunkards, afternoon men, and such as more then ordinarily delight in drink".
16. *London Bridge...eye-sore*: mainly, no doubt, because "it is some prejudice to the waterman's gains" (Lupton, *London Carbonadoed*, 1632); partly because it was so dangerous to shoot, with its narrow arches and swift current. See on *W.D.* IV. 2. 183–4.
17. *Presse*: impressment of men for the navy.

A Reverend Judge

3. *bee...appeares*: we may remember the line of Aeschylus' *Seven against Thebes* (588)—

οὐ γὰρ δοκεῖν ἄριστος, ἀλλ' εἶναι θέλει—

at the first utterance of which in the theatre at Athens all eyes are said to have turned to the place where sat Aristides "the Just".

4–6. *hill of greatnesse...lightning, and thunder.* A commonplace; but perhaps suggested by Horace, *Odes*, II. 10. 9–12:

Saepius ventis agitatur ingens
Pinus et celsae graviore casu
Decidunt turres feriuntque summos
Fulgura montes.

6. *ancient Tragedies*: with allusion to the criticisms of the Chorus on the chief characters.
8–9. *fewer Lawes,...better observ'd*: a reminiscence, perhaps, of the epigram of Tacitus (*Annals*, III. 27) on the last state of the Roman Republic—*corruptissima republica plurimae leges*.
9. *Mulctuary*: punishing by fines.
11. *Goodwin*: the dangerous shoal between Thanet and the S. Foreland.
16. *Statute*: extraordinarily elaborate restrictions on dress, according to the wearer's income, will be found in 1 & 2 Philip and Mary, c. 2, 24 Hen. VIII, c. 13, and earlier; all these were, however, repealed by 1 Jac. I, c. 25.
23–4. *excellent Common-wealths-men*: good citizens.

A vertuous Widdow

1. *Palme-tree*: see on *D.M.* I. 1. 555.
7. *Calling*: name. Cf. *As You Like It*, I. 2. 249–50: "I am more proud to be Sir Roland's son...and would not change that calling".
11. *Prerogative Court*: one for the province of Canterbury, one for that of York; presided over by judges appointed by the respective archbishops; and dealing with testamentary questions where the property left was of £5 or more in value.
12–3. *one Diamond...another*: see on *D.M.* v. 5. 92.

An ordinarie Widdow

3. *uses to*: frequents.
8. *Elderne Gunnes*: pop-guns of hollowed elder-stems, from which pellets were blown. Cf. Marston, *Malcontent*, IV. 2. 11: "he would discharge us, as boys do eldern guns, one pellet to strike out another".
9. *I.e.* as horse-dealers commend their bad horses.
16. *dilapidations*: charges exacted from an incumbent (or his widow) to cover damages sustained by the ecclesiastical buildings in his care.
17. *Candle-rents*: rents of property liable to suffer ruin or fire.
17. *fire*: of course a pun on the military sense.
19. *case*: the usual *double entendre*; similarly in the next sentence.
26. *made sure*: betrothed.

A Quacksalver

Gough points out that Earle's "Meere dull Phisitian" (pub. 1628) likewise intrigues with his apothecary's wife.

7. *railing against such, as leave their cures*: it is one of the few actions recorded to the credit of Dr Simon Forman that he did not desert his practice during the plague. This may be a hit at him in particular: for he is mentioned by name in *F.M.I.* (v. 2. 74), a play connected with this *Character* both by the figure of Forobosco, its quacksalver, and a verbal echo (v. 3. 311).

9. *utters*: issues, distributes.
9. *Carduus-water*: distillation of *Carduus Benedictus*, a sixteenth-century panacea. See Gerard's *Herbal* (*s.v. Carduus Benedictus*).
10. *cast their Caps*: *i.e.* abandon all hope of coping with him. See on *D.M.* IV. 2. 111.
13. *richest Horne*: horns being also used to contain things; and there is quibbling reference, of course, to the cornucopia, as well as the cuckold's horn.
17–8. *deafe . . . Cataracts*: the noise of the Nile cataracts was supposed to deafen the inhabitants.
19. *kild more idly*: *i.e.* killed more *people* idly.
27. *Dog-leach*: (1) a doctor of dogs; (2) a quack.
32. *Moore-ditch*: London's Augean Stable of filth, once part of the city-moat between Bishopsgate and Moorgate. It was "scoured" in 1595, after efforts made in 1540 and 1549; and improved in 1606–7.

A Canting Rogue

(One who talks the jargon or thieves' Latin of the vagrant: invented by them, according to Harrison's *Description of England*, in imitation of the Gipsies' Romany. For the literature of the subject, from Harman's *Caveat for Common Cursitors* to the pamphlets of Greene and Dekker, see *Cam. Hist. of Eng. Lit.* III. ch. 5 and IV. ch. 16.)

3. *Proctor*: lawyer conducting suits in courts administering civil or canon law.
5. *to their fathers*: for their fathers.
15. *Statute . . . apparell*: see on "A Reverend Judge", 16.
17. *statute of Inmates*: various measures were enacted in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries forbidding inmates (*i.e.* lodgers), or more families than one, to be housed in any cottage (with a view to preventing the increase of paupers in a parish); *e.g.* 31 Eliz. c. 7.
18. *description of England*: with reference to such works as Harrison's *Description of England*.

A French Cooke

5. *inferiour*: (1) lower, (2) meaner.
6. *saucy*: of course, a pun.
6. *warres in Naples*: when the *morbus gallicus*, with its need for dieting, first appeared.

A Sexton

10. *Cusani*: a curious perversion of the name of the Trausi, in Thrace, to whom Herodotus attributes this custom (v. 4). There is no nation called Cusani. See Text. Note.
13. *Diall*: clock.
14. *houre-glasse*: in the pulpit, to time the sermon.

17. *Dogge-daies*: *i.e.* because their unhealthy heat causes a greater mortality. See on *W.D.* III. 3. 67.

A Jesuite

2. *gray Woolfe*: the family-arms of St Ignatius are "argent, a pot and chain sable between two grey wolves, rampant". I owe this explanation to Mr C. G. Pritchard.
2–3. *golden Starre*: the point is not clear to me. The same informant suggests that it is meant as a sign of intellectual eminence (cf. the gold star sometimes shown on the breast of St Thomas Aquinas; St Dominic, again, has one on his head as a mark of sanctity). As an alternative, Mr Pritchard points out that in the seal of the Society of Jesus there appears a crescent moon with two stars.
4. *Cæsar*: the German Emperor.
16. *Disciple*: ? of St Ignatius. I cannot find any more definite explanation.
20. *Pursevant*: officer with a warrant for arrest.
21–2. *Kings Evill*: *lit.* scrofula (supposed to be cured by the royal touch).
23. For this combination of fox with lion, see on *A.Y.L.* III. 1. 171–3.

An Excellent Actor

This may well be read side by side with Hamlet's advice to the players: indeed we are fortunate to possess the ideas on acting of both Shakespeare and Webster. Chambers (*Eliz. Stage*, IV. 257; II. 309) suggests that Burbage was here Webster's model, on the ground that the famous actor was also "a painter" (see l. 12). A woman's head attributed to him is in the Dulwich gallery; payments to him for blazoning shields are recorded in the Earl of Rutland's accounts; and there are references to this talent of his in poems written at the time. It is an attractive idea: though it must be remembered that the painting here must refer primarily, at all events, to face-painting for the stage.

Gough justly points out that the arguments here used in defence of the players' profession are found in Nash's *Pierce Penniless* (ed. Grosart), pp. 88–90. There too is the plea that plays only occupy "the after-noone being the idlest time of the day"; and that "our forefathers valiant actes (that have lien long buried in rustie brass and wormeeaten bookes) are revived and they themselves raysed from the Grave of Oblivion"; Talbot and Henry V are given as instances.
15. *ditty* is used both of verse compositions in general, and of the words, as contrasted with the music, of a song.
26. *the imitating Characterist*: J. Stephens of Lincoln's Inn whose *Satyricall essayes, characters and others* appeared this year. See Introd. p. 8.
28. *snuffe*: candle-end.

29. *the Statute*: 39 Eliz. c. 4, I Jac. I. c. 7, in which noblemen's players are excepted from the penalties imposed on "Rogues Vagabond."
32. *Pacolet*: a magic wooden horse is made by a dwarf called Pacolet in the old romance of *Valentine and Orson*. It appears also in Sidney, *Apology for Poetry* (ed. Arber), 64: "*Pacolets* horse". Hence here = "hobby-horse".

A Franklin

10–1. *hide-bound*: with the skin cleaving to the bones owing to their ill-condition.
13. *no . . . cottage hinders his prospect*: *i.e.* he does not demolish any cottage on that ground.
15–6. *hunts the Badger*: usually hunted "by owl-light", after dusk. See on *D.M.* IV. 2. 360.
18. *Snite*: snipe.
21–2. *daunce in the Churchyard*: an ancient subject of contention. Cf. the legend of the awful judgment on the Dancers of Colbek who were unable to stop dancing for twelve whole months, in Manning's *Handlyng Synne* (ed. Furnivall, 8987 ff.). Three years later than this Character James I gave the practice his royal approval in his *Declaration to his subjects concerning Lawful Sports* (1618).
22. *Rocke Monday*: the Monday after Twelfth Day, when spinning was resumed after the holidays (rock = distaff). Cf. Herrick on Rock Day or St Distaff's Day, the morrow of Twelfth Day:

> Partly worke and partly play
> You must on St Distaff's day.

22–3. *Wake in Summer*: the vigil of Midsummer Eve.
23. *shrovings*: the merry-makings of Shrovetide, before Lent.
23. *ketches*: catches, songs in which one singer catches up another.
24. *Hoky* or Hockey = the festival at harvest-home.
24. *seed Cake*: a similar celebration of the completion of the autumn sowing.
28. *Lord paramount*: an independent lord, owning no suzerain.
32. *Quietus*: acquittal of his accounts.

A Purveiour of Tobacco

This Character was omitted in subsequent editions.
2. *cogging*: "cheating" or "wheedling"; I do not see the point.
2. *Sir John Falstaffe . . . bottle of Sacke*: this bottle doubtless appeared on the stage, though there is nothing about it in our text of the scene of the Gadshill robbery (1 *Hen. IV*, II. 2).
8. *Aligarta*: alligator. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, V. 1. 42 (of the apothecary who sells Romeo poison):

> And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
> An alligator stuff'd and other skins
> Of ill-shaped fishes.

11. *the King loves no Tobacco*: an allusion to James's *Counterblast to Tobacco* (1604).
16. *Every man, etc.*: a modification of the proverbial "Every man for himself and the Devil take the hindmost". (First quoted in *N.E.D.* from *Philaster*, 1608–10.)

A Rimer

The word clearly has a special sense of "strolling minstrel" (ignored by *N.E.D.*) both here and in passages like Spenser, *F.Q.* III. 12. 5: "minstrels making goodly merriment With wanton bards and rimers *impudent*". The whole Character is otherwise unintelligible. Gough indeed makes the suggestion, which seems to me most improbable, that this Character is aimed at J. Stephens, because Stephens had written verse.

3. *conveiance*: (1) conveying of meaning in words, expression; *e.g.* Greene couples "elegant phrases" and "fine figurative conveyance". (2) Jugglery. Cf. J. Stephens, *Satyricall Essayes* (1615): "a sleight of hand, or cleanly conveyance, which threatens silver spoones". This echo might slightly support Gough's suggestion.
3. *boggle*: (1) shy like a horse; (2) hesitate; (3) equivocate.
6. *Ape-carrier*: it seems to have been customary for the fool in a great household to carry his lord's ape. Cf. *Rich. III*, III. 1. 131; but it seems to bear here the wider sense of "strolling buffoon".

TEXTUAL NOTES

CHARACTERS

For details of editions of the Characters see Bibliography and Introduction. As will be seen from these notes, the Sixth Impression, on which the text is based, is very well printed and free from errors.

In the notes that follow:

6 = the Sixth Impression of "Overbury's" Characters (the first to include those printed here). 8vo. 1615. (Brit. Mus. 12270. a. 21.)

R = Rimbault's edition (1856: based on Ninth Impression, 1616). This sometimes restores the true text, but not infrequently corrupts it. I have not recorded its obvious lapses, nor attempted, since I am dealing only with a small section of the Characters, to provide a collation of the very numerous early editions: that must be left to whoever produces a new (and much-needed) edition of the Overbury collection as a whole.

Pirate

14. [*he*]] 6R omit. I have inserted it after, rather than before, *onlie*, because the *he* is more likely to have been lost through confusion with its second syllable, the more so as *onlie* is divided and *lie* begins the line. (In the English of the time the meaning need not be affected by the position of *onlie*.)

Foote-man

13. [*c*]*ross* R: *gross* 6.

Housekeeper

20. *sounded* 6: *found* R. *D.M.* III. 1. 106 is decisive against alteration of the text.

Intruder into favour

*23. [*Montaigne's*]] *Mountaines* 6: *mountaines* R. There can be no doubt that the essayist is meant (this is indeed quite a possible Elizabethan spelling of his name): the actual passage in Montaigne (II. 17: see Commentary) was kindly found for me by Mr A. M. Boase and is decisive. (I find that Gough assumes *mountaines* to be right, with, however, a *pun* on Montaigne: but what can *mountain's monkey*, even if English, be supposed to mean?)

Milk-mayd

10. [*too*] *Immoderate*] too *Immoderate* 6R. But cf. *D.M.* I. 1. 79.

Improvident young Gallant

14. [*k*]*net*] *net* 6R. See Commentary.

Button-maker

16. *so* [*well*]] *so, now* 6: *so now* R. Possibly *now* is due to confusion with the preceding *knowes*: in any case it has little point.

Usurer

13. *is...bonds* 6: *is in...bonds* R. This is easier at first sight; but wrong, I think. The estate of the Jailer's son is not "*in* bonds", but consists of the actual chains and fetters themselves.

Judge

8. *farre be*] ? *be farre*.
16. *la*[*n*]*d*] *laud* 6.

Quacksalver

15. (*that*] *that* (6.
25. *wee* 6: *he* R (clearly wrong).

French Cooke

6–7. *the...allowance*] bracketed in 6.

Sexton

10. *Cusani*] ? *Trausi* (see Commentary). The mistake may of course be the author's, not the printer's. But the alteration is easier than it looks; we have the letters *a, u, s, i* common to both words; *n* and *r* are easily confused; and for *C–T*, cf. *Caesar's Revenge* (1606), 2102: *Carpeian* for *Tarpeian* (Kellner, p. 46).

Excellent Actor

7. *not* ∧ *lower*] *not not lower* 6.

Rimer

*1. [*t*]*hatcht*] *hatcht* 6R (also *N.E.D.*); *hatcht* means however "inlaid" and we need a word meaning "fortified", "protected". My conjecture, *thatcht*, I found subsequently confirmed by Hibbert, *Body of Div.* (1662), II. 135: "their faces thatcht over with impudence". So Middleton in *F. Hubburd's Tales* speaks of a chin being "thatched with a beard".

ANYTHING FOR A QUIET LIFE

ANYTHING FOR A QUIET LIFE

DATE

A LOWER limit is provided by Middleton's death in 1627. A more useful piece of evidence, however, has hitherto been neglected in the allusion (I. i. 59) to the Standard in Cheapside as "new". The restoration of this monument was completed in 1621 (cf. Howes's continuation of Stowe's *Chronicle*), and is alluded to in Middleton's *Sun in Aries* of that year. The play cannot, then, be much later than 1621. On the other hand, it looks as if Dyce's "1617" and Malone's "1619" were too early. Of course this mention of the Standard might be a later interpolation. But other allusions also point to the neighbourhood of 1621.

Thus there are references to "the late ill-starr'd Voyage to Guiana" of Raleigh in 1617–8 (I. i. 171–2); to soldiers going over to the Palatinate, probably Sir Horace Vere's volunteers of 1620 (v. i. 105–6); and to the quarrels of Sir Edward Coke and his lady which were at their height between 1617 and 1621 (v. i. 228–30). Indeed the general attitude about domineering women in the play recalls *The Devil's Law-Case* of *c.* 1620 and the wave of anti-feminist feeling which occasioned it (see Introd. to that play). Metrical grounds (see Metrical Appendix) strongly support this close relation between the two plays; while the style, untrustworthy as such evidence often is, certainly gives the impression that of the two *The Devil's Law-Case* stands definitely nearer to the great tragedies of 1611–4. It used, indeed, to be thought that there was a reference in *A.Y.L.* II. i. 121 to the sub-plot of *A Cure for a Cuckold*; but the allusion must, I think, be rather to some actual incident or custom in Limehouse, which in its turn suggested the latter play (cf. Kirkman's preface to it, 24 ff.).

On the whole, then, 1621 or not much later seems a fairly safe estimate.

SOURCES

The plot appears to be the authors' invention: they had no great cause to be proud of it. The sub-plot of Beaufort and Knaves-bee's wife, on the other hand, clearly recalls *Westward Ho!*

AUTHORSHIP

Webster's share in this play, published as Middleton's by Kirkman in 1662, was first pointed out by Sykes in *Notes and Queries* for 1921, to which he contributed a series of articles later reprinted in his *Sidelights on Elizabethan Drama* and not as yet, to my knowledge, impugned by anyone. He assigns to Webster "practically the whole" of I.; also II. 1; III. 1; IV. 1; the beginning of IV. 2; and V. except part of its end; thus leaving to Middleton (whose sole authorship had already been doubted by A. H. Bullen) only the very characteristic sub-plot of Water Chamlet's relations with his wife and his cheating by George Cressingham. The evidence is as usual that of parallels, both with Webster's other works and with Webster's quarry, Sidney's *Arcadia*. I have nothing to subtract from his conclusions and only a couple of dozen new parallel passages to add to his evidence for Webster's share (see, however, the Metrical Appendix, which provides some rather unexpected confirmation). That evidence it only remains to summarize.

I. 1.

19–20: As in a project of War, to erre but once,
Is to be undone for ever.

Cf. *Char.* "Commander", 17–8: Hee understands in warre, there is no meane to erre twice.

31–3: By painted fires, that yields her no more heat,
Then to be lodg'd in some bleak Banquetting-house
I'th dead of Winter.

Cf. *D.L.* IV. 2. 120:
As voyd of true heat, as are all painted fires.

W.D. "To the Reader", 4–5: acted in so dull a time of Winter, presented in so open and blacke (? bleake) a Theater.

217: That goes a-hunting with the penal Statutes.

Cf. *Char.* "Petifogger", 2–3: his sport is to goe a-Fishing *with the Penall Statutes*.

Cf. also: Cressingham, cf. Lessingham in *C.C.*; 69–75 (silkworms), *F.M.I.* II. 2. 42–3; 140, *Char.* "Roaring Boy", 2–3; 158–60 (taming animals, especially elephants, by sleeplessness), *D.M.* II. 4. 42–3, *A.V.* V. 1. 146–51; 220 (Caterpillars), *D.M.* I. 1. 50–5; 230–3, *D.L.* II. 1. 42–4; 234–5, *F.M.I.* II. 2. 95–6; 246–7, *F.M.I.* IV. 2. 107; 272 (stale it), *F.M.I.* II. 2. 120.

More doubtful: 40–5, *A.V.* I. 2. 12–7, *D.L.* III. 3. 13–7; 91 (lenatively), *D.M.* III. 1. 91.

Note too: 9–10 (reference to Overbury's *Wife*); 148 (Black-book, cf. *W.D.* IV. 1. 35: Middleton, however, also wrote a pamphlet of that name); 209 (Pyrate); 230 (by Patent); 255 (Fall o'th Leaf); 291 (*Lord Paramount*); 323 (Glass-house).

II. 1.

55: O you sweet-breath'd Monkey!

Cf. *D.L.* I. 2. 278. O sweet-breath'd monkey—how they grow together!

Cf. also: 12 (pretended dream), *W.D.* I. 2. 219 ff., V. 3. 227 ff.; 18 (pun on "with a witness"), *F.M.I.* II. 2. 32–4; 183 (symbolic weeds), *D.M.* III. 2. 379.

Note too: 69–70 (I heard one in *England*); 113–5 (borrowing from *Arcadia*); 121–2 (allusion to incident found also in *C.C.*); 121 (*Supersedeas*); 155 (flattering-glass); 156 (Summer-house).

III. 1.

87–8: filthy Beauty, what a white witch thou art!

Cf. *D.M.* III. 3. 74–6: her fault, and beauty
Blended together, shew like leaprosie—
The whiter, the fowler.

(And, of course, cf. "White Devil".)

Cf. also: 43–5 (play on "spite"), *C.C.* III. 3. 29–32; 125–7, *W.D.* IV. 2. 37.

III. 2.

Though this scene as a whole would naturally be Middleton's, the first line of its final couplet recalls *W.D.* III. 2. 84, *D.L.* IV. 2. 549–50. Cf. also 165 (the familiar idea of "candied poison"), *A.V.* III. 3. 9, *W.D.* V. 6. 61, etc. So that Webster may have added some touches.

IV. 1.

80–3: think how compassionate
The creatures of the field that onely live
On the wilde benefits of Nature, are
Unto their yong ones.

Cf. *D.M.* III. 5. 25–6: The Birds, that live i'th field
On the wilde benefit of Nature.

(Based on the *Arcadia*; and for "compassionate...Nature" cf. *D.M.* IV. 1. 43–4.)

Cf. also: 72 (ingeniously perceive), *D.L.* I. 1. 221; 96–7, *C.C.* III. 1. 7–8; 132–3, *F.M.I.* II. 2. 45–6; 197 (night...rule), *D.M.* III. 2. 10. Note too the typical equivocation in 110–4.

V. 1.

176–9: are ye levying faction against us...? do you complain to your kindred?

Cf. *W.D.* II. 1. 175–7:

Do you bandy factions 'gainst me? have you learn't
The trick of impudent basenes to complaine
Unto your kindred?

195–6: man is never truly awake
Till he be dead.

Cf. *D.M.* IV. 2. 230–1:

I perceive death (now I am well awake)
Best guift is, they can give, or I can take.

Cf. also: 62, *A.V.* III. 4. 39; 64 (*Soap-boyler*), *D.M.* IV. 2. 111–2; 77–81 (multiplying spectacles), *W.D.* I. 2. 100–5; 125–7, *D.L.* III. 3. 72–3; 153, *D.M.* III. 5. 97–8; 169–70 (weighty...deadly), *W.D.* V. 3. 194–5; 203, *W.D.* V. 6. 198; 261, *W.D.* II. 1. 298–9; 272–4, *A.V.* III. 4. 14–5.

Note too: 162–5 (the fable from Aesop); 193 (a politique man); 370 (*Divellin*, cf. *F.M.I.* IV. 2. 258, *Develing*); 391 ff. (Echo-scene); 610–1 (the same sort of far-fetched equivocation as occurs in all Webster's plays).

THE PLAY

Not much can be said for this play, except that Swinburne praised it: and that, I am afraid, is not saying much. There is a certain technical ingenuity in the way the main-plot is interwoven with no less than three subordinate intrigues; but the main-plot itself is little better than imbecile. It cheats, in order to steal a paltry surprise; and it does not even cheat successfully. We are presented with a young woman who treats her elderly husband with all the outrages of a minx and a harpy: at the end of Act v. we are suddenly told that she is really a patient Griselda in disguise, who did all for the best—to cure him of his expensive addiction to gambling and alchemy[1]. It is as though *King Lear* concluded with the revelation that Goneril and Regan were really angelic young women whose only thought had been to save their old father from the worries of domesticity. The sub-plots are at least less incredible. One details the efforts of an attorney to prostitute his wife to a lord; the second relates the matrimonial troubles of a mercer, who finally succeeds in taming his shrew; and the third describes how two needy young men cheat the mercer and how the venerable father of one of them, after expressing proper disgust at their dishonesty (the irony is quite unconscious), proceeds himself to cheat his son's creditors. And so in the end they all live happily ever after.

It would have given me great pleasure to suppress this play: it has certainly given me none to edit it. But it seemed a pity not to include the "Overbury" *Characters* and *The Fair Maid of the Inn* with the new light they throw on Webster; and in that case though the present work sheds upon him new darkness rather, consistency forbade its omission. And if it seems to some almost incredible at first that the author of *The White Devil* should have stooped, even in the company of another, to write such trash as this, it is because they forget the humiliating fickleness of human genius and the fitful uncertainty of its inspiration. I do not know indeed a single place where Homer really nods; but there are times when even Shakespeare snores. And we have

[1] Lady Cressingham's explanation (v. 1. 524 ff.) is quite inadequate. Her conduct throughout has been a glaring satire on the domineering of great ladies: here all is suddenly unsaid. So a play by Euripides, after bitterly caricaturing the religion of his day, will end with some lame piece of orthodoxy from a god in a machine. Was Webster for some reason, like Euripides, hiding his dagger in his sleeve? Or merely aiming at a cheap *coup de théâtre*? The second, one fears, is more likely.

but to think of Wordsworth. There are few minds that rise without ever falling. "Racine," says Voltaire, "a fini par être le premier des poètes dans *Athalie*, et Corneille a été le dernier dans plus de dix pièces de thèâtre, sans qu'il y ait dans ces enfants infortunés ni la plus légère étincelle de génie ni le moindre vers à retenir. Cela est presque incomprehensible dans l'auteur des beaux morceaux de *Cinna*, du *Cid*, de *Pompée*, de *Polyeucte*."

However, the reader who remembers the ever needful injunction to read and judge Elizabethan plays scene-wise, not as wholes, will find even this work curious and interesting in parts, and may be able occasionally to smile. As literature the thing is worthless; as a satire on masterful women, it seems a mere parody of *The Devil's Law-Case*; but as social history it is by no means dull. It is left, then, to the reader as a document with a few vivid moments, rather than a play.

ANY THING FOR A QUIET LIFE

ANY THING FOR A QUIET LIFE.

A COMEDY,

Formerly Acted at *Black-Fryers*, by His late Majeſties Servants.

Never before Printed.

Written by *Tho. Middleton*, Gent.

[Printer's Device]

LONDON: Printed by *Tho. Johnſon* for *Francis Kirkman*, and *Henry Marſh*, and are to be ſold at the *Princes Arms* in *Chancery-Lane*. 1662.

Drammatis Personæ.

The Scene LONDON.

Lord BEAUFORT.

Sir FRANCIS CRESSINGHAM, an Alchymist.

Old FRANKLIN, a Countrey Gentleman.

GEORGE CRESSINGHAM, son to Sir *Francis*.

FRANKLIN, a Sea-Captain, son to old *Franklin*, and Companion to *George Cressingham*.

Mr WATER CHAMLET, a Citizen.

KNAVES-BEE, a Lawyer, and Pandor to his Wife.

SELENGER, Page to the Lord *Beaufort*.

SAUNDER, Steward to Sir *Francis*.

GEORGE and RALPH, two Prentices to *Water Chamlet*.

A Surveyor.

SWEETBALL, a Barber.

Barbers boy.

FLESH-HOOK and COUNTER-BUFF, a Sergeant and a Yeoman.

Two Children of Sir *Francis Cressingham*, nurs'd by *Water Chamlet*.

Lady CRESSINGHAM, wife to Sir *Francis*.

RACHEL, wife to *Water Chamlet*.

SIB, *Knaves-bee's* wife.

MARGARITA, a French Bawd.

Prologue.

HOW *ere th'intents and appetites of men*
Are different as their faces, how and when
T'employ their actions, yet all without strife
Meet in this point, Any thing for a Quiet Life.
Nor is there one I think that's hither come
For his delight, but would finde Peace at home
On any terms. The Lawyer does not cease
To talk himself into a sweat with pain,
And so his Fees buy Quiet, *'tis his gain:*
The poor man does endure the scorching Sun,
And feels no weariness, his day-labor done,
So his Wife entertain him with a smile,
And thank his travail, though she slept the while:
This being in men of all conditions true,
Does give our Play *a Name; and if to you*
It yield Content, and usual Delight,
For our parts we shall sleep secure to-night.

Any thing for a Quiet Life.

ACTUS I. [SCAENA I.]

[*Sir Francis Cressingham's House.*]

Enter the Lord Beaufort, *and Sir* Francis Cressingham

BEAUFORT.

AWay, I am asham'd of your proceedings,
And—seriously—you have in this one act
Overthrown the reputation the world
Held of your wisdom.
CRESS. Why Sir?
BEAU. Can you not see
Your error? that having buried so good a wife
Not a moneth since; one that, to speak the truth,
Had all those excellencies which our books
Have onely feign'd to make a compleat Wife,
Most exactly in her in practice—and to marry
A Girl of fifteen!...one bred up i'th Court,
That by all consonancy of reason, is like
To cross your estate: why, one new Gown of hers
When 'tis paid for, will eat you out the keeping
Of a bountiful *Christmas*. I am asham'd of you,
For you shall make too dear a proof of it,
I fear; that in the election of a Wife,
As in a project of War, to erre but once,
Is to be undone for ever.
CRESS. Good my Lord,
I do beseech you let your better judgement
Go along with your reprehension.
BEAU. So it does,
And can finde nought to extenuate your fault,
But your dotage: you are a man well sunck in years,
And to graft such a yong blossom into your Stock,
Is the next way to make every carnal eye
Bespeak your injury. Troth I pity her too,
She was not made to wither and go out
By painted fires, that yields her no more heat,
Then to be lodg'd in some bleak Banquetting-house
I'th dead of Winter—and what follows then?
Your shame, and the ruine of your children, and there's
The end of a rash bargain.

CRESS. With your pardon,
That she is young is true; but that Discretion
Has gone beyond her years, and overtane
Those of maturer age, does more improve
Her goodness. I confess she was bred at Court,
But so retiredly, that (as still the best
In some place is to be learnt there) so her life
Did rectifie it self more by the Court Chappel,
Then by the Office of the Revels: best of all vertues
Are to be found at Court, and where you meet
With writings contrary to this known truth,
They are framed by men that never were so happy
To be planted there to know it: for the difference
Between her youth and mine, if you will read
A Matrons sober staidness in her eye,
And all the other grave demeanor fitting
The Governess of a House, you'l then confess
There's no disparity between us.

BEAU. Come, come, you read *Enter* [*Master*] *Water Chamlet.*
What you would have her to be, not what she is.
Oh [Master] *Water Chamlet*, you are welcome.

CHAM. I thank your Lordship.

BEAU. And what news stirring in *Cheapside*?

CHAM. Nothing new there my Lord, but the *Standard.*

BEAU. Oh that's a Monument your wives take great delight in; I do hear you are grown a mighty Purchaser, I hope shortly to finde you a continual resident upon the North Isle of the Exchange.

CHAM. Where? with the Scotch-men?

BEAU. No Sir, with the Aldermen.

CHAM. Believe it, I am a poor Commoner.

CRESS. Come, you are warm, and blest with a fair Wife.

CHAM. There's it, her going brave has the onely vertue to improve my credit in the *Subsidy-book.*

BEAU. But I pray, how thrives your New Plantation of Silkworms, those I saw last Summer at your garden?

CHAM. They are remov'd sir.

BEAU. Whether?

CHAM. This winter my wife has remov'd them home to a fair Chamber, where divers Courtiers use to come and see them, and my wife carries them up; I think shortly, what with the store of Visitants, they'l prove as chargeable to me as the morrow after *Simon and Jude*, onely excepting the taking down and setting up again of my Glass-windows.

BEAU. That a man of your estate should be so gripple-minded, and repining at his wives bounty!

CRESS. There are no such ridiculous things i'th world, as those

love money better then themselves; for though they have understanding to know riches, and a minde to seek them, and a wit to finde them, and policy to keep them, and long life to possess them; yet commonly they have withal such a false sight, such bleard-eyes, all their wealth when it lies before them, does seem poverty, and such a one are you.

CHAM. Good Sir *Francis*, you have had sore eyes too, you have been a Gamester, but you have given it o're, and to redeem the vice belong'd to't, now you entertain certain [p]arcels of silenc'd Ministers, which I think will equally undo you; yet should these waste you but lenatively, your devising new Water-mill[s] for recovery of drown'd Land, and certain dreams you have in *Alchimy* to finde the *Philosophers Stone*, will certainly draw you to'th bottom: I speak freely sir, and would not have you angry, for I love you.

CRESS. I am deeply in your Books for furnishing my late Wedding; have you brought a Note of the particulars?

CHAM. No sir, at more leisure.

CRESS. What comes the sum to?

CHAM. For Tissue, Cloth of Gold, Velvets and Silks, about fifteen hundred pounds.

CRESS. Your money is ready.

CHAM. Sir, I thank you.

CRESS. And how does my two yong children, whom I have put to board with you?

BEAU. Have you put forth two of your children already?

CRESS. Twas my wifes discretion to have it so.

BEAU. Come, tis the first principle in a Mother-in-law's Chop-Logick, to divide the Family, to remove from forth your sight the Object[s], that her cunning knows would dull her insinuation: had you been a kinde father, it would have been your practice every day to have preacht to these two young ones carefully your late Wifes Funeral Sermon. 'Las poor souls, are they turn'd so soon a-grasing?

Enter George Cressingham & Franklin.

CHAM. My Lord, they are plac'd where they shall be respected as mine own.

BEAU. I make no question of it, good [Master] *Chamlet*.
See here your eldest son, [*George*] *Cressingham*!

CRESS. You have displeas'd and griev'd your Mother in Law,
And till you have made submission and procur'd
Her pardon, Ile not know you for my son.

GEORGE CRESS. I have wrought her no offence sir, the difference
Grew about certain Jewels which my Mother
(By your consent) lying upon her Death-bed,
Bequeath'd to her three Children; these I demanded,
And being deny'd these, thought this sin of hers,
To violate so gentle a Request
Of her Predecessor, was an ill foregoing

Of a Mother in Laws harsh nature.
CRESS. Sir, understand
My will mov'd in her denial: You have Jewels,
To pawn, or sell them! Sirrah, I will have you
As obedient to this woman as to my self,
Till then you are none of mine.
CHAM. Oh [Master] *George*,
Be rul'd, do any thing for a quiet Life,
Your Fathers peace of Life moves in it too.
I have a Wife—when she is in the Sullens,
Like a Cooks dog that you see turn a wheel,
She will be sure to go and hide her self
Out of the way Dinner and Supper: and in
These Fits *Bowe-bell* is a still Organ to her—
When we were married first, I well remember,
Her railing did appear but a vision,
Till certain scratches on my hand and face,
Assur'd me it was substantial. She's a creature
Uses to waylay my faults, and more desires
To finde them out, then to have them amended:
She has a Book,
Which I may truly nominate her *Black-book*,
For she remembers in it in short *Items*
All my misdemeanors:
As, *Item* such a day I was got fox'd with foolish *Metheglin*, in the company of certain Welsh Chapmen. *Item*, such a day being at the Artillery-Garden, one of my neighbors in courtesie to salute me with his Musquet, set a-fire my Fustian-and-Apes Breeches. Such a day I lost fifty pound in hugger mugger, at Dice at the *Quest-house*. *Item* I lent money to a Sea-Captain, on his bare *Confound-him he would pay me again the next morning*, and such like;
For which she rail'd upon me when I should sleep,
And that's, you know, intollerable; for indeed
'Twill tame an Elephant.
GEORGE CRESS. Tis a shrewd vexation,
But your discretion sir, does bear it out
With a moneths sufferance.
CHAM. Yes, and I would wish you
To follow mine example.
FRANKLIN. Here's small comfort,
George, from your Father. Here's a Lord whom I
Have long depended upon for employment, I will see
If my suit will thrive better. [*to Beaufort*] Please your Lordship,
You know I am a younger brother, and my Fate
Throwing me upon the late ill-starr'd Voyage
To *Guiana*, failing of our golden hopes,

I and my Ship addrest our selves to serve
The Duke of *Florence*.
BEAU. Yes, I understood so.
FRANKLIN. Who gave me both Encouragement and Means,
To do him some small service 'gainst the Turk;
Being settled there both in his Pay and Trust,
Your Lordship minding to rigg forth a Ship
To trade for the *East-Indies*, sent for me,
And what your promise was, if I would leave
So great a fortune to become your servant,
Your Letters yet can witness.
BEAU. Yes, what follows?
FRANKLIN. That for ought I perceive, your former purpose
Is quite forgotten; I have stayed here two moneths,
And finde your intended Voyage but a Dream,
And the Ship you talk of as imaginary,
As that the Astronomers point at in the clouds.
I have spent two thousand Duckets since my arrival;
Men that have command, my Lord, at Sea, cannot live
A-shore without money.
BEAU. Know sir, a late Purchase
Which cost me a great sum, has diverted me
From my former purpose—besides Suits in Law
Do every Term so trouble me by Land,
I have forgot going by Water. If you please
To rank your self among my followers,
You shall be welcome, and Ile make your means
Better than any Gentlemans I keep.
FRANKLIN. Some twenty Mark a year! will that maintain
Scarlet and Gold-lace, play at th'Ordinary,
And Beavers at the Tavern?
BEAU. I had thought
To prefer you to have been Captain of a Ship
That's bound for the Red-sea.
FRANK. What hinders it?
BEAU. Why certainly the Merchants are possest
You have been a Pyrate.
FRANK. Say I were one still,
If I were past the Line once, why methinks
I should do them better service.

Enter Knaves-bee.

BEAU. Pray forbear: here [i]s a Gentleman whose business
Must ingross me wholly. [*Beaufort and Knaves-bee converse apart.*]
GEORGE CRESS. What's he, dost thou know him?
FRANK. A pox upon him, a very knave and rascal,

That goes a-hunting with the penal Statutes;
And good for nought but to perswade their Lords
To rack their Rents, and give o're House-keeping;
Such Caterpillars may hang at their Lords ears,
When better men are neglected.
GEORGE CRESS. What's his name?
FRANK. *Knaves-bee.*
GEORGE CRESS. *Knaves-bee!*
FRANK. One that deals in a tenth share
About Projections: he and his partners when
They have got a Suit once past the Seal, will so
Wrangle about partition, and sometimes
They fall to'th eares about it, like your Fencers,
That cudgel one another by Patent; you shall see him
So terribly bedasht in a *Michaelmas* Term
Coming from *Westminster*, that you would swear
He were lighted from a Horse-race: Hang him, hang him,
He's a scurvey Informer, has more couzenage in him,
Then is in five travelling Lotteries.
To feed a Kite with the carrion of this Knave
When he's dead, and reclaim her, oh she would prove
An excellent Hawk for tallon: has a fair Creature
To his Wife too, and a witty rogue it is,
And some men think this knave will wink at small faults;
But honest *George*, what shall become of us now?
GEORGE CRESS. 'Faith I am resolv'd to set up my rest for the *Low-Countreys*.
FRANK. To serve there?
G. CRESS. Yes certain.
FRANK. There's thin commons,
Besides they have added one day more to'th Week
Then was in the Creation; Art thou valiant?
Art thou valiant, *George*?
GEO. CRESS. I may be, and I be put [to]'t.
FRANK. O never fear that,
Thou canst not live two hours after thy Landing
Without a quarrel. Thou must resolve to fight,
Or like a Sumner, thou'lt be bastanado'd
At every Townes end. You shall have Gallants there
As ragged as the Fall o'th Leaf, that live
In *Holland*, where the finest Linnen's made,
And yet wear ne're a Shirt: These will not onely
Quarrel with a new-commer when they are drunk,
But they will quarrel with any man has means
To be drunk afore them: Follow my council, *George*,
Thou shalt not go o're, wee'l live here i'th City.

GEO. CRESS. But how?

FRANK. How? why, as other Gallants do
That feed high, and play copiously, yet brag
They have but nine pound a year to live on: these have wit
To turn rich Fools and Gulls into Quarter-days,
That bring them in certain payment. I have a Project
Reflects upon yon Mercer, [Master] *Chamlet*,
Shall put us into money.

GEORGE CRESS. What is't?

FRANK. Nay,
I will not stale it afore-hand, 'tis a new one:
Nor cheating amongst Gallants may seem strange;
Why, a reaching Wit goes currant on th'Exchange.

Exeunt George Cressingham and Franklin.

KNAVES-BEE. O my Lord, I remember you and I were Students together at *Cambridge*; but believe me, you went far beyond me.

BEAU. When I studied there, I had so fantastical a brain, that like a *Phelphare*, frighted in winter by a Birding-piece, I could setle nowhere; here and there a little of every several Art, and away.

KNAVES-BEE. Now my wit, though it were more dull, yet I went slowly on, and as divers others, when I could not prove an excellent Scholar by a plodding patience, I attain'd to be a Petty Lawyer; and I thank my dulness for't, you may stamp in Lead any figure, but in Oyl or Quick-silver nothing can be imprinted, for they keep no certain station.

BEAU. O, you tax me well of irresolution; but say worthy friend, how thrives my weighty Suit which I have trusted to your friendly bosom? is there any hope to make me happy?

KNAVES-BEE. Tis yet questionable, for I have not broke the yce to her; an hour hence come to my house, and if it lye in man, be sure, as the Law Phrase says, I will create you *Lord Paramount* of your wishes.

BEAU. O my best friend, and one that takes the hardest course i'th world, to make himself so! [*to Cressingham*] Sir, now Ile take my leave.

CRESS. Nay good my Lord, my Wife is coming down.

Enter Lady Cressingham and Saunder.

BEAU. Pray pardon me, I have business so importunes me o'th sudden, I cannot stay; deliver mine excuse, and in your ear this. Let not a fair woman make you forget your children. [*Exit.*]

LA. CRESS. What? are you taking leave too?

CHAM. Yes, good Madam.

LA. CRESS. The rich Stuff[s] which my Husband bought of you— the works of them are too common: I have got a Dutch Painter to draw Patterns, which Ile have sent to your Factors; as in *Italy*, at *Florence* and *Ragusa*, where these Stuffs are woven, to have pieces made for mine own wearing of a new invention.

CHAM. You may Lady, but 'twill be somewhat chargeable.

La. Cress. Chargeable! what of that? if I live another year, Ile have my Agents shall lye for me at *Paris*, and at *Venice*, and at *Validolet* in *Spain*, for intelligence of all new Fashions.

Cress. Do Sweetest, thou deserv'st to be exquisite in all things.

Cham. The two Children to which you are Mother in Law, would be repaired too, 'tis time they had new clothing.

La. Cress. I pray sir, do not trouble me with them; they have a Father indulgent and careful of them.

Cress. I am sorry you made the motion to her.

Cham. I have done:

[*aside*] He has run himself into a pretty dotage—
Madam, with your leave; [*salutes her*]
He's ty'd to a new Law, and a new Wife—
Yet to my old Proverb, *Any thing for a quiet Life!* *Exit Chamlet.*

La. Cress. Good friend, I have a suit to you.

Cress. Deerest Self, you most powerfully sway me.

La. Cress. That you would give o're this fruitless, if I may not say this idle, Study of *Alchimy*; why half your house looks like a Glass-house.

Saunder. And the smoke you make is a worse enemy to good House-keeping, then Tobacco.

La. Cress. Should one of your glasses break, it might bring you to a Dead Palsie.

Saunder. My Lord, your Quicksilver has made all your more solid gold and silver flie in fume.

Cress. Ile be rul'd by you in any thing.

La. Cress. Go *Saunder*, break all the Glasses.

Saunder. I flie to't. *Exit Saunder.*

La. Cress. Why noble friend, would you finde the true *Philosophers-stone* indeed, my good Houswifry should do it. You understand I was bred up with a great Courtly Lady—do not think all women minde gay clothes and riot, there are some Widows living have improv'd both their own fortunes and their childrens: would you take my counsel, I'de advise you to sell your Land.

Cress. My Land!

La. Cress. Yes, and the Mannor House upon't, tis rotten: Oh the new-fashion'd Buildings brought from the *Hague*! 'tis stately. I have intelligence of a Purchase, and the Title sound, will for half the money you may sell yours for, bring you in more Rent then yours now yields you.

Cress. If it be so good a pennyworth, I need not sell my Land to purchase it, Ile procure money to do it.

La. Cress. Where sir?

Cress. Why, Ile take it up at Interest.

La. Cress. Never did any man thrive that purchast with use-mony.

Cress. How come you to know these thrifty Principles?

La. Cress. How? Why my Father was a Lawyer, and died in the Commission, and may not I by a natural instinct, have a reaching that way? There are on mine own knowledge some Divines daughters infinitely affected with reading Controversies, and that, some think, has been a means to bring so many Suits into the *Spiritual Court*. Pray be advised, sell your Land, and purchase more: I knew a Pedlar by being Merchant this way, is become Lord of many Mannors: we should look to lengthen our Estates as we do our Lives; *Enter Saunder.*
And though I am young, yet I am confident
Your able constitution of body
When you are past fourscore, shall keep you fresh
Till I arrive at the neglected year
That I am past Childe-bearing, and yet eve[n] the[n]
Quickning our faint heats in a soft embrace,
And kindling divine flames in fervent prayers,
We may both go out together, and one Tomb
Quit our Executors the rites of two.
Cress. Oh you are so wise, and so good in every thing,
I move by your direction.
Saunder. [*aside*] She has caught him! *Exeunt.*

ACTUS II. [SCAENA I.]

[*Knaves-bee's House.*]

Enter Knaves-bee and his Wife. Table.

Kna. Have you drunk the Eggs and Muskadine I sent you?
Wife. No, they are too fulsom.
Kna. Away, y'are a fool,
[*aside*] How shall I begin to break the matter to her?
I do long, wife.
Wife. Long, sir!
Kna. Long infinitely.
Sit down, there is a penitential motion in me,
Which if thou wilt but second, I shall be
One of the happiest men in *Europe*.
Wife. What might that be?
Kna. I had last night one of the strangest Dreams;
Me thought I was thy Confessor, thou mine,
And we reveal'd between us privately
How often we had wrong'd each others Bed
Since we were married.
Wife. Came you drunk to bed?
There was a Dream with a witness.
Kna. No, no witness;
I dreamt no body heard it but we two.

This Dream wife, do I long to put in act,
Let us confess each other, and I vow
What ever thou hast done with that sweet corps
In the way of natural frailty, I protest
Most freely I will pardon.

WIFE. Go sleep again;
Was there ever such a motion?

KNA. Nay sweet woman,
And thou wilt not have me run mad with my desire,
Be perswaded to't.

WIFE. Well, be it your pleasure.

KNA. But to answer truly.

WIFE. O most sincerely.

KNA. Begin then; examine me first.

WIFE. Why, I know not what to ask you.

KNA. Let me see, your father was a Captain; Demand of me how many dead Pays I am to answer for in the Muster-book of Wedlock, by the martial fault of borrowing from my neighbors?

WIFE. Troth I can ask no such foolish questions.

KNA. Why then open *Confession* I hope dear wife, will merit freer pardon: I sinn'd twice with my Laundress, and last Circuit there was at *Banbury* a She-chamberlain that had a spice of purity, but at last I prevailed over her.

WIFE. O, you are an ungracious husband.

KNA. I have made a vow never to ride abroad but in thy company; Oh a little drink makes me clamber like a Monkey: now sweet wife, you have been an out-lyer too, which is best feed—in the Forest, or in the Purlewes?

WIFE. A foolish minde of you i' this.

KNA. Nay sweet Love, confess freely, I have given you the example.

WIFE. Why you know I went last year to *Sturb[r]idge*-Fair.

KNA. Yes.

WIFE. And being in *Cambridge*, a handsom Scholar, one of *Em-[m]anuel* Colledge, fell in love with me.

KNA. O you sweet-breath'd Monkey! [*kisses her.*]

WIFE. Go hang, you are so boisterous.

KNA. But did this Scholar shew thee his Chamber?

WIFE. Yes.

KNA. And didst thou like him?

WIFE. Like him! oh he had the most enticingst straw-colour'd Beard, a woman with black eyes would have lov'd him like Jeat: he was the finest man, with a formal wit; and he had a fine dog that sure was whelpt i'th Colledge, for he understood Latine.

KNA. Pue wawe, this is nothing, till I know what he did in's Chamber.

WIFE. He burnt Wormwood in't, to kill the Fleas i'th Rushes.

KNA. But what did he to thee there?

WIFE. Some five and twenty years hence I may chance tell you. Fie upon you, what tricks? what crotchets are these? have you plac't any body behinde the Arras to hear my Confession? I heard one in *England* got a Divorce from's wife by such a trick; were I dispos'd now, I would make you as mad. You shall see me play the Changling.

KNA. No, no wife, you shall see me play the Changling: hadst thou confest, this other Suit Ile now prefer to thee, would have been dispatcht in a trice.

WIFE. And what's that sir?

KNA. Thou wilt wonder at it four and twenty years longer then nine days.

WIFE. I would very fain hear it.

KNA. There is a Lord o'th Court, upon my credit a most dear, honorable Friend of mine, that must lye with thee. Do you laugh? 'tis not come to that, you'l laugh when you know who 'tis.

WIFE. Are you stark mad?

KNA. On my Religion I have past my word for't,
'Tis the Lord *Beaufort*—thou art made happy for ever—
The generous and bountiful Lord *Beaufort*:
You being both so excellent, 'twere pity
If such rare Pieces should not be conferr'd,
And sampled together.

WIFE. Do you mean seriously?

KNA. As I hope for preferment.

WIFE. And can you loose me thus?

KNA. Loose you! I shall love you the better: why, what's the viewing any Wardrobe, or Jewel-house, without a companion to confer their likings? yet now I view thee well, methinks thou art a rare Monopoly, and great pity one man should enjoy thee.

WIFE. This is pretty.

KNA. Let's divorce our selves so long, or think I am gone to'th' *Indies*, or lye with him when I am asleep, for some Familists of *Amsterdam* will tell you [it] may be done with a safe conscience: Come you wanton, what hurt can this do to you? I protest nothing so much as to keep company with an old woman has sore eyes: no more wrong then I do my Beaver when I try it thus. [*rubs it the wrong way, then smoothes it*] Look, this is all; smooth, and keeps fashion still.

WIFE. You are one of the basest fellows.

KNA. I lookt for chiding—
I do make this a kinde of fortitude
The Romans never dreamt of—and 'twere known,
I should be spoke and writ of when I am rotten,
For 'tis beyond example.

WIFE. But I pray resolve me:
Suppose this done, could you ever love me after?

KNA. I protest I never thought so well of thee,

Till I knew he took a fancy to thee; like one
That has variety of choice meat before him,
Yet has no stomach to't until he hear
Another praise [it]: Hark, my Lord is coming. *knock within.*

WIFE. Possible!

KNA. And my preferment comes along with him; be wise, mind your good, and to confute all reason in the world which thou canst urge against it—when 'tis done, we will be married again wife, which some say is the onely *Supersedeas* about *Limehouse*, to remove Cuckoldry. *Enter Beaufort.*

BEAU. Come, are you ready to attend me to the Court?

KNA. Yes my Lord.

BEAU. Is this fair one, your wife?

KNA. At your Lordships service; I will look up some Writings, and return presently. *Exit Knaves-bee.*

WIFE. [*aside*] To see and the base fellow do not leave's alone too!

BEAU. Tis an excellent habit this—where were you born, Sweet?

WIFE. I am a *Suffolk* woman, my Lord.

BEAU. Believe it, every Countrey you breath on, is the sweeter for you: Let me see your hand. The Case is loth to part with the Jewel: Fairest one, I have skill in Palmestry.

WIFE. Good my Lord, what do you finde there?

BEAU. In good earnest I do finde written here, all my good fortune lies in your hand.

WIFE. You'l keep a very bad House then, you may see by the smalness of the Table.

BEAU. Who is your Sweet-heart?

WIFE. Sweet-heart!

BEAU. Yes, come, I must sift you to know it.

WIFE. I am a Sieve too co[a]rse for your Lordships Manchet.

BEAU. Nay, pray you tell me, for I see your husband is an unhandsom fellow.

WIFE. Oh my Lord, I took him by weight, not fashion: Goldsmiths Wives taught me that way of bargain, and some Ladies swerve not to follow the example.

BEAU. But will you not tell me who is your private friend?

WIFE. Yes, and you'l tell me who is yours.

BEAU. Shall I shew you her?

WIFE. Yes, when will you?

BEAU. Instantly, look you there you may see her. [*hands her a mirror.*]

WIFE. Ile break the glass, 'tis now worth nothing.

BEAU. Why?

WIFE. You have made it a flattering one.

BEAU. I have a Summer-house for you; a fine place to flatter solitariness: will you come and lye there?

WIFE. No my Lord.

BEAU. Your husband has promis'd me: will you not?
WIFE. I must wink, I tell you, or say nothing.
BEAU. So, Ile kiss you and wink too, Midnight is *Cupids* Holyday. *Ent. Knaves-bee.*
KNA. [*aside*] By this time 'tis concluded: Will you go my Lord?
BEAU. [*to Wife*] I leave with you my best wishes till I see you.
KNA. This now (if I may borrow our Lawyers phrase) is my Wifes *Imparlance*, at her next appearance she must answer your *Declaration.*
BEAU. You follow it well, sir. *Ex. Beaufort & Knaves-bee.*
WIFE. Did I not know my Husband
Of so base contemptible nature, I should think
'Twere but a trick to try me; but it seems
They are both in wicked earnest; and methinks
Upon the sudden I have a great minde to loath
This scurvy unhandsome way my Lord has tane
To compass me: why 'tis for all the world
As if he should come to steal some *Apricocks*
My Husband kept for's own Tooth, and climb up
Upon his head and shoulders. Ile go to him,
He will put me into brave Clothes, and rich Jewels;
'Twere a very ill part in me not to go,
His Mercer and his Goldsmith else might curse me;
And what Ile do here, a my troth yet I know not;
Women though puzzel'd with these subtile deeds,
May, as i'th Spring, pick Physick out of weeds. *Exit Lady.*

[SCAENA II.]

[*Water Chamlet's Shop.*]

Enter (*a Shop being discover'a*) Water Chamlet, *two Prentices,* George *and* Ralph.

GEORGE. What ist you lack, you lack, you lack?
Stuffs for the Belly, or the Back?
Silk-Grograns, Sattins, Velvet fine,
The Rosie-colour'd Carnadine;
Your Nutmeg hue, or Gingerline,
Cloth of Tissue, or Tobine,
That like beaten Gold will shine
In your Amarous Ladies' eyne,
Whilest you their softer Silks do twine: *Enter Rachel.*
What ist you lack, you lack, you lack?
RACH. I do lack Content Sir, Content I lack: have you or your worshipful Master here, any Content to sell?
GEORGE. If Content be a Stuff to be sold by the Yard, you may have content at home, and never go abroad for't.

RACH. Do, cut me three yards, Ile pay for 'em.

GEORGE. There's all we have i'th Shop; we must know what you'l give for 'em first.

CHAM. Why *Rachel*, sweet *Rachel*, my bosom *Rachel*,
How didst thou get forth? thou wert here sweet *Rac.*
Within this hour, even in my very heart.

RACH. Away!—or stay still, Ile away from thee,
One Bed shall never hold us both agen,
Nor one roof cover us: didst thou bring home—?

GEORGE. What ist you lack, you lack, you lack?

RACH. Peace Bandog, Bandog, give me leave to speak,
Or I'le—

GEORGE. Shall I not follow my Trade? I'm bound to't, and my Master bound to bring me up in't.

CHAM. Peace, good *George*, give her anger leave, thy Mistriss will be quiet presently.

RACH. Quiet! I defie thee and quiet too:
Quiet thy Bastards thou hast brought home.

GEORGE & RALPH. What ist you lack, you lack? *&c.*

RACH. Death, give me an Ell, has one bawling Cur
Rais'd up another? two dogs upon me,
And the old *Bear-ward* will not succour me,
I'le stave 'em off my self: give me an Ell, I say.

GEORGE. Give her not an Inch, Master, shee'l take two Ells if you do.

CHAM. Peace *George* and *Ralph*, no more words I charge you;
And *Rachel*, sweet Wife, be more temperate,
I know your tongue speaks not by the rule
And guidance of your heart, when you proclaim
The pretty children of my vertuous
And noble Kinswoman, whom in life you knew
Above my praises reach, to be my bastards;
This is not well, although your Anger did it,
Pray chide your Anger for it.

RACH. Sir, sir, your gloss
Of Kinswoman cannot serve turn, 'tis stale,
And smells too ranck—though your shop-wares you vent
With your deceiving lights, yet your Chamber Stuff
Shall not pass so with me; I say, and I will prove...

GEORGE. What ist you lack? *Enter two children,*

CHAM. Why *George*, I say! [*Maria & Edward*].

RACH. Letcher I say, I'le be divorc't from thee,
I'le prove 'em thy bastards, and thou insufficient. *Exit Rachel.*

MAR. What said my angry Cousin to you sir?
That we were bastards?

ED. I hope she meant not us.

CHAM. No, no,
My pretty Cousins, she meant *George* and *Ralph*;
Rage will speak any thing, but they are ne're the worse.
GEORGE. Yes indeed forsooth she spoke to us, but chiefly to *Ralph*, because she knows he has but one stone.
RALPH. No more of that if you love me, *George*, this is not the way to keep a quiet house.
MAR. Truly Sir, I would not for more treasure
Then ever I saw yet, be in your house
A cause of discord.
ED. And do you think I would, Sister?
MAR. No indeed, *Ned.* *Ent. Frank. & yong Cress. disguis'd.*
ED. Why did you not speak for me with you then,
And said we could not have done so?
CHAM. No more sweet Cousins now: Speak *George*, Customers approach.
YOUNG CRESS. Is the Barber prepar'd?
FRANK. With ignorance enough to go through with it—so neer I am to him, we must call Cousins—would thou wert as sure to hit the Taylor!
YONG CRESS. If I do not steal away handsomly, let me never play the Taylor agen.
GEORGE. What ist you lack? *&c.*
FRANK. Good Sattins sir.
GEORGE. The best in *Europe*, sir; heres a piece worth a Piece every yard of him, the King of *Naples* wears no better Silk; mark his gloss, he dazles the eye to look upon him.
FRANK. Is he not gum'd?
GEORGE. Gum'd! he has neither mouth nor tooth, how can he be gum'd?
FRANK. Very pretty!
CHAM. An especial good piece of Silk, the Worm never spun a finer thread, believe it, sir.
FRANK. *Gascoyn*, you have some skill in it.
CHAM. Your Taylor, sir?
FRANK. Yes sir.
YONG CRESS. A good piece, sir; but let's see more choice.
RALPH. [*aside*] Taylor, drive thorow, you know your bribes.
YONG CRESS. [*aside*] Mum: he bestows forty pounds, if I say the word.
RALPH. [*aside*] Strike through, there's poundage for you then.
FRANK. I marry! I like this better, what sayst thou, *Gascoyn*?
YONG CRESS. A good piece indeed, sir.
GEORGE. The Great Turk has worse Sattin at's elbow, then this sir.
FRANK. The price?
CHAM. Look on the mark, *George*.

GEORGE. *O, Souse* and *P*, by my facks, sir.

CHAM. The best sort then, sixteen a yard, nothing to be bated.

FRANK. Fie sir, fifteen's too high—yet so— ∧ how many yards will serve for my Sute, sirrah?

YONG CRESS. Nine yards, you can have no less, Sir *Andrew*.

FRANK. But I can sir, if you please to steal less; I had but eight in my last Sute.

YONG CRESS. You pinch us too neer in faith, Sir *Andrew*.

FRANK. Yet can you pinch out a false pair of Sleeves to a *Freezado* Dublet.

GEORGE. No sir, some Purses and Pin-pillows perhaps: A Taylor pays for his kissing that ways.

FRANK. Well sir, eight yards, eight fifteens I give, and cut it.

CHAM. I cannot truly, sir.

GEORGE. My Master must be no Subsidy-man sir, if he take such fifteens.

FRANK. I am at highest sir, if you can take money.

CHAM. Well sir, I'le give you the buying once, I hope to gain it in your custom: want you nothing else, sir?

FRANK. Not at this time, sir.

YONG CRESS. Indeed but you do, Sir *Andrew*, I must needs deliver my Ladies Message to you, she enjoyn'd me by Oath to do it, she commanded me to move you for a New Gown.

FRANK. Sirrah, Ile break your head, if you motion it agen.

YONG CRESS. I must endanger my self for my Lady, sir: you know she's to go to my Lady *Trenchmores* Wedding, and to be seen there without a New Gown!—she'l have ne're an eye to be seen there, for her fingers in 'em: Nay by my fack, sir, I do not think she'l go, and then the cause known, what a discredit 't will be to you!

FRANK. Not a word more, Goodman *Snip-snapper*, for your ears: What comes this to, sir?

CHAM. Six pound, sir.

FRANK. There's your money: will you take this, and be gone, and about your business presently?

YONG CRESS. Troth Sir, Ile see some Stuffs for my Lady first, Ile tell her at least I did my good will; a fair piece of Cloth of Silver, pray you now.

GEORGE. Or Cloth of Gold if you please sir, as rich as ever the *Sophy* wore.

FRANK. You are the arrantest villain of a Taylor, that ever sat cross-leg'd: what do you think a Gown of this Stuff will come to?

YONG CRESS. Why say it be forty pound sir: what's that to you? three thousand a year I hope will maintain it.

FRANK. It will sir, very good, you were best be my Overseer: say I be not furnisht with money, how then?

YONG CRESS. A very fine excuse in you!—which place of ten now will you send me for a hundred pound, to bring it presently?

CHAM. Sir, sir, your Taylor perswades you well, 'tis for your credit, and the great content of your Lady.

FRANK. Tis for your content sir, and my charges: Never think, Goodman *False-stitch*, to come to the Mercers with me agen; pray will you see if my Cousin *Sweetball* the Barber (he's neerest hand) be furnisht, and bring me word instantly.

YONG CRESS. I flie, sir. *Exit Cress.*

FRANK. You may flie sir, you have clipt some bodies wings for it to piece out your own; An arrant thief you are.

CHAM. Indeed he speaks honestly and justly, sir.

FRANK. You expect some gain sir, there's your cause of love.

CHAM. Surely I do a little, sir.

FRANK. And what might be the price of this?

CHAM. This is thirty a yard; but if you'l go to forty, here's a *Non pareile*.

FRANK. So, there's a matter of forty pound for a Gown Cloth.

CHAM. Thereabouts, sir; why sir, there are far short of your means that wear the like.

FRANK. Do you know my means, sir?

GEORGE. By over-hearing your Taylor, sir, three thousand a year: but if you'd have a Petticoat for your Lady, here's a stuff.

FRANK. Are you another Taylor, Sirrah? here's a knave, what are you?

GEORGE. You are such another Gentleman; but for the Stuff Sir, 'tis *L. SS.* and *K*; for the turn stript a' purpose, a yard and a quarter broad too, which is the just depth of a womans Petticoat.

FRANK. And why stript for a Petticoat?

GEORGE. Because if they abuse their Petticoats, there are abuses stript, then 'tis taking them up, and they may be stript and whipt too.

FRANK. Very ingenious.

GEORGE. Then it is likewise stript standing, between which is discover'd the open part, which is now call'd the *Placket*.

FRANK. Why, was it ever call'd otherwise?

GEORGE. Yes: while the word remain'd pure in his original, the Latine tongue, who have no Ks, it was call'd the *Placet, a Placendo*, A thing, or place, to please. *Enter yong Cressingham.*

FRANK. Better and worse still: Now sir, you come in haste, what says my Cousin?

YONG CRESS. Protest[s] sir, he's half angry, that either you should think him unfurnisht, or not furnisht for your use—there's a hundred pound ready for you; he desires you to pardon his coming, his folks are busie, and his wife trimming a Gentleman, but at your first approach the money wants but telling.

FRANK. He would not trust you with it: I con him thanks, for that—he knows what Trade you are of: well sir, pray cut him patterns, he may in the mean time know my Ladies liking; let your man take the Pieces whole, with the lowest prices, and walk with me to my Cousin's.

CHAM. With all my heart, sir: *Ralph*, your Cloak, and go with the Gentleman, look you give good measure.

YONG CRESS. Look you carry a good yard with you.

RALPH. The best i'th' shop, sir, yet we have none bad: you'l have the Stuff for the Petticoat too?

FRANK. No sir, the Gown onely.

YONG CRESS. By all means sir: Not the Petticoat? that were Holy-day upon Working-day yfaith.

FRANK. You are [too] forward for a knave, sir.

YONG CRESS. 'Tis for your credit and my Ladies both, I do it sir.

FRANK. Your man is trusty sir?

CHAM. O sir, we keep none but those we dare trust sir. *Ralph*, have a care of light gold.

RALPH. I warrant you sir, Ile take none.

FRANK. Come sirrah: Fare you well sir.

CHAM. Pray know my shop another time, sir.

FRANK. That I shall sir, from all the shops i'th Town; 'tis the *Lamb* in *Lomberd-street*. *Exeunt Frank. Cress. Ralph.*

GEORGE. A good mornings work, sir; if this Custom would but last long, you might shut up your shop and live privately.

CHAM. O *George*! But here's a grief that takes away all the gains and joy of all my thrift.

GEORGE. What's that, sir?

CHAM. Thy Mistriss, *George*: her frowardness sowres all my comfort.

GEORGE. Alas sir, they are but Squibs and Crackers, they'l soon die; you know her flashes of old.

CHAM. But they flie so neer me, that they burn me; *George* they are as ill as Musquets charged with Bullets.

GEORGE. She has discharg'd her self now sir, you need not fear her.

CHAM. No man can l[i]ve without his affliction, *George*.

GEORGE. As you cannot without my Mistriss.

CHAM. Right, right, there's harmony in Discords: this Lamp of Love while any Oyl is left, can never be extinct, it may (like a snuff) wink and seem to die, but up he will agen and shew his head; I cannot be quiet *George*, without my wife at home.

GEORGE. And when she's at home, you're never quiet I'm sure, a fine life you have on't: well sir, Ile do my best to finde her, and bring her back if I can.

CHAM. Do honest *George*, at *Knaves-bee's* house, that Varlots—there's her haunt and harbour—who enforces a Kinsman on her, and [she] calls him Cousin:

Restore her *George*, to ease this heart that's vext,
The best new Sute that e're thou wore'st is next.

GEORGE. I thank you afore-hand sir. *Exeunt.*

[SCAENA III.]

[*The Barber's House.*]

Enter Franklin, yong Cress. as before, Ralph, Barber, Boy.

BARB. Were it of greater moment then you speak of (noble Sir) I hope you think me sufficient, and it shall be effectually performed.

FRANK. I could wish your wife did not know it, Cuz. Womens tongues are not always tuneable—I may many ways requite it.

BARB. Believe me, she shall not sir, which will be the hardest thing of all.

FRANK. Pray you dispatch him then.

BARB. With the celerity a man tells Gold to him.

FRANK. [*aside*] He hits a good comparison! give my *Waste-good* your Stuffs, and go with my Cousin sir, he'l presently dispatch you.

RALPH. Yes Sir.

BARB. Come with me youth, I am ready for you in my more private chamber. *Exeunt Barber & Ralph.*

FRANK. Sirrah go you shew your Lady the Stuffs, and let her choose her colour—away, you know wh[i]ther: Boy, prithee lend me a Brush i'th mean time: Do you tarry all day now?

YONG CRESS. That I will sir, and all night too, ere I come agen. *Exit yong Cressingham.*

BOY. Here's a Brush sir.

FRANK. A good childe!

BARBER *within*. What, *Toby*!

BOY. Anon sir.

BARBER *within*. Why when, goodman Picklock?

BOY. I must attend my Master, sir: I come! *Exit boy.*

FRANK. Do pretty Lad: so, take water at *Cole-harbor*—
An easie Mercer, and an innocent Barber! *Exit Franklin.*

Enter Barber, Ralph, Boy.

BARB. So friend, Ile now dispatch you presently: Boy, reach me my Dis-membring Instrument, and let my *Cauterize*[*r*] be ready; and hark you Snipsnap!

BOY. I Sir.

BARB. See if my *L*[*i*]*xi*[*v*]*ium*, my *Fomentation* be provided first, and get my Rowlers, Bolsters, and Pleggets arm'd.

RALPH. Nay good sir dispatch my business first; I should not stay from my shop.

BARB. You must have a little patience sir, when you are a Patient; if *Prepu*[*t*]*ium* be not too much perisht, you shall loose but little by it, believe my Art for that.

RALPH. What's that sir?

BARB. Marry if there be exulceration between *Prepu*[*t*]*ium* and

Glan[s], by my faith the whole *Penis* may be endanger'd as far as *Os pub[i]s*.

RALPH. What's this you talk on, sir?

BARB. If they be gangren'd once, *Testiculi*, *Vesica*, and all may run to mortification.

RALPH. What a pox does this Barber talk on?

BARB. O fie youth, *Pox* is no word of Art, *Morbus Gallicus*, or *Neopolitanus* had bin well: Come friend, you must not be nice; open your griefs freely to me.

RALPH. Why sir, I open my grief to you, I want my money.

BARB. Take you no care for that, your worthy Cousin has given me part in hand, and the rest I know he will upon your recovery, and I dare take his word.

RALPH. 's Death, where's my Ware?

BARB. Ware! that was well, the word is cleanly, though not artful; your Ware it is that I must see.

RALPH. My *Tobine*, and Cloth of *Tissue*?

BARB. You will neither have Tissue nor Issue, if you linger in your malady: better a Member cut off, then endanger the whole *Microcosm*.

RALPH. Barber, you are not mad?

BARB. I do begin to fear you are subject to *Subeth*, unkindly sleeps, which have bred opilations in your brain; take heed, the *Simptoma* will follow, and this may come to Phrensie: begin with the first cause, which is the pain of your Member.

RALPH. Do you see my Yard, Barber?

BARB. Now you come to the purpose, 'tis that I must see indeed.

RALPH. You shall feel it sir: Death, give me my fifty pounds, or my Ware agen, or I'le measure out your Anatomy by the yard.

BARB. Boy, my Cauterizing-Iron red hot. *Exit boy* [*and re-*

BOY. 'Tis here, sir. *enter with iron.*]

BARB. If you go further, I take my Dis-membring Knife.

RALPH. Where's the Knight your Cousin? the Thief!—and the Taylor with my Cloth of Gold and Tissue?

BOY. The Gentleman that sent away his man with the Stuffs, is gone a pretty while since, he has carried away our new Brush.

BARB. O that Brush hurts my hearts side: Cheated! cheated! he told me that your *Virga* had a Burning-feaver.

RALPH. Pox on your *Virga*, Barber!

BARB. And that you would be bashful, and asham'd to show your head.

RALPH. I shall so hereafter, but here it is, you see yet my head, my hair, and my wit, and here are my heels that I must shew to my Master, if the Cheaters be not found; and Barber, provide thee Plaisters, I will break thy head with every Bason under the Pole. *Exit Ralph.*

BARB. Cool the *L[i]xi[v]ium*, and quench the *Cauterizer*,

I am partly out of my wits, and partly mad:
My Razor's at my heart: these storms will make
My Sweet-balls stink, my harmless Basons shake. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS III. [SCAENA I.]

[*Lord Beaufort's House.*]

Enter Selenger, Mris. Knaves-bee.

SEL. You're welcome Mistriss (as I may speak it)
But my Lord will give it a sweeter Emphasis:
Ile give him knowledge of you. *Exiturus.*
MRIS KNAVESB. Good sir stay,
Methinks it sounds sweetest upon your tongue,
Ile wish you to go no further for my welcome.
SEL. Mine! it seems you never heard good Musick,
That commend a Bag-pipe: hear his harmony.
MRIS KNA. Nay good now, let me borrow of your patience,
Ile pay you agen before I rise to-morrow—
If it please you...
SEL. What would you forsooth?
MRIS KNA. Your company sir.
SEL. My attendance you should have Mistriss, but that my Lord expects it, and 'tis his due.
MRIS KNA. And must be paid upon the hour? that's too strict, any time of the day will serve.
SEL. Alas 'tis due every minute—and, paid, 'tis due agen, or else I forfeit my recognizance, the Cloth I wear of his.
MRIS KNA. Come, come, pay it double at another time, and 'twil be quitted, I have a little use of you.
SEL. Of me, forsooth, small use can be made of me: if you have suit to my Lord, none can speak better for you then you may your self.
MRIS KNA. Oh, but I am bashful.
SEL. So am I in troth, Mistriss.
MRIS KNA. Now I remember me, I have a toy to deliver your Lord that's yet unfinisht, and you may further me—pray you your hands, while I unwinde this Skain of Gold from you, 't will not detain you long. [*winds the skain round his wrists.*]
SEL. You winde me into your service prettily; with all the haste you can, I beseech you.
MRIS KNA. If it tangle not, I shall soon have done.
SEL. No, it shall not tangle if I can help it, forsooth.
MRIS KNA. If it do I can help it, fear not this thing of long length—you shall see I can bring you to a bottom.
SEL. I think so too—if it be not bottomless, this length will reach it.
MRIS KNA. It becomes you finely, but I forewarn you—and

remember it—your enemy gain not this advantage of you, you are his prisoner then; for look you, you are mine now, my captive manacled, I have your hands in bondage. *grasps the skain between his hands.*

SEL. 'Tis a good Lesson, Mistriss, and I am perfect in it—another time I'le take out this, and learn another, pray you release me now.

MRIS KNA. I could kiss you now spite of your teeth, if it please me.

SEL. But you could not, for I could bite you with the spite of my teeth, if it pleases me.

MRIS KNA. Well, I'le not tempt you so far, I shew it but for rudiment.

SEL. When I go a-wooing, I'le think on't agen.

MRIS KNA. In such an hour I learnt it—say I should
(In recompence of your hands courtesie)
Make you a fine Wrist-favor of this Gold,
With all the letters of your Name imbost
On a soft Tress of Hair, which I shall cut
From mine own Fillet, whose ends should meet and close
In a fast True-love-knot, would you wear it
For my sake, sir?

SEL. I think not, truly Mistriss,
My Wrists have enough of this Gold already,
Would they were rid on't. Yet? Pray you have done,
In troth I'm weary.

MRIS KNA. And what a vertue
Is here exprest in you, which had layn hid
But for this tryal; weary of Gold, sir!
Oh that the close Engrossers of this Treasure
Could be so free to put it off of hand,
What a new-mended world would [t]here be!
It shows a generous condition in you,
In sooth I think I shall love you dearly for't.

SEL. But if they were in prison, as I am,
They would be glad to buy their freedom with it.

MRIS KNA. Surely no, there are that rather then release
This dear companion, do lye in prison with it,
Yes, and will die in prison too.

Enter Beaufort.

SEL. 'Twere pity but the hangman did enfranchise both.

BEAU. *Selenger*, where are you?

SEL. Een here, my Lord. Mistriss, pray you my liberty, you hinder my duty to my Lord.

BEAU. Nay sir, one courtesie *Beaufort puts off his Hat.*
shall serve us both at this time; you'r busie I perceive—when your leisure next serves you I would employ you.

SEL. You must pardon me, my Lord, you see I am entangled here:

Mistriss I protest Ile break prison, if you free me not—take you no notice?

MRIS KNA. Oh cry your Honor mercy, you are now at liberty, sir.

SEL. And I'm glad on't, I'le ne're give both my hands at once agen to a womans command, I'le put one finger in a hole rather.

BEAU. Leave us.

SEL. Free leave have [I], my Lord, so I think you may have: filthy Beauty, what a white witch thou art! *Exit Selenger.*

BEAU. Lady, y'are welcome.

MRIS KNA. I did believe it from your Page, my Lord.

BEAU. Your husband sent you to me.

MRIS KNA. He did my Lord,
With duty and commends unto your Honor,
Beseeching you to use me very kindly,
By the same token your Lordship gave him grant
Of a New Lease of Threescore pounds a year,
Which he and his should forty years enjoy.

BEAU. The token's true, and for your sake Lady
'Tis likely to be better'd, not alone the Lease,
But the Fee-simple may be his and yours.

MRIS KNA. I have a suit unto your Lordship too,
Only my self concerns.

BEAU. 'T will be granted sure,
Tho' it out-value thy husbands.

MRIS KNA. Nay, 'tis small charge,
Onely your good will, and good word, my Lord.

BEAU. The first is thine confirm'd, the second then
Cannot stay long behinde.

MRIS KNA. I love your Page, sir.

BEAU. Love him! for what?

MRIS KNA. Oh, the great wisdoms that
Our Grandsires had! do you ask me reason for't?
I love him, because I like him, sir.

BEAU. My Page!

MRIS KNA. In mine eye, hee's a most delicate youth,
But in my heart a thing that it would bleed for.

BEAU. Either your eye is blinded, or your remembrance broken:
Call to minde wherefore you came hither, Lady.

MRIS KNA. I do my Lord—for love, and I am in profoundly.

BEAU. You trifle sure, do you long for unripe fruit?
'Twill breed diseases in you.

MRIS KNA. Nothing but worms
In my belly, and there's a Seed to expel them;
In mellow falling fruit I finde no rellish.

BEAU. 'Tis true, the youngest Vines yields the most Clusters,
But the old ever the sweetest Grapes.

MRIS KNA. I can taste of both sir;
But with the old I am the soonest cloid:
The green keep still an edge on appetite.
BEAU. Sure you are a common creature.
MRIS KNA. Did you doubt it,
Wherefore came I hither else? Did you think
That honesty onely had bin immur'd for you,
And I should bring it as an Offertorie
Unto your shrine of Lust? As it was, my Lord,
Twas meant to you, had not the slippery Wheel
Of *Fancy* turn'd when I beheld your Page;
Nay had I seen another before him
In mine eyes better grace[d], he had bin fore-stal'd;
But as it is, (all my strength cannot help)
Beseech you, your good will, and good word, my Lord,
You may command him, sir; if not affection,
Yet his body—and I desire but that—do't,
And I'le command my self your prostitute.
BEAU. Y'are a base strumpet—I succeed my Page!
MRIS KNA. Oh that's no wonder, my Lord, the servant oft
Tastes to his Master of the daintiest Dish
He brings to him; beseech you, my Lord.
BEAU. Y'are a bold Mischief—and to make me your Spokes-man;
Your procurer to my Servant!
MRIS KNA. Do you shrink at that?
Why, you have done worse without the sense of ill,
With a full free conscience of a Libertine:
Judge your own sin,
Was it not worse with a damn'd Broking-fee
To corrupt [a] Husband, state him a *Pandor*
To his own wife, by vertue of a Lease
Made to him and your Bastard issue, could you get 'em:
What a degree of baseness call you this?
'Tis a poor Sheep-steal[er] provok'd by want,
Compar'd unto a Capital Traitor; the Master
To his servant may be recompenc't, but the husband
To his wife never.
BEAU. Your husband shall smart for this. *Exit Beaufort.*
MRIS KNA. Hang him, do—you have brought him to deserve it,
Bring him to the punishment, there I'le joyn with you:
I loath him to the Gallowes, hang your Page too,
One Mourning-Gown shall serve for both of them:
This trick hath kept mine honesty secure,
Best Soldiers use policy, the Lions skin
Becomes not the body when [it] is too great,
But then the Foxes may sit close, and neat. *Exit.*

[SCAENA II.]

[*A Street.*]

Enter Flesh-hook, Counter-buff, and Sweetball the Barber.

BARB. Now *Flesh-hook*, use thy talon, set upon his right shoulder thy Sergeant *Counter-buff* at the left, grasp in his *Jugulars*—and then let me alone to tickle his *Diaphragma*.

FLESH. You are sure he has no protection, sir?

BARB. A protection to cheat and cozen! there was never any granted to that purpose.

FLESH. I grant you that too, sir, but that use has bin made of 'em.

COUNTERB. Marry has there sir, how could else so many broken Bankrupts play up and down by their Creditors noses, and we dare not touch 'em?

BARB. That's another Case, *Counter-buff*, there's priviledge to cozen; but here cozenage went before, and there's no priviledge for that; to him boldly!—I will spend all the *Sizzars* in my shop, but I'le have him snapt.

COUNTERB. Well sir, if he come within the length of large Mace once, wee'l teach him to cozen.

BARB. Marry hang him, teach him no more cozenage, he's too perfect in't already; go gingerly about it, lay your Mace on gingerly, and spice him soundly.

COUNTERB. He's at the Tavern, you say?

BARB. At the *Man in the Moon*, above stairs—so soon as he comes down, and the Bush left at his back, *Ralph* is the dog behinde him: he watches to give us notice, be ready then my dear Blood-hounds, you shall deliver him to *Newgate*, from thence to the Hang-man; his body I will beg of the Sheriffs, for at the next Lecture I am likely to be the Master of my Anatomy, then will I vex every vein about him, I will finde where his Disease of Cozenage lay, whether in the *Vertebræ*, or in *Os* [*Coxendix*]—but I guess I shall finde it descend from *Humore*, through the *Thor*[*ax*], and lye just at his fingers ends. *Enter Ralph.*

RALPH. Be in readiness, for hee's coming this way, alone too; stand to't like Gentleman and Yeoman—so soon as he is in sight, I'le go fetch my Master.

BARB. I have had a *Conquass*[*a*]*tion* in my *Cerebrum* ever since the disaster, and now it takes me agen—if it turn to a *Megr*[*i*]*m*, I shall hardly abide the sight of him.

RALPH. My Action of Defamation shall be clapt on him too, I will make him appear to't in the shape of a white Sheet all embroidered over with *Peccavi's*: look about, I'le go fetch my Master.

Enter Franklin.

COUNTERB. I Arrest you, sir.

FRANK. Ha qui va la?—que penses vous faire Messieurs?—me

voles vous derober?—je nay point d'argent: Je suis un pouvre Gentilhomme Francois.

BARB. Whoop! pray you sir speak English—you did when you bought Cloth of Gold at six *Nihils* a yard, when *Ralphs Preputium* was exulcerated.

FRANK. Que voules vous, me voules vous tuer? Le[s] Francois ne sont point enemis: voila ma bource, que voles vous d'avantage?

COUNTERB. Is not your name *Franklin*, sir?

FRANK. Je n'ay point de Joiaux que cestui ci; et c'est a Monsieur L'ambasadeur, il m'envoie a [s]es afaires et vous enpaiches mon service.

Enter Chamlet and Ralph hastily.

COUNTERB. Sir, we are mistaken for ought I perceive.

CHAM. So, so, you have caught him, that's well: how do you sir?

FRANK. Vous sembles estre un homme courtois, Je vous prie, entendes mes affaires: il y a ici deux ou [t]rois Quenailles qui m'ont ass[ie]ge —un pouvre estranger, qui ne leur ay fait nul mal, ny donner mauvaisse parrolle, ny tirer mon espet; l'un me prend par une espaule, et me frape deux Livre peisant; L'autre me tire par le bras, il parle je ne scay quoy: Je leur ay donne ma bource, et s[']ils] ne me veulent point Laiser aller; que feray je Monsieur?

CHAM. This is a French-man it seems, sirs.

COUNTERB. We can finde no other in him, sir, and what that is we know not.

CHAM. He's very like the man we seek for, else my lights go false.

BARB. In your shop they may sir, but here they go true: this is he.

RALPH. The very same sir, as sure as I am *Ralph*, this is the Rascal.

COUNTERB. Sir, unless you will absolutely challenge him the man, we dare not proceed further.

Enter Margarita a French Bawd.

FLESH. I fear we are too far already.

CHAM. I know not what to say to't.

MARGA. Bon jour, bon jour, Gentilhommes.

BARB. How now! more News from *France*?

FRANK. Ceste femme ici est de mon pais—Madame je vous prie leur dire mon pais, il m'ont retarge Je ne scay pour quoy.

MARGA. Estes vous de *France* Monsieur?

FRANK. Madame v[r]ay est, que je les ay trompes, et suis areste, et n'ay nul moien d'echaper qu'[e]n chan[ge]ant mon Language; aides moy en cest affaire: Je vous cognois bien, ou vous tenes un Bordeau; vous et les vostre en seres de mieulx.

MARGA. Laises faire a moy; Este vous de *Lion* dites vous?

FRANK. De *Lion*, ma chere Damme.

MARGA. M[on] Cozin! Je suis bien aise de vous voire en bonne disposition? *Embrace and complement.*

FRANK. M[a] Cozin!

CHAM. This is a French-man sure.

BARB. If he be, 'tis the likest an English-man that ever I saw, all his dimensions, proportions! had I but the dissecting of his heart, in *capsula cordis* could I finde it now; for a French-mans heart is more quass[a]tive and subject to tremor, then an English-mans.

CHAM. Stay, wee'l further enquire of this Gentlewoman. Mistriss, if you have so much English to help us with (as I think you have, for I have long seen you about *London*) pray tell us, and truly tell us, Is this Gentleman a natural French-man, or no?

MARGA. Ey begar, de French-man, borne a *Lyon*, my Cozin.

CHAM. Your Cousin? if he be not your Cousin, he's my Cousin, sure.

MARGA. Ey konoshe his Pere, what you call his Fadre? he sell *Poisons*.

BARB. Sell poisons, his father was a Potycarry then.

MARG. No, no, *Poisons*, what you call, Fish, fish?

BARB. Oh, he was a Fishmonger.

MARGA. Ouy, ouy.

CHAM. Well, well, we are mistaken I see, pray you so tell him, and request him not to be offended; an honest man may look like a knave, and be ne're the worse for't—the error was in our eyes, and now we finde it in his tongue.

MARGA. J'esaieray encore une fois Monsieur Cozin, pour vostre sauvete, ales vous en; vostre Liberte est sufisant: Je gaineray le reste pour mon devoir, et vous aures vostre part a mon Escole: J'ay une fillie qui parle un peu Francois, elle conversera avec vous a la Fleur de Lice en *Turnbull-street*: Mon Cozin aies soin de vous mesme, et trompes ces Ignorans.

FRANK. Cozin pour l'amour de vous, et principallement pour moy, je suis content de m'en aller, Je trouveray vostre Escole, et si voz Escoliers me sont agreable, je tireray a l'espe seule, et si d'aventure je le rompe, Je paiera diz souls—et pour ce vieulx Foll, e[t] ce[s] deux Quenailles, ce Poullens Snip-snap, et l'autre bonnet rond, Je les voiray pendre premier que je les voie. *Ex. Frank.*

CHAM. So, so, she has got him off; but I perceive much anger in his countenance still: and what says he, Madam?

MARGA. Moosh, moosh anger, but ey conosh heere Lodging, shall coole him very well—Dere is a Kinse-womans can moosh allay heere heat and heere spleene, she shall do for my saka, and he no trobla you.

CHAM. Look, there is earnest, but thy reward's behinde: Come to my shop, the *Holy Lamb* in *Lombard-street*, thou hast one friend more then e're thou hadst.

MARGA. Tanck u Monsieur, shall visit u: ey make all pacifie: a vostre service tres humb[l]ement—tree, four, five fool of u. *Ex. Marg.*

CHAM. What's to be done now?

COUNTERB. To pay us for our pains sir, and better reward us, that

we may be provided against further danger that may come upon's for false imprisonment.

CHAM. All goes false I think: what do you neighbor *Sweetball*?

BARB. I must Phlebotomize sir, but my Almanack says the Sign is in *Taurus*; I dare not cut my own throat, but if I finde any pre[ce]dent that ever Barber hang'd himself, Ile be the second example.

RALPH. This was your ill *L[i]xi[v]ium*, Barber, to cause all to be cheated.

COUNTERB. What say you to us, sir?

CHAM. Good friends, come to me at a calmer hour,
My sorrows lye in heaps upon me now;
What you have, keep, if further trouble follow
Ile take it on me; I would be prest to death.

COUNTERB. Well sir, for this time we'l leave you.

BARB. I will go with you, Officers, I will walk with you in the open street though it be a scandal to me; for now I have no care of my credit, a Cacokenny is run all over me. *Exeunt.*

CHAM. What shall we do now, *Ralph*? *Enter George.*

RALPH. Faith I know not, sir: here comes *George*, it may be he can tell you.

CHAM. And there I look for more disaster still,
Yet *George* appeares in a smiling countenance.
Ralph, home to the shop, leave *George* and I together.

RALPH. I am gone, sir. *Exit Ralph.*

CHAM. Now *George*, what better News Eastward? all goes ill t'other way.

GEORGE. I bring you the best news that ever came about your ears in your life, sir.

CHAM. Thou putst me in good comfort, *George*.

GEORGE. My Mistriss, your wife, will never trouble you more.

CHAM. Ha? never trouble me more: of this, *George*, may be made a sad construction, that phrase we sometimes use when death makes the separation, I hope it is not so with her, *George*?

GEORGE. No sir, but she vows she'l never come home agen to you, so you shall live quietly, and this I took to be very good news, sir.

CHAM. The worst that could be, this—candi[e]d poison;
I love her, *George*, and I am bound to do so,
The tongues bitterness must not separate
United souls: 'twere base and cowardly
For all to yield to the small Tongues assault:
The whole building must not be taken down,
For the repairing of a broken window.

GEORGE. I but this is a Principal, sir: the truth is, she will be divorc't, she says, and is laboring with her Cousin *Knave* (what do you call him?)—I have forgotten the latter end of his name.

CHAM. *Knaves-bee, George.*

GEORGE. I *Knave*, or *Knaves-bee*, one I took it to be.

CHAM. Why neither rage, nor envy, can make a cause, *George*.

GEORGE. Yes sir, not onely at your person, but she shoots at your shop too, she says you vent Ware that is not warrantable, brayded Ware, and that you give not *London* measure; women you know look for more then a bare yard: and then you keep children in the name of your own, which she suspects came not in at the right door.

CHAM. She may as well suspect immaculate Truth
To be cursed Falshood.

GEORGE. I but if she will, she will—she's a woman sir.

CHAM. 'Tis most true, *George*: well, that shall be redrest,
My Cousin *Cressingham* must yield me pardon,
The children shall home agen, and thou shalt conduct 'em, *George*.

GEORGE. That done, Ile be bold to venter once more for her recovery, since you cannot live at liberty; but because you are a rich Citizen, you will have your Chain about your neck; I think I have a device will bring you together bi'th [ears] agen, and then look to 'em as well as you can.

CHAM. Oh *George*, amongst all my heavy Troubles, this
Is the groaning weight; but restore my Wife.

GEORGE. Although you ne're lead hour of quiet life?

CHAM. I will endeavor't *George*, I'le lend her Will
A power and rule to keep all husht and still;
Eat we all Sweet-meats, we are soonest rotten.

GEORGE. A Sentence! pity 't should have bin forgotten. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS IV. [SCAENA I.]

[*Sir Francis Cressingham's House.*]

Enter Sir Francis Cressingham, *and a Surveyor.*

SUR. Where's [Master] Steward?

CRESS. Within: what are you, sir?

SUR. A Surveyor, sir.

CRESS. And an Almanack-maker, I take it: Can you tell me what foul weather is toward?

SUR. Marry the fowlest weather is, that your Land is flying away.
Exit Surveyor.

CRESS. A most terrible prognostication! All the resort, all the business to my house is to my Lady and [Master] Steward; whilest Sir *Francis* stands for a Cypher: I have made away my self and my power, as if I had done it by Deed of Gift: here comes the Comptroller of the Game. *Enter Saunder.*

SAUNDER. What, are you yet resolved to translate this unnecessary Land into ready money?

CRESS. Translate it?

SAUN. The Conveyances are drawn, and the money ready: my Lady sent me to you, to know directly if you meant to go through in the Sale; if not, she resolves of another course.

CRESS. Thou speakest this cheerfully methinks, whereas faithful servants were wont to mourn when they beheld the Lord that fed and cherisht them, [a]s by curst inchantment remov'd into another blood. *Cressingham* of *Cressingham* has continued many years, and must the Name sink now?

SAUN. All this is nothing to my Ladies resolution, it must be done, or she'l not stay in *England*: she would know whether your son be sent for, that must likewise set his hand to'th' Sale; for otherwise the Lawyers say there cannot be a sure Conveyance made to the Buyer.

CRESS. Yes, I have sent for him: but I pray thee think what a hard task 't will be for a Father to perswade his son and heir to make away his inheritance.

SAUN. Nay for that, use your own Logick: I have heard you talk at the Sessions terribly against Deer-stealers, and that kept you from being put out of the Commission. *Exit Saunder.*

Enter young Cressingham.

CRESS. I do live to see two miseries, one to be commanded by my Wife, the other to be censured by my slave.

YONG CRESS. That which I have wanted long, and has bin cause of my irregular courses, I beseech you let raise me from the ground. [*kneels*]

CRESS. Rise *George*, there's a hundred pounds for you, and my Blessing; with these, your mothers favor: but I he[a]re your studies are become too licentious of late.

YONG CRESS. [*aside*] H'as heard of my cozenage.

CRESS. What's that you are writing?

YONG CRESS. Sir, not any thing.

CRESS. Come, I hear there's something coming forth of yours, will be your undoing.

YONG CRESS. Of mine?

CRESS. Yes of your writing; somewhat you should write, will be dangerous to you. I have a suit to you.

YONG CRESS. Sir, my obedience makes you commander in all things.

CRESS. I pray suppose I had committed some fault,
For which my Life and sole Estate were forfeit
To the Law, and that some great Man neer the King
Should labor to get my pardon, on condition
He might enjoy my Lordship, could you prize
Your Fathers Life above the grievous loss
Of your inheritance?

YONG CRESS. Yes, and my own Life at stake too.

CRESS. You promise fair, I come now to make trial of it:

You know I have married one whom I hold so dear,
That my whole life is nothing but a meer estate depending
Upon her will, and her affections to me:
She deserves so well, I cannot longer merit
Then *durante* [*beneplacito*]—'tis her pleasure,
(And her wisdom moves in't too) of which Ile give you
Ample satisfaction hereafter, that I sell
The Land my Father left me: You change colour!
I have promis'd her to do't, and should I fail,
I must expect the remainder of my life
As full of trouble and vexation,
As the Suit for a Divorce; it lies in you
By setting of your hand unto the Sale,
To add length to his life that gave you yours.
YONG CRESS. Sir, I do now ingeniously perceive
Why you said lately, somewhat I should write
Would be my undoing, meaning (as I take it)
Setting my hand to this Assurance: Oh good Sir,
Shall I pass away my Birth-right? Oh remember
There is a malediction denounc't against it
In Holy Writ: will you, for her pleasure,
The Inheritance of *Desolation* leave
To your posterity? think how compassionate
The creatures of the field that onely live
On the wilde benefits of *Nature*, are
Unto their yong ones; think likewise you may
Have more children by this woman, and by this act
You undo them too: 'tis a strange pre[ce]dent this,
To see an obedient son laboring good counsel
To the father! But know Sir, that the spirits
Of my Great-Grandfather and your Father moves
At this present in me, and what they bequeath'd you
On [their] Death-bed, they charge you not to give away
In the dalliance of a womans bed: Good Sir,
Let it not be thought presumption in me, that
I have continued my speech unto this length—
The cause sir, is urgent and, believe it, you
Shall finde her Beauty as malevolent unto you,
As a red morning that doth still foretel
A foul day to follow: Oh Sir, keep your Land,
Keep that to keep your Name immortal, and you shall see
All that her Malice and proud Will procures,
Shall shew her ugly heart, but hurt not yours.
CRESS. Oh I am distracted, and my very soul
Sends blushes into my cheeks. *Enter George with the two Children.*
YONG CRESS. See here an Object

To beget more compassion.

GEORGE. O Sir *Francis*, we have a most lamentable house at home, nothing to be heard in't but Separation and Divorces, and such a noise of the Spiritual Court, as if it were a Tenement upon *London*-Bridge, and built upon the Arches.

CRESS. What's the matter?

GEORGE. All about Boarding your children—my Mistriss is departed.

CRESS. Dead?

GEORGE. In a sort she is, and laid out too, for she is run away from my Master.

CRESS. Whither?

GEORGE. Seven miles off, into *Essex*—she vowd never to leave Barking while she liv'd, till these were brought home agen.

CRESS. Oh they shall not offend her. I am sorry for't.

1 CHILDE. I am glad we are come home sir, for we liv'd in the unquietest house!

2 CHILDE. The angry woman me thought grutcht us our victuals: our new Mother is a good Soul, and loves us, and does not frown so like a Vixen as she does.

1 CHILDE. I am at home now, and in heaven me thinks: what a comfort 'tis to be under your wing!

2 CHILDE. Indeed my mother was wont to call me your Nestlecock, and I love you as well as she did.

Enter Saunder, Knaves-bee, and Surveyor.

CRESS. You are my pretty souls.

YONG CRESS. Does not the prattle of these move you?

SAUN. Look you Sir, here's the Conveyance and my Ladies Solicitor, pray resolve what to do, my Lady is coming down. How now *George*, how does thy Mistriss that sits in a Wainscot Gown, like a Citizens Lure to draw in Customers? oh she's a pretty Mous-trap!

GEORGE. She's ill baited though to take a Welch-man, she cannot away with Cheese.

CRESS. And what must I do now?

KNA. Acknowledge a Fine and Recovery of the Land, then for possession the course is common.

CRESS. Carry back the Writings sir, my minde is chang'd.

SAUN. Chang'd! do not you mean to seal?

Enter Lady Cressingham.

CRESS. No Sir, the Tide's turn'd.

SAUN. [*aside*] You must temper him like wax, or he'l not seal.

LADY. Are you come back again? How now, have you done?

1 CHILDE. How do you, Lady Mother?

LADY. You are good children; bid my woman give them some Sweet-meats.

1 CHILDE. Indeed I thank you: Is not this a kinde Mother?

YONG CRESS. Poor fools, you know not how dear you shall pay for this Sugar.

LADY. What, han't you dispatcht?

CRESS. No Sweetest, I am disswaded by my son from the Sale o'th Land.

LADY. Disswaded by your son!

CRESS. I cannot get his hand to't.

LADY. Where's our Steward?
Cause presently that all my Beds and Hangings
Be taken down; provide Carts, pack them up,
I'le to my House i'th Countrey—have I studied
The way to your preferment and your childrens,
And do you cool i'th upshot?

YONG CRESS. With your pardon,
I cannot understand this course a way
To any preferment, rather a direct path
To our ruine.

LADY. Oh sir, you are young-sighted:
Shew them the project of the Land I mean
To buy in *Ireland*, that shall out-value yours
Three thousand in a year.

KNA. Look you sir, here is *Clangibbon*, a fruitful countrey, and well wooded.

CRESS. What's this, Marsh-ground?

KNA. No, these are Boggs, but a little Cost will drain them. This (*Map* upper part that runs by the [*Blackwater*], is the *C*[*u*]*ssacks* Land, a spacious countrey, and yields excellent profit by the *Salmon*, and fishing for *Herring*: here runs the *Kernes-dale*, admirable feed for cattel, and hereabout is St. *Patrick*'s Purgatory.

YONG CRESS. Purgatory! shall we purchase that too?

LADY. Come, come, will you dispatch th'other business—
We may go through with this?

CRESS. My son's unwilling.

LADY. Upon my soul sir, I'le never bed with you
Till you have seal'd.

CRESS. Thou hear'st her: on thy blessing
Follow me to'th' Court, and seal.

YONG CRESS. Sir, were it my death, wer't to'th' loss of my estate, I vow to obey you in all things; yet with it remember there are two young ones living that may curse you: I pray dispose part of the money on their generous Educations.

LADY. Fear no[t] you sir:
The Caroche there!—when you have dispatcht,

You shall finde me at the Scriveners where I shall
Receive the money.

YONG CRESS. She'l devour that mass too.

LADY. How likest thou my power over him?

SAUN. Excellent.

LADY. This is the height of a great Ladies sway,
When her night-service makes her rule i'th day. *Exeunt.*

[SCAENA II.]

[*Before Knaves-bee's House.*]

[*Enter*] *Knaves-bee.*

KNA. Not yet *Sib*? my Lord keeps thee so long, th'art welcome I see then—and pays sweetly too: a good wench *Sib* th'art, to obey thy husband. [*Enter Knaves-bee's Wife.*] She's come: a hundred mark a year, how fine and easie it comes into mine arms now! Welcome home, what says my Lord, *Sib*?

WIFE. My Lord says you are a Cuckold.

KNA. Ha, ha, ha, ha, I thank him for that Bob ifaith, Ile afford it him again at the same price a moneth hence, and let the comodity grow as scarce as it will. *Cuckold* says his Lordship! ha, ha, I shall burst my sides with laughing, that's the worst—name not a hundred [a] year, for then I burst. It smarts not so much as a fillip on the forehead by five parts: what has his dalliance taken from thy lips? 'tis as sweet as [e'er] 'twas, let me try else: buss me, Sugar-candy.

WIFE. Forbear, you presume to a Lords pleasure!

KNA. How's that! not I *Sib*?

WIFE. Never touch me more,
Ile keep the noble Stamp upon my lip,
No under baseness shall deface it now;
You taught me the way, now I am in, Ile keep it—
I have kist Ambition, and I love it,
I loath the memory of every touch
My lip hath tasted from thee.

KNA. Nay but sweet *Sib*, you do forget your self.

WIFE. I will forget all that I ever was,
And nourish new [thoughts]—sirrah, I am a Lady.

KNA. Lord bless us Madam.

WIFE. I have enjoy'd a Lord—
That's real possession—and daily shall,
The which all Ladies have not with their Lords.

KNA. But with your patience Madam, who was it that prefer'd you to this Ladyship?

WIFE. 'Tis all I am beholding to thee for,
Th'ast brought me out of ignorance into light—

Simple as I was, I thought thee a man
Till I found the difference by a man: thou art
A beast, a horned beast, an Ox.

KNA. Are these Ladies terms?

WIFE. For thy *Pandors* Fee
It shall be laid under the Candlestick,
Look for't, Ile leave it for thee.

KNA. A little lower, good your Ladyship, my Cousin *Chamlet* is in the house, let these things go no further.

WIFE. 'Tis for mine own credit if I forbear,
Not thine, thou bugle-browd beast thou!

Enter George with Rolls of Paper.

GEORGE. Bidden, bidden, bidden, bidden; so, all these are past: but here's as large a walk to come—if I do not get it up at the feast, I shall be leaner for bidding the Guests I'm sure.

KNA. How now! who's this?

GEORGE. [*reading*] Doctor *Glister, et*; what word's this? *fuxor*, oh *Uxor*, the Doctor and his wife: Mr. *Body et uxor* of *Bow-lane*, Mr. *Knaves-bee et uxor*.

KNA. Ha, we are in, what soever the matter is.

GEORGE. Here's forty couple more in this quarter; but there, the Provision bringing in, that puzzels me most: One Ox—that will hardly serve for Beef too; five Muttons, ten Lambs, poor innocents, they'l be devoured too; three gross of Capons.

KNA. Mercy upon us! what a Slaughter-house is here!

GEORGE. Two bushels of small Birds, Plovers, Snipes, Woodcocks, Partridge, Larks; then for Bak'd-meats.

KNA. *George, George*, what Feast is this? 'tis not for St. *George*'s day?

GEORGE. Cry you mercy sir, you and your wife are in my Roll: my Master invites you his Guests to-morrow dinner.

KNA. Dinner sayst thou? he means to feast a moneth sure.

GEORGE. Nay sir, you make up but a hundred couple.

KNA. Why, what Ship has brought an *India* home to him,
That he's so bountiful? or what friend dead
(Unknown to us) has so much left to him
Of arrable Land, that he means to turn to pasture thus?

GEORGE. Nay, 'tis a vessel sir, a good estate comes all in one bottom to him, and 'tis a question whether ever he finde the bottom or no; a thousand a year, that's the uppermost.

KNA. A thousand a year!

GEORGE. To go no further about the Bush sir, now the Bird is caught; my Master is to-morrow to be married, and amongst the rest invites you a Guest, at his Wedding-Dinner the second.

KNA. Married!

GEORGE. There is no other remedy for flesh and blood—that will have leave to play whether we will or no, or wander into forbidden pastures.

KNA. Married! why he is married, man; his wife is in my house now, thy Mistriss is alive, *George*.

GEORGE. She that was, it may be sir, but dead to him—she plaid a little too rough with him, and he has discarded her, he's divorc'd sir.

KNA. He divorc'd! then is her labor sav'd; for she was laboring a Divorce from him.

GEORGE. They are well parted then sir.

KNA. But wilt thou not speak with her? i'faith invite her to't.

GEORGE. 'Tis not in my Commission, I dare not, fare you well sir, I have much business in hand, and the time is short.

KNA. Nay but *George*, I prithee stay, may I report this to her for a certain truth?

GEORGE. Wherefore am I employ'd in this Invitation sir?

KNA. Prithee what is she, his second Choice?

GEORGE. Truly a goodly presence, likely to bear great children, and great store, she never saw five and thirty Summers together in her life by her appearance, and comes in her French-hood, by my fecks a great Match 'tis like to be; I am sorry for my old Mistriss but cannot help it: pray you excuse me now sir, for all the business goes through my hands, none employ'd but my self. *Exit George.*

KNA. Why here is news that no man will believe, but he that sees.

KNA. WIFE. This, and your Cuckoldry, will be digestion throughout the City dinners and suppers, for a moneth together, there will need no Cheese. *Enter Mris Chamlet.*

KNA. No more of that *Sib*: Ile call my Cousin *Chamlet*, and make her partaker of this sport; she's come already. Cousin, take't at once, y'are a free woman, your late husband's to be married to-morrow.

MRIS CHAM. Married! to whom?

KNA. To a French-hood birlakins, as I understand, great chear prepar'd, and great Guests invited, so far I know.

MRIS CHAM. What a curst wretch was I to pare my Nails to-day, a Fryday too; I lookt for some mischief.

KNA. Why, I did think this had accorded with your best liking, you sought for him what he has sought for you, a *Separation*, and by Divorce too.

MRIS CHAM. Ile Divorce 'em! Is he to be married to a French-hood? I'le dress it the English fashion; ne're a Coach to be had with six horses to strike fire i'th streets as we go?

KNA. Will you go home then?

MRIS CHAM. Good Cousin, help me to whet one of my knives, while I sharp the t'other, give me a sowr apple to set my teeth an edge, I would give five pound for the paring of my nails agen: have you ere a Bird-spit i'th' house?—I'le dress one dish to the wedding.

KNA. This violence hurts your self the most.

MRIS CHAM. I care not who I hurt; oh my heart, how it beats a both sides; will you run with me for a wager into *Lombard-street* now?

KNA. I'le walk with you Cousin a sufficient pace; *Sib* shall come softly after, I'le bring you thorough *Bearbinder-lane*.

MRIS CHAM. *Bearbinder-lane* cannot hold me, I'le the neerest way over St. *Mildreds* Church—if I meet any French-hoods by the way, I'le make black patches enow for the rhume. *Exeunt.*

KNA. WIFE. So, 'tis to my wish, Master *Knavesbee*,
Help to make peace abroad, here you'l finde wars,
I'le have a divorce too, with locks and bars. *Exit.*

[SCAENA III.]

[*Water Chamlet's Shop.*]

Enter George, Margarita.

GEORGE. Madam, but stay here a little, my Master comes instantly—I heard him say he did ow you a good turn, and now's the time to take it, Ile warrant you a sound reward e're you go.

Enter Chamlet.

MAR. Ey Tank u de bon cour Monsieur.

GEORGE. Look he's here already, now would a skilful Navigator take in his Sails, for sure there is a storm towards. *Exit George.*

CHAM. Oh Madam I perceive in your countenance (I am beholding to you) All is peace?

MAR. All quiet, goor frendsheep, ey mooch adoe, ey strive wid him: give goor worda for you; no more speak a de matra, all es undonne— u no more trobla.

Enter Mris Chamlet, and Knavesbee.

CHAM. Look, there's the price of a fair pair of Gloves, and wear 'em for my sake.

MRIS CHAM. Oh, oh, oh, my hearts broke out of my ribbes.

KNA. Nay a little patience.

MARG. Ey tank u artely, shall no bestowe en gloves, shall put moosh more to dees, an bestowe your shop; Regarde dees stof [a] my pettycote—u no soosh anodre; shall deal wid u for moosh; take in your hand.

CHAM. I see it Mistress, 'tis good stuff indeed, 'tis a Silk rash, I can pattern it.

MRIS CHAM. Shall he take up her coats before my face? Oh beastly creature; French-hood, French-hood, I will make your hair grow thorough.

CHAM. My wife returned! oh welcome home, sweet *Rachel*.

MRIS CHAM. I forbid the Banes—Letcher and strumpet, thou shalt bear children without noses. [*beats Margarita.*]

MARG. O pardonne moy, by my trat ey meane u no hurta: wat u meant by dees?

MRIS CHAM. I will have thine eyes out, and thy Bastards shall be as blinde as Puppies.

CHAM. Sweet *Rachel*!—good Cousin help to pacifie.

MRIS CHAM. I forbid the Banes, Adulterer.

CHAM. What means she by that sir?

KNA. Good Cousin forbid your rage a while—unless you hear, by what sense will you receive satisfaction?

MRIS CHAM. By my hands and my teeth sir—give me leave, will you binde me whiles mine enemy kills me?

CHAM. Here all are your friends sweet wife.

MRIS CHAM. Wilt have two wives? Do and b[e] hang'd Fornicator!—I forbid the Banes; give me the French-hood, I'le tread it under feet in a pair of Pantophles.

MARG. Begar shall save hood head and all; shall come no more heer, ey warran u. *Exit Margarita.*

KNA. Sir, the truth is, *Report* spoke it for truth, you were to-morrow to be married.

MRIS CHAM. I forbid the Banes.

CHAM. Mercy deliver me,
If my grave imbrace me in the bed of death,
I would to Church with willing ceremony;
But for my wedlock-fellow, here she is—
The first and last that ere my thoughts lookt on.

KNA. Why, law you Cousin!—this was nought but error or an assault of mischief.

CHAM. Whose report was it?

KNA. Your man *Georges*, who invited me to the wedding.

Enter George.

CHAM. *George?* And was he sober? Good sir call him.

GEORGE. It needs not sir, I am here already.

CHAM. Did you report this *George?*

GEORGE. Yes sir I did.

CHAM. And wherefore did you so?

GEORGE. For a new sute that you promist me sir, if I could bring home my Mistriss—and I think she's come with a mischief.

MRIS CHAM. Give me that villaines ears.

GEORGE. I would give ear, if I could hear you talk wisely.

MRIS CHAM. Let me cut off his ears.

GEORGE. I shall hear worse of you hereafter then—limb for limb, one of my ears, for one of your tongues, and Ile lay out for my Master.

CHAM. 'Twas knavery with a good purpose in't,

Sweet *Rachel*, this was e'en *Georges* meaning,
A second marriage 'twixt thy self and me—
And now I wooe the[e] to't, a quiet night
Will make the Sun like a fresh Bridegroom rise,
And kiss the chaste cheek of the rosy morn
Which we will imitate, and like him creat[e]
Fresh buds of love, fresh spreading arms, fresh fruit,
Fresh wedding robes, and *Georges* fresh new sute.

MRIS CHAM. This is fine stuff, have you much on't to sell?

GEORGE. A remnant of a yard.

CHAM. Come, come, all's well, sir, you must sup, instead of to-morrows dinner. *Exeunt.*

KNA. I follow you...no: 'tis another way,
My Lords reward calls me to better cheer,
Many good meals, a hundred markes a yeer;
My wifes transform'd a Lady—tush, shee'l come
To her shape agen, my Lord rides the circuit,
If I rid[e] along with him, what need I grutch?
I can as easie sit, and speed as much. *Exit Knaves-bee.*

ACTUS V. [SCAENA I.]

[*Before Sir Francis Cressingham's House.*]

Enter old Francklin *in mourning: young* Cressingham *with young* Francklin *disguis'd like an old Serving-man.*

YO. CRESS. Sir, your sons death which has apparrel'd you
In this darker wearing, is a loss wherein
I have ample share: he was my friend.

OLD FRAN. He was my neerest
And deerest enemy, and the perpetual fear
Of a worse end, had he continued
His former dissolute course[s], makes me weigh
His death the lighter.

YONG CRESS. Yet sir, with your pardon,
If you value him every way as he deserv'd,
It will appear your scanting of his means,
And the Lord *Beauforts* most un-lordly breach
Of promise to him, made him fall upon
Some courses, to which his nature and mine own,
(Made desperate likewise by the cruelty
Of a Mother in Law) would else have bin as strange,
As insolent greatness is to distress'd vertue.

OLD FRANK. Yes, I have heard of that too; your defeat
Made upon a Mercer—I style't modestly,

The Law intends it plain cozenage.
YONG CRESS. 'Twas no less,
But my penitence and restitution may
Come fairly off from't; it was no Impeachment
To the Glory won at *Agencourts* great Battel,
That the Atchiever of it in his youth
Had bin a Purse-taker—this with all reverence
To'th great Example. Now to my business,
Wherein you have made such noble tryal of
Your worth, that in a world so dull as this,
Where faith is almost grown to be a miracle,
I have found a friend so worthy as your self,
To purchase all the Land my Father sold
At the perswasion of a riotous woman,
And charitable to reserve it for his use,
And the good of his three children; this I say,
Is such a deed shall style you our Preserver,
And ow the memory of your worth, and pay it
To all posterity.
OLD FRANK. Sir, what I have done,
Looks to the end of the good deed it self,
No other way i'th world.
YONG CRESS. But would you please
Out of a friendly reprehension,
To make him sensible of the weighty wrong
He has done his children?—yet I would not have it
Too bitter, for he undergoes already
Such torment in a womans naughty pride,
Too harsh reproof would kill him.
OLD FRANK. Leave you that
To my discretion: I have made my self
My sons Executor, and am come up
On purpose to collect his Creditors,
And where I finde his pennyworth conscionable,
Ile make them in part satisfaction: *Enter George.*
Oh this fellow was born neer me, and his trading here i'th City may bring me to the knowledge of the men my son ought money to.
GEORGE. Your Worship's welcome to *London*—and I pray how does all our good friends i'th Countrey?
OLD FRANK. They are well, *George*: how thou art shot up since I saw thee! what, I think thou art almost out of thy Time?
GEORGE. I am out of my wits sir, I have liv'd in a kinde of *Bedlam* these four years—how can I be mine own man then?
OLD FRANK. Why, what's the matter?
GEORGE. I may turn *Soap-boyler*, I have a loose body: I am turn'd away from my Master.

Old Frank. How! turn'd away!

George. I'm gone sir, not in drink, and yet you may behold my Indentures: ([*Shows*] *Indenture.*) Oh the wicked wit of woman!—for the good turn I did bringing her home, she ne're left sucking my Masters breath, like a Cat, kissing him I mean, till I was turn'd away!

Old Frank. I have heard she's a terrible woman.

George. Yes, and the miserablest! her sparing in House-keeping has cost him somewhat, the *Dagger-pyes* can testifie: she has stood in's light most miserably, like your Fasting-days before Red letters in the Almanack: saying, the pinching of our bellies would be a mean to make him wear Scarlet the sooner. She had once perswaded him to have bought Spectacles for all his servants, that they might have worn 'em dinner and supper.

Old Frank. To what purpose?

George. Marry, to have made our Victuals seem bigger than 't was: she shews from whence she came—that my Winde-collick can witness.

Old Frank. Why, whence came she?

George. Marry from a Courtier, and an Officer too, that was up and down I know not how often.

Old Fra. Had he any great place?

George. Yes, and a very high one, but he got little by it; he was one that blew the Organ in the Court Chappel, our Puritans, especially your Puritans in *Scotland*, could ne're away with him.

Old Fran. Is she one of the Sect?

George. Faith I think not, for I am certain she denies her husband the supremacy.

Old Frank. Well *George*, your difference may be reconcil'd. I am now to use your help in a business that concerns me: here's a Note of mens names here i'th' City, unto whom my son ought money, but I do not know their dwelling.

Geor. Let me see sir: fifty pound ta'ne up at use of [Master] *Water Thin* the Brewer.

Old Frank. What's he?

Geor. An obstinat fellow, and one that deni'd payment of the groats, till he lay by'th' heels for't; I know him: *Item*, fourscore pair of provant Breeches a'th' new fashion, to *Pinchbuttock* a Hosier in *Burchen-lane*, so much.

Old Frank. What the devil did he with so many pair of breeches?

Yo. Fran. Supply a Captain sir, a friend of his went over to the *Palatinate*.

Geor. Item, to my Tailor [Master] *Wetherwise*, by St. *Clements-church*.

Yo. Cress. Who should that be? it may be 'tis the new Prophet, the Astrological Tailor.

Yo. Frank. No, no, no sir, we have nothing to do with him.

George. Well, I'le read no further, leave the note to my discretion, do not fear but I'le enquire them all.

Old Frank. Why, I thank thee, *George*. Sir, rest assur'd I shall in all your business be faithful to you, and at better leisure finde time to imprint deeply in your father the wrong he has done you.

Yo. Cress. You are worthy in all things. *Exeunt Old Franklin,* Is my father stirring? *George, and Young Francklin. Enter Saunder.*

Saund. Yes, sir, my Lady wonders you are thus chargeable to your father, and will not direct your self unto some gainful study may quit him of your dependance.

Yo. Cress. What study?

Saund. Why the Law, that Law that takes up most a'th' wits i'th kingdom, not for most good, but most gain—or Divinity; I have heard you talk well, and I do not think but you'd prove a singular fine Churchman.

Yo. Cress. I should prove a plural better, if I could attain to fine benifices.

Saund. My Lady now she has money, is studying to do good works, she talk'd last night what a goodly act it was, of a Countess (*Northamptonshire* breed belike, or thereabouts) that to make *Coventry* a Corporation, rode through the City naked, and by daylight.

Yo. Cress. I do not think, but you have Ladies living would discover as much in private, to advance but some member of a Corporation. *Enter Sir Fran. Cressingham.*

Saund. Well sir, your wit is still goaring at my Ladies projects: here's your father.

Old Cress. Thou comst to chide me, hearing how like a ward I am handled, since the sale of my Land.

Yo. Cress. No sir, but to turn your eyes into your own bosom.

Old Cress. Why, I am become my wives pensioner; am confin'd to a hundred mark a year, t'one sute, and one man to attend me.

Saund. And is not that enough for a private Gentleman?

Old Cress. Peace sirrah, there is nothing but knave speakes in thee—and my two poor children must be put forth to prentice.

Yo. Cress. Ha! to prentice?
Sir, I do not come to grieve you, but to shew
How wretched your estate was, that you could not
Come to see order, until foul disorder
Pointed the way to't—
So inconsiderate, yet so fruitful stil
Is dotage to beget its own destruction.

Old Cress. Surely I am nothing, and desire to be so,
Pray thee fellow intreat her onely to be quiet,
I have given her all my estate on that condition.

Saund. Yes sir, her Coffers are well lin'd believe me.

Old Cress. And yet she is not contented; we observe

The Moon is ne're so pleasant, and so clear
As when she is at the full.
Yo. Cress. You did not use
My mother with this observance—you are like
The Frogs who, weary of their quiet King,
Consented to the election of the Stork,
Who in the end devour'd them.
Old Cress. You may see
How apt man is to forfeit all his judgement
Upon the instant of his fall.
Yo. Cress. Look up sir.
Old Cress. O my hearts broke; weighty are injuries
That come from an enemy, but those are deadly
That come from a friend, for we see commonly
Those are tane most to heart: she comes. *Enter the Lady Cressingham.*
Yo. Cress. What a terrible eye she darts on us!
Old Cress. Oh most natural, for lightning to go before the thunder.
Lady. What? Are you in councel? are ye levying faction against us?
Old Cress. Good friend!
Lady. Sir, sir, pray come hither, there is winter in your looks, a latter winter—do you complain to your kindred? I'le make you fear extreamly to shew you have any cause to fear: Are the bonds seal'd for the six thousand pounds I put forth to use?
Saund. Yes Madam.
Lady. The bonds were made in my unckles name?
Saund. Yes.
Lady. 'Tis well.
Old Cress. 'Tis strange though.
Lady. Nothing strange, you'l think the allowance I have put you to as strange, but your judgement cannot reach the aim I have in't: you were prickt last year to be High Sheriff, and what it would have cost you I understand now—all this charge and the other by the sale of your Land, and the money at my dispose, and your pension so small, will settle you in quiet, make you Master of a retir'd life—and our great ones may think you a politique man, and that you are aiming at some strange business, having made all over.
Old Cress. I must leave you, man is never truly awake
Till he be dead. *Exeunt old Cress. and Saund.*
Yo. Cress. What a dream have you made of my father!
Lady. Let him be so, and keep the proper place of dreams—
His bed, until I raise him.
Yo. Cress. Raise him! not unlikely!—'tis you have ruin'd him.
Lady. You do not come to quarrel?
Yo. Cress. No, certain, but to perswade you to a thing, that in the vertue of it nobly carries its own commendation, and you shall gain

much honor by it, which is the recompence of all vertuous actions—to use my father kindly.

LADY. Why? does he complain to you sir?

YO. CRESS. Complain? why should a King complain for any thing, but for his sins to heaven?—the prerogative of husband is like to his, over his wife.

LADY. I am full of business sir, and will not minde you.

YO. CRESS. I must not leave you thus; I tell you mother
'Tis dangerous to a woman, when her minde
Raises her to such height, it makes her onely
Capable of her own merit; nothing of duty!
Oh, 'twas a strange unfortunate o're-prising
Your beauty brought him (otherwise discreet)
Into the fatal neglect of his poor children:
What will you give us of the late sum you receiv'd?

LADY. Not a penny; away, you are troublesome and sawcy.

YO. CRESS. You are too cruel: denials even from Princes
Who may do what they list, should be supplied
With a gratious verbal usage, that though they
Do not cure the sore, they may abate the sence of't;
The wealth you seem to command over, is his,
And he I hope will dispose of't to our use.

LADY. When he can command my will.

YO. CRESS. Have you made him
So miserable, that he must take a Law from his wife?

LADY. Have you not had some Lawyers forc't to grone
Under the burden?

YO. CRESS. Oh! but the greater the women,
The more visible are their vices.

LADY. So sir, you have been so bold; by all can binde
An oath, and I'le not break it, I will not be
The woman to you hereafter you expected.

YO. CRESS. Be not; be not your self, be not my fathers wife,
Be not my Lady *Cressingham*, and then
I'le thus speak to you, but you must not answer
In your own person.

LADY. A fine Puppet-play!

YO. CRESS. Good Madam, please you pity the distress
Of a poor Gentleman, that is undone
By a cruel Mother in Law—you do not know her,
Nor does she deserve the knowledge of any good one,
For she does not know her self—you would sigh for her
That [e'er] she took you[r] sex, if you but heard
Her qualities.

LADY. This is a fine Crotchet.

YO. CRESS. *Envy* and *Pride* flow in her painted breasts,

She gives no other suck; all her attendants
Do not belong to her husband, his money is hers—
Marry his debts are his own—she bears such sway,
She will not suffer his *Religion* be his own,
But what she please to turn it to.
LADY. And all this while,
I am the woman you libel against.
YO. CRESS. I remember
E're the Land was sold, you talkt of going to *Ireland*,
But should you touch there, you would die presently.
LADY. Why Man?
YO. CRESS. The country brookes no poison: go,
You'l finde how difficult a thing it is,
To make a setled or assur'd Estate
Of things ill gotten: when my father's dead,
The curse of Lust and Riot follow you—
Marry some young gallant that may rifle you;
Yet add one blessing to your needy age,
That you may die full of repentance.
LADY. Ha, Ha, Ha!
YO. CRESS. Oh! shee [i]s lost to any kinde of goodness. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Beaufort, and Knaves-bee.

BEAU. Sirrah, be gone, y'are base.
KNA. Base, my good Lord?
'Tis a ground part in Musick—trebles, means,
All [is] but [f]idling—your Honor bore a part
As my wife says, my Lord.
BEAU. Your wifes a Strumpet.
KNA. Ah ha, is she so? I am glad to hear it,
Open confession, open payment—
The wagers mine then, a hundred a year my Lord,
I said so before, and stak'd my head against it,
Thus after darksome night, the day is come, my Lord.
BEAU. Hence, hide thy branded head, let no day see thee,
Nor thou any but thy execution day.
KNA. That's the day after washing day—once a week
I see't at home my Lord.
BEAU. Go home and see
Thy prostituted wife (for sure 'tis so)
Now folded in a Boys adultery,
My *Page*; on whom the hot-r[e]in'd harlot doats—
This night he hath been her attendant—my house he's fled from,
And must no more return—go, and make haste sir,
Lest your reward be lost for want of looking to.
KNA. My reward lost! is there nothing due

For what is past, my Lord?

Beau. Yes *Pander, Wittoll, Macrio,* basest of knaves, [*kicks him*]
Thou Boulster-bawd to thine own infamy!
Go, I have no more about me at this time,
When I am better stor'd thou shalt have more
Where e're I meet thee.

Kna. *Pander, Wittoll, Macrio,* base knave, boulster-bawd; here is but five mark toward a hundred a year: this is poor payment; if Lords may be trusted no better then thus, I will go home and cut my Wifes Nose off; I will turn over a new Leaf, and hang up the Page; lastly I will put on a large pair of Wet-leather Boots and drown my self, I will sink at *Queen-hive,* and rise agen at *Charing-cross* contrary to the Statute in *Edwardo primo.* *Exit.*

Enter Old Franklin, *his son as before,* George, *three or four Citizens, Creditors.*

Old Frank. Good health to your Lordship.

Beau. [Master] *Franklin,* I heard of your arrival, and the cause of this your sad appearance.

Old Frank. And 'tis no more then as your Honor says, indeed—appearance; it has more form then feeling sorrow Sir, I must confess—there's none of these Gentlemen (though Aliens in blood) but have as large cause of grief as I.

1 Cred. No, by your favor sir, we are well satisfied; there was in his life a greater hope, but less assurance.

2 Cred. Sir, I wish all my debts of no better promise to pay me thus, fifty in the hundred comes fairly homewards.

Yong Frank. Considering hard Bargains and dead Commodities, sir.

2 Cred. Thou sayst true, friend, and from a dead Debtor too.

Beau. And so you have compounded and agreed all your sons riotous Debts?

Old Frank. There's behinde but one cause of worse condition, that done, he may sleep quietly.

1 Cred. Yes sure my Lord, this Gentleman is come a wonder to us all, that so fairly with half a loss could satisfie those debts were dead, even with his son, and from whom we could have nothing claim'd.

Old Frank. I shewed my reason; I would have a good name live after him, because he bore my Name.

2 Cred. May his tongue perish first (and that will spoil his trade) that first gives him a syllable of ill. *Enter Chamlet.*

Beau. Why this is friendly.

Cham. My Lord!

Beau. [Master] *Chamlet*! very welcome.

Cham. [Master] *Franklin,* I take it—these Gentlemen I know well: good [Master] *Pennystone,* [Master] *Phillip,* [Master] *Cheyney*! I am glad

I shall take my leave of so many of my good friends at once; your hand first, my Lord, fare you well sir—nay I must have all your hands to my Pass.

GEORGE. Will you have mine too sir?

CHAM. Yes, thy two hands *George*, and I think two honest hands of a Trades-man, *George*, as any between *Cornhil* and *Lombard-street*.

GEORGE. Take heed what you say sir, there's *Birchen-lane* between 'em.

BEAU. But what's the cause of this, [Master] *Chamlet*?

CHAM. I have the cause in handling, now my Lord; *George*, honest *George* is the cause, yet no cause of *Georges*—*George* is tu[rn]'d away one way, and I must go another.

BEAU. And whither is your way sir?

CHAM. E'[en] to seek out a Quiet Life, my Lord: I do hear of a fine peaceable Island.

BEAU. Why 'tis the same you live in.

CHAM. No, 'tis so fam'd,
But we th'inhabitants finde it not so;
The place I speak of has bin kept with thunder,
With frightful lightnings, amazing Noises,
But now (th'inchantment broke) 'tis the Land of Peace,
Where Hogs and Tobacco yield fair increase.

BEAU. This is a little wilde methinks.

CHAM. Gentlemen, fare you well, I am for the *Bermudas*.

BEAU. Nay, good sir stay—and is that your onely cause, the loss of *George*?

CHAM. The loss of *George*, my Lord! make you that no cause? why but examine, would it not break the stout heart of a Nobleman to loose his *George*, much more the tender bosom of a Citizen?

BEAU. Fie, fie, I'm sorry your gravity should run back to lightness thus: you go to the *Bermothes*!

OLD FRANK. Better to *Ireland* Sir.

CHAM. The Land of *Ire*?—that's too neer home, my wife will be heard from *Hellbree* to *Divellin*.

OLD FRANK. Sir, I must of necessity a while detain you: I must acquaint you with a benefit that's coming towards you. You were cheated of some goods of late, come, I'm a Cunning-man, and will help you to the most part again, or some reasonable satisfaction.

Enter Mris Chamlet.

CHAM. That's another cause of my unquiet Life, sir; can you do that, I may chance stay another Tide or two: My wife! (I must speak more private with you)—by forty foot, pain of death, I dare not reach her: No words of me sweet Gentlemen! *Slips behinde the Arras.*

GEORGE. I had need hide too. [*Follows Chamlet.*]

MRIS CHAM. Oh, my Lord, I have scarce tongue enough yet to

tell you; my husband, my husband's gone from me, your warrant good my Lord, I never had such need of your warrant; my husband's gone from me.

BEAU. Going he is, 'tis true; has tane his leave of me, and all these Gentlemen, and 'tis your sharp tongue that whips him forwards.

MRIS CHAM. A warrant, good my Lord!

BEAU. You turn away his servants, such on whom his estate depends he says, who know his books, his debts, his customers; the form and order of all his affairs you make orderless—chiefly, his *George* you have banisht from him.

MRIS CHAM. My Lord, I will call *George* agen.

GEORGE *within.* Call *George* agen.

BEAU. Why hark you, how high-voic'd you are, that raise an Eccho from my Selleridge which we with modest loudness cannot.

MRIS CHAM. My Lord, do you think I speak too loud?

GEORGE *within.* Too loud.

BEAU. Why hark, your own tongue answers you, and reverberates your words into your teeth.

MRIS CHAM. I will speak lower all the days of my life: I never found the fault in my self till now—your warrant good my Lord, to stay my husband!

BEAU. Well, well, it shall o'retake him, ere he pass *Gravesend,* provided that he meet his quietness at home, else he's gone agen.

OLD FRANK. And withal to call *George* agen.

MRIS CHAM. I will call *George* agen.

GEORGE [*within*]. Call *George* agen.

BEAU. See, you are raised agen, the Eccho tells you.

MRIS CHAM. I did forget my self indeed, my Lord: this is my last fault, I will go make a silent enquiry after *George,* I will whisper half a score Porters in the ear, that shall run softly up and down the City to seek him. Bewy ye my Lord, buoy' all, Gentlemen. *Exit.*

BEAU. *George,* your way lies before you now, cross the street, and come into her eyes, your Masters Journey will be staid.

GEORGE. Ile warrant you bring it to better subjection yet. [*Exit.*]

BEAU. These are fine flashes: how now [Master] *Chamlet*?

CHAM. I had one ear lent to you-ward, my Lord,
And this o'th t'other side, both sounded sweetly:
I have whole recovered my late losses sir,
Th'one half paid, the t'other is forgiven.

BEAU. Then your Journey is staid? *Enter Barb. & Knavesbee.*

CHAM. Alas my Lord, that was a trick of age,
For I had left never a trick of youth
Like it, to succour me.

BEAU. How now? what new Object's here!

BARB. The next man we meet shall judge us.

KNA. Content, though he be but a Common-Council-man.

Beau. The one's a knave, I could know him at twelve score distance

Old Frank. And t'other's a Barber-Surgeon, my Lord.

Kna. Ile go no further, here is the honorable Lord, that I know will grant my request; My Lord——

Barb. Peace, I will make it plain to his Lordship: My Lord, a Covenant by *Jus Jurandum* is between us, he is to suffocate my *Respiration* by his *Capistrum*, and I to make incission so far as mortification by his *Jugulars*.

Beau. This is not altogether so plain neither, sir.

Barb. I can speak no plainer my Lord, unless I wrong mine art.

Kna. I can my Lord, I know some part of the Law, I am to take him in this place where I finde him, and lead him from hence to the place of Execution, and there to hang him till he dies; he in equal courtesie is to cut my throat with his Razor, and there's an end of both on's.

Barb. There is the end my Lord, but we want the beginning: I stand upon it to be strangled first, before I touch either his *Gula* or *Cervix*.

Kna. I am against it, for how shall I be sure to have my Throat cut after he's hang'd?

Beau. Is this a Condition betwixt you?

Kna. A firm Covenant, sign'd and seal'd by oath and handfast, and wants nothing but Agreement.

Beau. A little pause: what might be the cause on either part?

Barb. My passions are grown to putrifaction, and my griefs are gangren'd; [Master] *Chamlet* has scarified me all over, besides the loss of my new Brush.

Kna. I am kept out of mine own Castle, my Wife keeps the Hold against me: your Page my Lord, is her Champion; I summon'd a Parle at the window, was answered with Defiance: they confess they have layen together, but what they have done else I know not.

Beau. Thou canst have no wrong that deserves pity, thou art thy self so bad.

Kna. I thank your Honor for that, let me have my throat cut then.

Enter Selenger as a woman, and Mris Knavesbee.

Cham. Sir, I can give you a better remedy then his *Capistrum*; your ear a little.

Mris Kna. I come with a bold innocence to answer
The best and worst that can accuse me here.

Beau. Your husband.

Mris Kna. He's the worst, I dare his worst.

Kna. Your *Page*, your *Page*.

Mris Kna. We lay together in bed, it is confest;
You, and your ends of Law [make] worser of it,
I did it for reward.

Beau. Ile hear no more of this, come Gentlemen will you walk?

Enter Young Cressingham.

YOUNG CRESS. My Lord, a litle stay; you'l see a sight
That neighbor amity wil be much pleas'd with,
'Tis come already—my Father sir.

Enter Old Cressingham [bravely dressed].

BEAU. There must be cause, certain, for this good change:
Sir, you are bravely met, this is at the best
I ever saw you.
CRESS. My Lord, I am amazement to my self;
I slept in poverty, and am awake
Into this wonder; how I ca[me] thus brave,
My dreams did not so much as tell me of;
I am of my kinde sons new making up,
It exceeds the pension much, that yesternight
Allow'd me, and my pockets centupled,
But I am my sons childe, sir, he knows of me
More then I do my self.
YOUNG CRESS. Sir, you yet have
But earnest of your happiness, a Pinace
Fore-riding a goodly vessel, by this near Anchor—
Bulkt like a Castle, and with Jewels fraught,
(Joys above Jewels sir,) from deck to keel—
Make way for the receipt, empty your bosom
Of all griefs and troubles, leave not a sigh
To beat her back again, she is so stor'd
Ye'ad need have room enough, to take her lading.
CRESS. If one Comodity be wanting now,
All this is nothing.
YOUNG CRESS. Tush, that must out too,
There must be no remembrance, not the thought
That ever youth in woman did abuse you,
That [e'er] your children had a stepmother,
That you sold Lands to please your punishment,
That you were circumscrib'd and taken in,
Abridg'd the large extendure of your grounds,
And put into the pinfold that belong'd to't,
That your son did cheat for want of maintenance;
That he did beg, you shall remember onely,
For I have beg'd off all these troubles from you.

Enter Lady Cress. in civil habit, Saund., and children very gallant.

BEAU. This was a good weeks labor.
YOUNG CRESS. Not an hours my Lord, but 'twas a happy one;
See sir, a new day shines on you.
LA. CRESS. Oh sir,

Your son has rob'd me.
CRESS. Ha! that way I instructed?
YO. CRESS. Nay, hear her sir.
LA. CRESS. Of my good purpose sir,
He hath forc'd out of me, what lay conceal'd,
Ripen'd my pity with his dews of duty—
Forgive me sir, and but keep the number
Of every grief that I have pain'd you with,
I'le ten-fold pay with fresh obedience.
CHAM. Oh, that my wife were here to learn this lesson.
LADY CRESS. Your state is not abated, what was yours,
Is still your own—and take the cause withal
Of my harsh-seeming usage; it was to reclaim
Faults in your self, the swift consumption
Of many large revenues, Gaiming; that
Of not much less speed, burning up house and land,
Not casual but cunning fire, which though
It keeps the Chymney, and outward shows
Like Hospitality, is onely devourer on't,
Consuming Chymistry; there I have made you
A flat banquerout; all your Stillatories
And laboring Minerals are demolish[e]d,
That part of Hell in your house is extinct—
Put out your desire with them, and then these feet
Shall level with my hands, untill you raise
My stoop'd humility to higher grace,
To warm these lips with love, and duty do
To every silver hair—each one shal be
A Senator to my obedience.
CRESS. All this I kn[e]w before—who ever of you
That had but one ill thought of this good woman,
You owe a knee to her, and she is merciful
If she forgive you. *Enter George, and Mris Chamlet.*
BEAU. That shal be private penance sir, we'l all joy in publique with you.
GEORGE. On the conditions I tell you, not else.
MRIS CHAM. Sweet *George*, dear *George*, any conditions.
CHAM. My wife!
OLD FRANK. Peace, *George* is bringing her to conditions.
CHAM. Good ones, good *George*.
GEORGE. You shall never talk your voice above the key, sol, sol sol.
MRIS CHAM. Sol, sol, sol, I *George*.
GEORGE. Say, welcome home honest *George*, in that pitch.
MRIS CHAM. Welcome home honest *George*.
GEORGE. Why this is well now.

CHAM. That's well indeed, *George*.

GEORGE. Rogue, nor Rascal must never come out of your mouth.

MRIS CHAM. They shall never come in, honest *George*.

GEORGE. Nor I will not have you call my Master plain husband, that's too co[a]rse, but as your Gentlewomen in the Country use, and your persons' wives in the Town—'tis comely, and shalbe customed in the City—call him Master *Chamlet* at every word.

MRIS CHAM. At every word, honest *George*.

GEORGE. Look you, there he is, salute him then.

MRIS CHAM. Welcome home, good [Master] *Chamlet*.

CHAM. Thanks, and a thousand, sweet—Wife, I may say, honest *George*?

GEORGE. Yes sir, or Bird, or Chuck, or Hearts ease, or plain *Rachel*, but call her *Rac* no more, so long as she is quiet.

CHAM. God-a-mercy, sha't have thy new sute a Sunday *George*.

MRIS CHAM. *George* shall have two new sutes, [Master] *Chamlet*.

CHAM. God-a-mercy, ifaith Chuck.

BAR. [Master] *Chamlet*, you and I are friends, all even betwixt us?

CHAM. I do acquit thee, neighbor *Sweetbal*.

BAR. I will not be hang'd then, *Knaves-bee* do thy worst; nor I will not cut thy throat.

KNA. I must do't my self.

BAR. If thou com'st to my shop, and usurp'st my chair of maintenance, I will go as neer as I can, but I will not do't.

YOUNG CRESS. No, 'tis I must cut *Knaves-bees* throat, for slandering a modest Gentlewoman, and my wife, in shape of your *Page*, my Lord—in her own I durst not place her so neer your Lordship.

BEAU. No more of that sir, if your ends have acquir'd their own events, crown 'em with your own Joy.

YO. CRESS. Down a your knees *Knaves-bee*, to your wife, she's too honest for you.

BAR. Down, down, before you are hang'd, 'twil be to[o] late afterwards, and long thou canst not scape it. *Knaves-bee kneels.*

MRIS KNA. You'l play the *Pandor* no more, will you?

KNA. Oh, that's an inch into my throat.

MRIS KNA. And let out your wife for [hire]?

KNA. Oh sweet wife, go no deeper.

MRIS KNA. Dare any be bail for your better behavior?

BEAU. Yes, yes I dare, he will mend one day.

MRIS KNA. And be worse the next.

KNA. Hang me the third then, dear merciful wife,
I will do *Any thing for a quiet Life*.

BEAU. All then is reconcil'd?

BARB. Onely my brush is lost, my dear new brush.

OLD FRANK. I will help you to satisfaction for that too sir.

BARB. Oh, *Sperma[ceti]*, I feel it heal already.

Old Frank. Gentlemen, I have fully satisfied my dead sons debts?
Omnes. All pleas'd, all paid sir.
Old Frank. Then once more here I bring him back to life,
From my servant to my son—nay, wonder not; [*reveals young Franklin.*]
I have not delt by fallacy with any,
My son was dead, who e're out lives his vertues
Is a dead man, for when you hear of spirits
That walk in real bodies, to the amaze
And cold astonishment of such as meet 'em,
And all would shun; those are men of vices,
Who nothing have but what is visible,
And so by consequence they have no souls—
But if the Soul return he lives agen,
Created newly; such my Son appears
By my blessing rooted, growing by his tears.
Omnes. You have beguil'd us honestly sir.
Frank. And you shall have your brush agen.
Barber. My basons shall all ring for joy.
Beaufort. Why this deserves a Tryumph, and my cost
Shall begin a feast to't, to which I do
Envite you all; such happy reconcilements
Must not be past without a health of joy—
Discorded friends atton'd, men and their wives,
This hope proclaims your after quiet Lives. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

Epilogue.

I am sent t'enquire your Censure, and to know
How you stand affected? wh[e]ther we do owe
Our service to your Favors, or must strike
Our Sails (though full of hope) to your dislike:
How e're, be pleas'd to think we purpos'd well,
And from my fellows thus much I must tell,
Instruct us but in what we went astray,
And to redeem it, wee'l take any way.

COMMENTARY

ANYTHING FOR A QUIET LIFE

TITLE-PAGE

For Johnson, Kirkman, and Marsh, who also printed and published *C.C.* in the previous year, see on title-page of that play.

DRAMMATIS PERSONAE

Water Chamlet = watered camlet (a mixture of silk and wool). *Water* of course suggests "Walter".

I. 1.

Whole stage.

9–10. With allusion, doubtless, to Overbury's poem *The Wife*.
29. *Bespeak your injury*: ask for what will wrong you, try to seduce her.
32–3. Cf. *W.D. To the Reader* 4–5.
39. *improve*: prove.
44–8. Contrast *W.D.* v. 6. 261–2: *D.M.* v. 4. 84.
59. *the Standard*: "a water-conduit in Cheapside.... It was in the form of a pillar with a dome-shaped top...and a figure of Fame, blowing a trumpet, stood on the summit". (Sugden.) Its restoration was completed in 1621. There is, of course, a *double entendre* in the following line.
61. *Purchaser*: money-maker.
62. *Isle*: aisle.
66. *warm*: snugly off, comfortable.
67–8. He is assessed the higher for taxation.
72. *Whether?*: whither?
73 ff. For the innuendo, cf. *F.M.I.* II. 2. 43.
76. *morrow after Simon and Jude*: Oct. 29th—Lord Mayor's Day.
89. [*p*]*arcels*: sets, packs.
89. *silenc'd Ministers*: *i.e.* ejected and deprived for nonconformity.
91. *lenatively*: gently, like a soothing medicine.
91–2. *Water-mill*[*s*]*...drown'd Land.* Cf. the satire on schemes for draining the fens in Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass*, II. 1.
107. *Mother-in-law's*: step-mother's.
107. *Chop-Logick*: sophistries.
126. *foregoing*: preamble.
148. *Black-book*: see on *W.D.* IV. 1. 35.
151. *Metheglin*: mead.
153. *Artillery-Garden*: see on *W.D.* V. 6. 161.

154. *Fustian-and-Apes*: a popular corruption of "fustian a Naples" —cotton-velvet. Cf. Cotgrave's *Dict.*: *Tripe de velours*...Fustian an apes.

155. *in hugger mugger*: secretly.

155. *Quest-house*: house in a parish where inquests were held; hence, I suppose, used as a parish common-room—unless this was some particular London building of which I can find no other mention.

171–2. *Voyage To Guiana*: Raleigh's last voyage of 1617–8 (surely not, as Dyce and Sugden suggest, that of 1595); *golden* being used, naturally enough, with allusion to the mine which was its goal.

173–4. For English ships serving the Grand Duke against the Turk, cf. Clement Edmondes to Sir T. Edmondes, March 6th 1605–6 (Birch): "One Cockaine sent out a ship called 'The Merchant Royal', this last summer, and got her to be entertained of the Duke of Florence to go against the Turks, in which service she took a great galleon of Constantinople of 1200 ton, called the 'Sultana', and belonging to their queen-mother, richly laden at Alexandria with inestimable wealth...For which piece of service our merchants stand in doubt to lose all their goods in Turkey, and to be debarred of their trade in those parts: and Cockaine in the mean time lieth in the Fleet (prison)". Which both illustrates the impecuniousness of such adventurers, and makes it even more intelligible that the Merchants should regard Franklin with no kindly eye (198–9 below).

188–9. *Ship...in the clouds*: the constellation *Argo*.

203. *Beavers*: bevers (O.F. *boivre*, Lat. *bibere*). The word means (1) potation, (2) snack (of food).

211. *past the Line*. Cf. the current saying (used, as it happens, by Raleigh during this very voyage to Guiana—Gardiner, *Hist. of Eng.* III. 114)—"No peace beyond the line". On Raleigh's return Count Gondomar (says Howell in a letter of March 28th 1619) sought audience of the King; and "when he came before him, he said only, *Pirates, Pirates, Pirates*, and so departed".

226. *Projections*: wild-cat schemes, such as provide the butt of Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass*.

230. *I.e.* are specially licensed to cudgel one another.

242. *set up my rest for*: stake my last chance on (*rest* was the player's final stake, his last reserve, in primero).

246. *one day more to'th Week*: see on *F.M.I.* IV. 2. 107.

253. *Sumner*: one who summons persons to appear in court.

274. *reaching*: deep-reaching, far-reaching (*N.E.D.*). There seems here also some association with overreaching.

278. *Phelphare*: fieldfare.

291. *Lord Paramount*: the supreme lord of a fee, with feudatories beneath him, but no suzerain above.

322–30. Cf. Howell to Sir J. M., Knight (*Letters*, 1890, II. 289): "Sir,—I hear that you begin to blow the coal, and offer sacrifice to

Demogorgon, the God of minerals. Be well advis'd before you engage yourself too deep; chymistry I know, by a little experience is wonderful pleasing... but withal 'tis costly, and an enchanting kind of thing; for it hath melted many a fair manor in crucibles, and turn'd them to smoke". (Feb. 1st 1638-9.)

352–3. *in the Commission*: as Justice of the Peace.

356. *Spiritual Court*: the Ecclesiastical Courts, which had jurisdiction in matrimonial cases.

II. I.

Outer stage. Or it seems possible that the inner stage had been closed before the end of I. I and was again brought into use here (cf. "Table"). Only in that case it must have been shut off again before the end of this scene, since it reappears as Camlet's shop at the opening of II. 2.

S.D. *Table*: a survival of a marginal direction in the prompt-copy. It is not clear what the table is for, unless it be for the Eggs and Muskadine.

1. *Eggs and Muskadine*: a common Elizabethan aphrodisiac. Muskadine is muscatel wine.

2. *fulsom*: sickly.

18. *with a witness*: with a vengeance? Cf. *F.M.I.* II. 2. 32.

37. *dead Pays*: see on *A.V.* v. 1. 48.

42. *Banbury*: noted for Puritans.

51. *Sturb[r]idge-Fair*: between Cambridge and Chesterton, one of the chief fairs in England: coaches ran even from London to it.

69–70. Cf. *D.L.* Introd. p. 215.

71. *as mad*: *i.e.* as mad as can be. Cf. *C.C.* II. 3. 15.

71. *Changling*: not here "fool", as Dyce suggests; but "inconstant", "light o' love".

87–8. *conferr'd, And sampled*: brought together and matched.

98–9. *Familists of Amsterdam*: "the Family of Love" founded by Hendrik Niclaes in 1540, and credited by its opponents with promiscuity. Love of humanity seems to have been really their main tenet: they are ridiculed in Middleton's *Family of Love*.

102. *Beaver*: beaver-skin hat.

107. *the Romans*: doubtless with allusion to Cato the Younger's loan of his wife Marcia to Hortensius.

114–6. *choice meat... stomach... another praise* [*it*]: from *Arcadia*, I. (*Wks.* I. 99): "it might fall out in him, as it dothe in some that have delightfull meate before them, and have no stomacke to it, before other folkes prayse it". (H.D.S.)

121. *Supersedeas*: writ to stay legal proceedings; so, in general, "check", "remedy". This supposed local custom is, of course, the theme of *A Cure for a Cuckold*.

129. *habit*: dress.

138. *Table*: the quadrangle of the palm between the lines of Head, of Heart, of Fate, and of Apollo.
142. *Manchet*: finest wheaten flour.
149. *and*: if.
156. *Summer-house*: for the immoral associations of these see on *W.D.* III. 2. 202.
165. *Imparlance*: a plea from the defendant for delay, in the hope of an amicable settlement.
166. *Declaration*: plaintiff's statement of claim.

II. 2.

Inner stage.

3. *Silk-Grograns*: a coarse silk made up with mohair and wool.
4. *Carnadine*: carnation-coloured stuff.
6. *Tobine* = Tabine, Tabby, *i.e.* silk taffeta, waved or watered.
9. *twine*: embrace.
13–5. With a *double entendre*.
34. *Ell*: ell-wand.
52. *deceiving lights*: for this old charge against city tradesmen, see on *D.M.* I. 1. 498.
57. *insufficient*: impotent.
88. *gum'd*: inferior silk and velvet were gummed to give them stiffness and lustre.
101. *poundage*: a commission on what he persuades his employer to buy.
107. *facks*: fay (faith) + kins (the diminutive termination).
115. *Freezado*: frieze (coarse woollen cloth).
136. *for your ears*: as you value them (with allusion to the cropping of felons' ears). Cf. on *A.Y.* II. 3. 20.
145. *Sophy*: Shah of Persia.
178. *stript*: striped.
182. *stript and whipt*: with allusion to Wither's *Abuses Stript and Whipt* (1613).
241. *enforces a Kinsman*: insists that he is her relative.

II. 3.

Outer stage, the inner stage being opened to represent the barber's private chamber at 25.

24. *Cole-harbor*: a collection of mean tenements in Upper Thames St, frequently mentioned as a sanctuary of lawless characters.
30. *L[i]xi[v]ium*: a solution of salts, used as lotion.
31. *Rowlers*: roller-bandages.
31. *Bolsters*: surgical pads.
31. *Pleggets*: pledgets, small compresses.

It may be noted that this Barber-Surgeon, with his revelling in the technical terms of his profession, is own brother to the Surgeon of Middleton's *A Fair Quarrel*.

60. *Subeth*: lethargy, unhealthy sleep (from an Arabic word *subat*, from *sabata*, rest; cf. *Sabbath*).
61. *opilations*: oppilations, obstructions.

III. 1.

Whole stage (the curtains of the inner stage may have been closed at 83 of the last scene).
35. *bottom*: ball of thread.
171–3. An adaptation of Lysander's maxim (Plutarch, *Lysander*, 7) that where the lion's skin was not big enough, it must be pieced out with the fox's; strength, that is to say, supplemented with cunning. Cf. Montaigne I. 5: "Where the Lions-skinne will not suffice, wee must adde a scantling of the Foxes". Webster may have got it thence; but the tag was widely current and recurs both in Nash and in letter-writers of the period, *e.g.* cf. Howell, *Letters* (1890), II. 250: "The French King hath taken Nancy, and almost all Lorraine lately; but he was forc'd to put a fox-tail to the lion's skin . . . before he could do the work". In a more general form, the idea that one must combine the qualities of lion and fox is found in Pindar, *Isthmians*, III. 63: and received a famous restatement in Machiavelli, *Principe*, XVIII.; whence the title of a recent reckless, but vigorous book on Shakespeare by Mr Wyndham Lewis.

III. 2.

Outer stage.
4. *protection*: a writing from the king conferring immunity from arrest. For their abuse cf. Chamberlain to Carleton (Dec. 31st 1612): "We have many bankrupts daily, and as many protections, which doth marvellously hinder all manner of commerce".
18. *Mace*: with a play, of course, on the spice of that name. Sergeants at or of Mace were a special kind of inferior officers of the law.
21. *Man in the Moon*: in Cheapside (Sugden).
22. *Bush*: with allusion to the bush (1) of the inn, (2) of the moon. Similarly with the dog.
25–6. *his body I will beg . . . Anatomy*: see on *D.M.* v. 2. 76–7.
28. *Os* [*Coxendix*]: hip-bone.
40 ff. The pigeon French in this scene has been left as nearly as possible as it stands in Q.
41. *derober*: *desrober* (Germ. *rauben*) can mean "to rob" in old French.
44. *Nihils*: nothings, things of no worth.
54. *Quenailles*: *canailles*.
56. *espet*: *épée*.
71. *News from France*: with reference to short pieces like those found, for instance, in "Overbury's" *Characters*—"News from Spain", "News from Rome", "News from my Lodging".
73. *retarge*: *retardé*.

77. *ou*: *où*.
94. *my Cousin*: *i.e.* cozener.
100. *Fishmonger*: perhaps with a double sense (though this is not essential). Cf. Malone on *Hamlet*, II. 2. 173 (in Furness's *Variorum*), who quotes from Barnabe Rich's *Irish Hubbub*: "Senex fornicator, an old fishmonger".
110. *Turnbull-street*: a street of evil repute; see on *C.C.* IV. 1. 121.
114. *le*: should of course really be *la*. There is an obvious *double entendre*.
116. *Poullens*: *poulain*.
124. *Holy Lamb*: the emblem of the Merchant Taylors.
142. *prest to death*: *la peine forte et dure* for those who refused to plead Guilty or Not Guilty. See on *C.C.* IV. 1. 118.
146. *Cacokenny*: cacochymy, an "ill-humoured" state of the body.
172. *a Principal*: a principal window.
176. *one*: *i.e.* "all one".
179. *brayded*: tarnished, soiled.
180. *London measure*: it was a custom for London drapers to give a certain amount over and above the exact measure.
191. *you will have your Chain*: (1) Rachel, (2) the Alderman's chain.

IV. 1.

Whole stage.

32. *the Commission*: of Justice of the Peace.
43. *coming forth*: about to be published.
59. Scan:

That my *whole* | life is noth|ing but a meer | estate | depend|ing.

62. *durante* [*beneplacito*]: during her good pleasure.
72. *ingeniously*: "ingenuously" and so here "straightforwardly".
81–2. *creatures of the field . . . benefits of Nature*: from Sidney's *Arcadia* (see on *D.M.* III. 5. 25–6).
90. Scan:

On their Death|-bed, they charge | you not | to give | away.

108. *Arches*: with a quibble on the Court of Arches, the provincial Court of the Archbishop of Canterbury, which would be an appeal-court for matrimonial suits.
116–7. *leave Barking*: with a pun—"cease barking".
132. *Wainscot*: yellow like old wainscot. The epithet is applied to the complexions of old women and gypsies.
134–5. Are we to suppose that Saunder is Welsh? Or that the remark is mere "gag".
137. *Acknowledge a Fine and Recovery*. A *fine* was an agreement of a suit, real or fictitious, whereby the lands in question were *acknowledged* to belong to one party (*fine*, because *final*). *Recovery* was a cumbrous method of making a conveyance in fee simple of lands held

in tail. Both were ended by the Fines and Recoveries Abolition Act of 1833.

169. *Clangibbon*: in Munster, once the land of Edmund Fitzgibbon, the White Knight, and granted on his death to Sir Patrick Murray (March 1613): there seem, however, to have been difficulties in the execution of this (see *Cal. State Papers, Ireland*, March 31, 1613, June 9, 1620: *perhaps* a slight indication of the date of the play).

176. *St Patrick's Purgatory* on Lough Derg in Ulster. See Stanyhurst's *Description of Ireland* (in Holinshed), ch. IV.

177. *Purgatory...purchase*: a possible reference to the sale of indulgences. Cf. *Char.* "Usurer", 35.

IV. 2.

Outer stage.

8. *the comodity*: *i.e.* cuckolds.

10. *burst...worst*: the rhyme is probably intentional, and perhaps the sentence should be printed as a couplet.

12. *by five parts*: four fingers and a thumb?

44. *bugle-browd*: horned. Bugle = wild-ox; thence the name passed to the instrument made from its horn.

128. *Bearbinder-lane*: running from St Swithin's Lane to Lombard St, now George St. (Sugden).

130. *St. Mildreds*: N. of the Poultry.

131. *patches...rhume*. Cf. Marston (?), *Pasquil and Kath.* (1601), v. 220: "Blacke patches are worne, Some for pride, some to stay the Rhewme, and Some to hide the scab". Here, of course, they mean bruises.

IV. 3.

Whole stage.

9. *goor*: good.

17. *bestowe your shop*: "spend *in* your shop", if the text is right; but ? *bestowe en your shop*.

18. *soosh anodre*: such another.

20. *rash*: a silk fabric.

23–4. *hair grow thorough*: "his hair grows through his hood" (*i.e.* the holes in it) is a proverbial phrase for extreme poverty.

28. *by my trat*: by my troth.

42. *in a pair of Pantophles*: into a pair of slippers.

63. *with a mischief*: with a vengeance.

68. *lay out*: spend one of my ears.

86. *rides the circuit*: properly of judges or lawyers: here, apparently, of Beaufort's infidelities.

V. 1.

Outer stage. If we imagine the place just outside Cressingham's house-door, in a courtyard or in the street, the appearance of the various

characters who all converge in this scene, ceases to be incomprehensible. Cf. 425, where two of them agree to be judged by the next man they "meet", as if walking out of doors. Dyce is worried by the fact that, in spite of this, Water Chamlet hides "behind the arras", as if indoors. But the arras refers to the stage-hangings (it is only mentioned in the stage directions), and an Elizabethan audience would hardly have troubled further; though the inner stage might represent at need a room off the courtyard.

20. *intends*: considers (a technical law-term).

23 ff. The clear reference to the Gadshill scene of 1 *Hen. IV* (II. 2) found in the Character of "A Purveiour of Tobacco" makes it quite likely that here too Webster has that scene in mind.

53. *finde his pennyworth conscionable*: *i.e.* that the creditor's claim is fair. *Conscionable* = equitable.

64. *Soap-boyler*: see on *D.M.* IV. 2. 111–2.

73. *Dagger-pyes*: the Dagger in Holborn and the Dagger in Cheapside were both famous for pies.

74. *Red letters*: saints' days and church festivals being "red-letter" days in ecclesiastical calendars.

76. *Scarlet*: as alderman.

98. *Water Thin*: with the implication that his beer was *water-thin*. (*Water* = *Walter*.)

100–1. *the groats*: a groat was fourpence. But what particular allusion is meant, I cannot discover. There was no tax on brewing till the end of the century. A tax of 4*d.* per qr. of malt brewed was proposed in Feb. 1620, but nothing came of it (*Cal. State Papers* (*Dom.*) 1619–23, p. 122).

102. *provant Breeches*: breeches supplied to the soldiers (Lat. *praebere*), not provided by themselves—"ration breeches".

103. *Burchen-lane*: Birchen Lane, running from Cornhill to Lombard St and noted for its old-clothes-dealers.

105–6. *the Palatinate*: the English volunteers for its defence, commanded by Sir Horace Vere, embarked in July 1620; Spinola's long threatened invasion followed in August.

110. *the Astrological Tailor*: probably "the prophet Ball"; see on *F.M.I.* v. 2. 77.

127. *plural*: for this jest on pluralities of benefices see on *D.L.* III. 3. 72–3.

174–5. *lightning*. . . *thunder*: possibly this was suggested by the famous quip of Socrates on Xanthippe (*Diog. Laert.* II. 5. 17); when that shrew followed up a storm of abuse by throwing water over the philosopher's head, he merely observed: "Did I not say that the thunder would be followed by rain?" (There were Latin versions of Diogenes from 1570 onwards.)

Those amused by the repetitions in human history may be interested to find the jest reappearing in seventeenth-century France. Madame

la Duchesse de Condé, annoyed with the Latin poet Santeul for not celebrating her, slapped his face; then, when even his good humour showed signs of breaking down, seized a glass of water and threw it over him—"C'est la pluie après le tonnerre". Good temper was restored; and the slap became the subject of a poem by Santeul.

189. *prickt*: a prick being made against the selected names in the list of eligible persons. Cf. *Jul. Caes.* IV. 1, where the Triumvirs "prick" the names of the doomed on the proscription-list.

214. *Capable of*: able to perceive, appreciate.

229. *some Lawyers*: it has not been realized that this is a reference to the famous quarrels of the Chief Justice, Sir Edward Coke, and his Lady. These were brought to a head in 1617 by their disagreement about the marriage of their daughter, whom her father wished to give to Buckingham's elder brother. Lady Coke, dissenting, carried off her daughter; Sir Edward recovered the girl by force; and there were appeals to the Privy Council and informations in the Star Chamber. Thus on May 24th 1617 (see *Cal. State Papers, Dom.*) Chamberlain writes to Carleton: "Lord Coke and his Lady have great wars at the Council table; she declaimed so bitterly against him that it was said Burbage could not have acted better". On July 14th 1621 the same writer mentions that the King has reconciled them; but in the following December she is again being suspected of a plot to ruin Sir Edward in the Star Chamber. See on *D.L.* IV. 1. 33–4 for the feeling at the time, echoed from ballad to stage and stage to pulpit, that the emancipation of women was passing all bounds.

261. *brookes no poison*: for the freedom of Ireland from venomous things see on *W.D.* II. 1. 298–9.

273. *means*: tenors and altos.

280. *stak'd my head*: with the usual play on "horns".

283–4. *execution day . . . after washing day*: is the meaning that executions (*i.e.* seizures of goods for debt) were made on the clean linen every week in Knaves-bee's house?

295. *Macrio*: Fr. *maquereau*, pander.

301. *five mark*: with, of course, a pun—Lord Beaufort had kicked him at each of the five names (a mark = 13*s.* 4*d.*).

304. *Wet-leather Boots*: ? waterproof boots, waders.

305. *Queen-hive*: Queenhithe (really so-called because given by King John to his mother Eleanor), a quay in Upper Thames St. The legend, dramatized in Peele's *Edward I*, was that Eleanor of Castile, being a wicked Spaniard, murdered the Mayoress of London, and then, denying her guilt, prayed that the earth might swallow her if she lied. Forthwith she sank into the ground at Charing Cross and rose again at Queenhithe (whence the name), only to die a little later, after confessing all her crimes.

318. *dead Commodities*: *i.e.* unsaleable.

336. *Phillip . . . Cheyney*: "Philip and Cheyney" was a kind of worsted

material; also a proverbial phrase (sometimes "Philip, Hob, and Cheyney") = "Tom, Dick, and Harry".

343. *Birchen-lane*: the haunt of old-clothes-dealers.

346. *the cause in handling*: because he is holding George's hand.

355–8. For the supposed bewitchedness of the stormy Bermudas see on *D.M.* III. 2. 307; and for its hogs *D.L.* III. 2. 100.

365. *George*: jewelled figure of St George, pendant of the collar of the Order of the Garter.

367. *Bermothes*: the point is that the name was applied also to a disreputable district in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden.

370. *Hellbree*: an island in the Dee between Cheshire and Flintshire.

370. *Divellin*: Dublin.

373. *Cunning-man*: one who used supernatural means to recover stolen goods; cf. *F.M.I.* II. 2. 85 and see on *D.M.* II. 3. 27–8.

411. *buoy'*: be with ye. See on *W.D.* I. 2. 76.

426. *Common-Council-man*: member of the Common Council of London.

432. *Jus Jurandum*: oath.

433. *Capistrum*: halter.

443–4. *Gula...Cervix*: throat...neck.

460–1. S.D. (Selenger is really Young Cressingham's wife.)

469–70. Obscure: perhaps—"You with your odds and ends of legal pedantry will regard it as an even worse offence that I did it for gain". Or *You* may be addressed to Beaufort and *ends of Law* be a contemptuous phrase for the attorney Knaves-bee.

483. *yesternight* appears to be the subject of *allow'd*.

502. *your punishment*: your tyrannical wife.

527. *that*: appears to agree with *fire*, though the construction seems strangely German, not to say hideous. The alternative is to suppose that a word has dropped out after *that* such as *plague*; or to take *that* as a pronoun = *that fault*. Neither is satisfactory.

533–4. These unfortunate pieces of apparatus had already been broken once (I. 1. 332).

553. *sol*: the note G in the natural scale of C major.

564. *persons'*: parsons'.

581–2. *chair of maintenance*: apparently on the analogy of "cap of maintenance"; and so = "chair of state".

604. *Sperma[ceti]*: fatty substance from sperm-whale, used for bruises.

611 ff. Cf. Dante, *Inferno*, XXXIII. 126 ff., where the same theory is expounded.

TEXTUAL NOTES

ANYTHING FOR A QUIET LIFE

For editions, see Bibliography. In the notes that follow

Q = the Quarto of 1662 (Brit. Mus. 162. d. 31).
D = Dyce's edition of Middleton, 1840.
B = Bullen's edition of Middleton, 1885 (hardly differs from Dyce).

As with the Characters and *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, only the more significant variants are recorded. Almost all the verse in the play is printed as prose in Q. Slight variations in the arrangement of lines as compared with DB are not mentioned. There are places where islands of verse appear mixed up with prose, as if the first draft of the passage had been metrical, the second changed to prose. So that in a number of cases it is hard to know whether prose or metre was finally intended. It might be thought that it was simply a matter of blank-verse rhythm having got unconsciously into the author's head; but a passage like IV. 2. 66–9, where the order of the words is almost unthinkable in prose, makes strongly against this. On the other hand in a few places I have preferred to leave doubtful prose rather than chop it up into bad verse.

PROLOGUE

7. *cease* has no rhyme. Perhaps it originally rhymed with *peace* in the previous line; and then, the passage being altered, was left isolated.

I. 1.

54. [*Master*]] *Mr.* Q (and so throughout).
*89. [*p*]*arcels*] *farcels* QDB. D tries to explain this non-existent word by derivation from "to farce" = "stuff". But cf. Middleton, *Michaelmas Term*, III. 1. 167. (I have since found the same conjecture in Deighton.)
91. *-mill*[*s*] DB: *-mill* Q.
109. *Object*[*s*] DB: *Object* Q.
116. [*George*] DB: *Franck* Q.
*154. *Fustian-and-Apes* Q: D queries *Naples* for *Apes*: B suggests that the breeches were threadbare like an ape's bare buttocks! But the text is quite right—see Commentary. (Q has no hyphens.)
213. *here* [*i*]*s* DB: *here's* G.
238. *has*] should, very likely, be *h'as* (he has).
300. *Stuff*[*s*] DB: *Stuff* Q (clearly final *s* tended to be indistinct in the MS. of this play).
364. *eve*[*n*] DB: *ever* Q.
364. *the*[*n*]] *there* QDB (D queries *then*).

II. 1.

99, 116. [*it*] Q omits.

II. 2.

S.D. After *Chamlet*, Q adds *his wife Rachel.*

74. *said* QDB: strict grammar, of course, demands *say*, but the text may well be right.

109. ∧ *how* D: *for how* QB.

192. *Protest*[*s*]] *Protest* QDB (which might, of course, ="I protest").

*197. *for that*—] no stop in QDB (*for that* = *because*): DB put dashes before and after *I con him thanks.*

*209. [*too*]] *so* QDB. (For confusion of *s* and *t* in the MS. cf. the constant misprinting of *Preputium* as *Prepusium* in II. 3: and *too* is frequently spelt *to.*)

*231. *l*[*i*]*ve*] *love* QDB: it seems clear from the next line that *live* is right. Chamlet cannot *live* without his wife.

242. [*she*] DB: Q omits. An alternative is to read *calls* [*her*] *cousin.*

II. 3.

25. DB mark here a new scene (II. 4). But the curtains of the "study" are merely opened without any break in the action.

27. *Cauterize*[*r*] DB: *Cauterize* Q.

30. *L*[*i*]*xi*[*v*]*ium* D suggests: *Luxinium* QDB (so throughout).

71. *Thief!*—] *Thief,* Q: no stop in DB.

III. 1.

*34–5. Q has commas, DB semicolon and colon, after *help it* and *fear not*: and all three have no stop after *length* (*thing* being the object of *bring* and *you* ethic dative).

*59. *rid on't. Yet?*] *rid on't yet:* Q: *rid on't yet!* DB. This last seems very unconvincing: I would sooner read *rid on't: yet pray you.*

66. [*t*]*here*] *here* QDB.

*88. [*I*]] *you* QDB. But what is the sense of the remark? With the emendation I have proposed, the sense would be: "this woman has been so forward in inviting me to take liberties with her, that I expect she will be the same with you". Or: "I am dismissed? You'll find she'll dismiss you too".

140. *grace*[*d*]] *grace* QDB.

157. *corrupt* [*a*] DB: *a corrupt* Q.

172. *Becomes not the body when* [*it*] *is*]...*when 'tis* Q: *Becomes the body not* ...*when 'tis* DB.

III. 2.

28. *Os* [*Coxendix*] DB: *Oscox Index* Q.

29. *Thor*[*ax*] DB: *Thoric* Q.

31. *Gentleman and Yeoman* Q: *Gentlemen and Yeomen* DB.

40 ff. I have left this stage-French practically as in the old text; it is quite intelligible, and much more individual than D and B's modernized and corrected version.

50. [*s*]*es*] *ces* Q.

54. *ass*[*ie*]*ge*] *asseige* Q.

58. *s*['*ils*]] *si* Q.

76. *qu'*[*e*]*n chan*[*ge*]*ant*] *quan chansant* Q.

81–3. *M*[*on*]...*M*[*a*]: *Ma*...*Man* Q.

165. *candi[e]d* DB: *candid* Q.
168. ∧ *United* DB: *The united* Q.
190. *liberty;* Q: *liberty,* DB (probably rightly).
192. [*ears*] DB: *years* Q.

IV. 1.

20. [*a*]*s* DB: *is* Q.
49–98. Prose in QDB.
62. [*beneplacito*]] *bene placita* QDB.
63. (*And her*] *And* (*her* Q.
90. [*their*] DB: *your* Q.
*173. [*Blackwater*]] *black water* QDB: but it is sufficient to realize that Clangibbon is in County Cork and look at a map, to see that the change is needed.
*173. *C[u]ssacks*] *Cossacks* QDB. But what should Cossacks be doing in Ireland? Cusack or Cussack is a well-known Irish name. Sir T. Cusack (1490–1571) was Lord Chancellor of Ireland and performed important services in Munster.

IV. 2.

S.D. [*Enter*] *Knaves-bee*] Q, marking no new scene, has: *manet Knaves-bee.*
3. [*Enter Knaves-bee's Wife*]] placed before 1 in Q.
25. [*thoughts*] DB: Q has omitted something—very probably this word.
66–9. It seems that this speech must have been originally verse, from the inverted order of the words *has so much left to him Of arrable Land* (for *has left him so much*). As it stands 69 has to become an Alexandrine. It is *possible* that the metre was meant here to be mock-heroic: but it seems likelier to be a survival from a metrical first draft. As prose in DB.

IV. 3.

*17. *stof* [*a*]] *stofa* QDB. But, for *a* = *of* in this pigeon-English, cf. *speak a de matra* above. And *of* is needed by the sense.
40. [*be*] DB: *by* Q.

V. 1.

DB, making the act open in *A Street,* have to change the scene to Cressingham's house at 117, though there is clearly no break intended, and to *A Room* at 270: it seems simpler, by a slight stretch of probability to make the whole Act happen continuously just outside Cressingham's house, perhaps in its courtyard, so far as it is anywhere definite.
7. *course*[*s*] DB: *course* Q.
68. ([*Shows*] *Indenture*)] Q has simply *Indenture, i.e.* an instruction, written in the play-house copy, to have that property available. Cf. *Map, Stooles out, Table,* etc., elsewhere.
117. DB here change the scene to Cressingham's house.
180. *extreamly*] *extreamly,* QDB (rather misleading).
214. *merit; nothing of duty!* Q: *merit, nothing of duty.* DB (*i.e.* nothing capable = quite incapable).
241–60. As prose in QDB.
270. *shee* [*i*]*s* DB: *shee's* Q.
270. Here DB mark a new scene.
274. [*is*]...[*f*]*idling* DB: *his*...*sidling* Q.

295. [*kicks him*]] I have added what seems a necessary stage direction.
301–2. *payment;...thus,*] *payment,...thus!* Q.
469. [*make*] DB: *makes* Q (which might stand).
474. *'Tis come already* Q: *It is already come* DB (perhaps rightly).
476–7. *at the best...you.* Q: *the best...you at.* DB.
480. *ca*[*me*] DB: *can* Q.
523–35. Prose in QDB.
534. *demolish*[*e*]*d*] *demolish'd* QDB (all print the passage as prose).
542. *kn*[*e*]*w* DB: *know* Q.
594. [*hire*] DB: *her* Q.

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

DATE

THE play was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert on Jan. 22nd 1626. An earlier limit, on the other hand, has been found in a reference to the Massacre of Amboyna (IV. 2. 256–7), the news of which reached England in May 1624.

There are, however, I think, yet narrower limits. In IV. 2. 81 (see Commentary) there seems to be a pretty certain allusion to Captain Gain(s)ford the gazette-maker. It is in the past tense, as if he were no longer living. And Gainsford did in fact die in the week preceding Sept. 4th 1624. (Cf. too the allusions to Nathaniel Butter: see on IV. 2. 79.)

Further, in V. 2. 77 (see Commentary) reference is made to one Ball, a tailor, who had wagered sums on the truth of his prophecy that James I would be crowned in the Pope's Chair. He is spoken of as having now lost his money: and this would naturally occur when James died, on March 27th 1625.

It is fairly safe then, I think, to suppose that the play was finished in 1625 (see also Metrical Appendix).

SOURCES

For the disowning of Cesario by his mother see the discussion of the sources of *The Devil's Law-Case*. Further, the story of a mother palming off a supposititious child, then conceiving a genuine one when it is too late, and also the suggestion of incest in V. 3 recall the plot of *A King and No King*: while the opening dialogue between Cesario and Clarissa naturally reminds the reader of Laertes' warning to Ophelia and, perhaps also, of Ferdinand's to the Duchess of Malfi.

The story of Bianca and Cesario is supposedly based on one of the *Novelas Exemplares* of Cervantes, *La Illustre Fregona*, though the resemblance is really very slight. The tale merely relates how two young gentlemen go off disguised on a frolic; one, falling in love with the maidservant at an inn, persuades his friend to take service there with him; and after various complications the youths are discovered by their fathers, while the maidservant proves to be the long-lost sister of the hero's friend. And so all ends with a happy marriage. (See Koeppel, "Quellenstudien zu den Dramen Ben Jonson's, John Marston's, und Beaumont and Fletcher's", *Münchener Beiträge*, XI. 1895.)

AUTHORSHIP

The play was licensed as Fletcher's (Jan. 22nd 1626); possibly with the idea that the name of a famous writer newly dead might add to its popularity. For it has long been held that Fletcher's share was really very small; and over thirty years ago R. Boyle (*Transactions of the New Shakespere Society* 1880–6, p. 610: *Englische Studien* (1887), x. 391–3) brought evidence, in the shape of parallel passages, for assigning to Massinger I., III. 2, and V. 3. But while there has since then been fairly general agreement about Massinger's share, the question who was Massinger's partner, has produced such divergent answers that they had better be given in tabular form.

	Massinger	Fletcher	Rowley	Others
Fleay	I. 1–2; V. 3	I. 3; II. 1; III. 2; IV. 1	—	The rest by Jonson
Boyle	I.; III. 2; V. 3	IV. 1	II.; III. 1; IV. 2; V. 1–2	—
E. H. C. Oliphant* (*Engl. Studien*, XV. 342–4	I.; III. 2 b; IV. 1 a, c; V. 3 a, c	IV. 1 (part)	II. 3–4; IV. 2 b; V. 1 b, 2, 3 b	Portions by Beaumont
A. H. Cruickshank (*Massinger*, 1920)	I.; V. 3	The rest	—	—
H. D. Sykes (*N. & Q.* 1915; *Sidelights on Eliz. Drama*, 1924)	I.; III. 2; V. 3	—	—	The rest by Webster, and also parts of III. 2 and V. 3: *except* IV. 1 by Ford, of whom there are also traces elsewhere

* I have not given all the minor details of Mr Oliphant's division, which are very intricate.

A. H. Bullen (*D.N.B.* "J. Fletcher") gives the play mainly to Massinger and Rowley; G. C. Macaulay (*Camb. Hist. of Eng. Lit.* (1910) VI. 140) to Massinger and another.

Against the evidence of Fleay, Oliphant, and Cruickshank, nothing can be said; for they give none. Nor does Boyle bring reasons for his attributions to Rowley and Fletcher, though he gives parallels for Massinger. It remains then, Massinger's hand being generally agreed on, to summarize and supplement the evidence by which Sykes with

his usual quiet thoroughness has, I think, settled the authorship of the rest of the play. I can add only some more parallels, and some metrical evidence (for details, see Metrical Appendix) which, while in other respects providing strong confirmation of his views, rather enlarges the probable share of Ford.

I. 1–3 (Massinger).

For parallels with Massinger's other plays, see Boyle. The percentage of feminine endings for the act as a whole (46·85) points the same way.

II. 1 (Webster).

99–100: Yet I have runne my sword quite through your heart,
And slightly hurt your sonne.

Cf. *D.L.* III. 3. 245–6:

You have given him the wound you speake of
Quite thorow your mothers heart.

(From the *Arcadia*; repeated in *C.C.* IV. 2. 34; cf. 165–6 below.)

162: Whatsoever he dares doe, that I dare suffer.

Cf. *W.D.* IV. 2. 147:

What dar'st thou doe, that I not dare to suffer...?

Cf. also: 73–4, *D.L.* II. 3. 76; 90–5, *D.L.* IV. 2. 301–5; 125, *W.D.* II. 1. 206–7, *D.L.* V. 4. 122–3.

Note too: 44 (goe, goe); 55 (of all men breathing); 109 (fall o' th leafe); the repeated use of "protest" and of equivocations.

II. 2 (Webster).

Cf. 29–31, *D.M.* II. 1. 27–30 (from Montaigne); 32–4 (with a witnesse), *A.Q.L.* II. 1. 18–9; 40–1 (borrowing from "Overbury"); 58 (Owle-light), *D.M.* IV. 2. 360; 95–6 (cozen...travaild...Lotterie), *C.C.* III. 1. 44–5, *A.Q.L.* I. 1. 234–5; 119–20 (stale it), *A.Q.L.* I. 1. 272.

Note too: 61 (every way so noble); 68 (Right my daughter!); 73 (Leave your prating); and the name Forobosco (cf. *D.M.*, which probably derived it from Marston).

II. 3 (Webster).

Cf. 24 (O my fury!), *W.D.* V. 2. 15, etc.; 27 ("eminent", a very favourite word), *A.V.* V. 1. 166.

II. 4 (Webster).

The opening of the scene recalls Ferdinand and the Duchess of Malfi (cf. especially 35–46).

57–8: Which as I ne're had Magick to foresee
So I could not prevent.

Cf. *D.M.* III. 2. 91–2: so unhappy, to foresee
What we can least prevent.

(From the *Arcadia*: cf. *W.D.* v. 6. 181.)
Cf. also: 46, *W.D.* III. 3. 35; 63, *W.D.* III. 2. 310–1.

III. 1.

This scene and the next show signs of all three collaborators.

For Webster, cf. 86–90, *D.M.* IV. 2. 312–7, 343, 352–3; 127, *W.D.* II. 1. 149; 130, *W.D.* III. 3. 84–6.

Of Ford's[1] presence the first obvious indication is provided by the curious and very characteristic contractions "t'ee", "d'ee" (see H. D. Sykes, *Sidelights on Elizabethan Drama*, p. 188).

Cf. also 103 ("injury to sweetnesse"; and again in IV. 1. 8–9 "injury To gratfulnesse", IV. 1. 173–4 "injury and infamy To goodnes"), *Lady's Trial*, v. 2. p. 166 A ("injury to goodness").

For Massinger, cf. (H.D.S.) 193–4:

Never dwelt ignorance
In so sweet-shap't a building

with *The False One*, v. 1 (a Massinger scene):

ugly Treason
Durst never dwell in such a glorious building.

But on the whole Massinger's share remains doubtful; there are rather similar passages in Ford; and the relations between Cesario and Bianca throughout the play are certainly Ford's in the main.

III. 2.

Metrical grounds incline me to think that this scene must be *mainly* Ford's; 71 per cent. of feminine endings suggests either Ford[2] or Fletcher. And Ford's claim is supported by a certain number of verbal parallels as well.

The traces of Webster are very faint, though one is occasionally reminded of the phrasing of *D.L.* IV. 2 (cf. too 273 "You resolve nobly"): but this might be explained by the similarity of the circumstances.

[1] The evidence for Ford's share in the play (first suggested by Mr William Wells) I owe entirely to the kindness of Mr H. D. Sykes, who put in my hands his unpublished notes on the subject. For reff. to Ford and Massinger I have used the 1840 edition of both in one vol., with introd. by H. Coleridge (p. 20 A = p. 20, left-hand column; p. 20 B = p. 20, right-hand column).

[2] There is a discussion of Ford's metre by Pierce in *Anglia*, XXXVI. 142–3 (1912). The frequent triple endings in this scene are also characteristic of his work.

On behalf of Massinger Boyle pointed out one very characteristic piece of phrasing in 4–7. For Ford, cf. 122–3:

disclaime
All interest in *Albertos* blood,

with *Lady's Trial*, II. 2 (p. 153 A):

I may curse
The interest you lay claim to in my blood.

(Similarly in *The Broken Heart*, I. 2. p. 50 B.)

Note too: 61 (partage; cf. *Perkin Warbeck*, III. 3. p. 110B, v. 3. p. 121 B).

IV. 1 (Ford).

This charming scene shows clearer signs of Ford's authorship.

17: My fate springs in my owne hand and Ile use it.

Cf. *'Tis Pity*, v. 5. p. 45 A: I hold fate
Clasp'd in my fist.

Broken Heart, I. 3. p. 53 B:

Ingenious fate has leapt into mine arms.

29–31: This visit...
By how much more twas unexpected, comes
So much the more timely.

Lady's Trial, IV. 1. p. 160 A:

But my husband's honours
By how much more in him they sparkle clearly,
By so much more...

(Similarly *Perkin Warbeck*, I. 2. p. 101 A.)

Cf. also: 94 (first fruits of my heart), *Love's Sacrifice*, I. 2. p. 77 A); 105, *Spanish Gipsy*, v. 1; 114, *The Queen*, II. 1391–4; 277–81, *Spanish Gipsy*, v. 1.

Note too: 64–5 (Or...or); 169, 218 (pledge); 211 (oraculously).

IV. 2 (Webster).

With Forobosco return the clear marks of Webster's work.

368: Wee will instantly to bed, and there be married.

Cf. *D.L.* I. 2. 298–9:

— To avoyd which, we will instantly be maried.
— To avoid which, get you instantly to bed together.

Cf. also: 28–31, *D.M.* IV. 2. 104–6; 83–4, *Char.* "An Excellent Actor", 32–3; 101–2, *C.C.* I. 1. 125–6; 116–7, *A.Q.L.* I. 1. 246; 142, *W.D.* III. 3. 6–7; 225, *D.M.* I. 1. 367; 256–7, *D.L.* IV. 2. 11–3; 335, *D.M.* II. 3. 29–30.

v. 1 (Webster).

113: Which ever in all actions crownes the end.

Cf. *D.M.* (last line):

Which noblely (beyond Death) shall crowne the end.

Cf. also: 87–8, *D.L.* 1. 2. 259–60 (from the *Arcadia*). And note the name Prospero which seems to occur only here, in *D.L.*, and in the first version of *Every Man in his Humour*, outside Shakespeare.

v. 2 (Webster).

6–8: — We must remove.
— Whither?
— Any whither.

Cf. *D.L.* v. 1. 43–4:
— Whither?
— No matter, any whither.

Cf. also: 40 (Lord Paramount); 63–4, *D.M.* v. 2. 337–8.

v. 3.

This seems mainly Massinger's up to 297, where Forobosco and the Clown appear: for Webster's hand at the close cf. 311, *Char.* "Quack-salver", 4; 331–3, *D.L.* v. 5. 68–70.

The distribution of the play becomes, then, as follows:

I. Massinger.
II. Webster.
III. 1. Ford, Webster, ? Massinger.
III. 2. Ford, Massinger, ? Webster.
IV. 1. Ford.
IV. 2–V. 2. Webster.
V. 3. Massinger, Webster

THE PLAY

The plot of this Elizabethan tragi-comedy, like so many of its fellows, is based upon a fundamental improbability. Its central episode is a sort of Judgment of Solomon. In the old stories a woman for certain ends disowns her own son (as in *The Devil's Law-Case*); "Very well," says the judge, "marry him"; and of course she is miserably exposed. The particular improbability of the present play lies in the motive ascribed to the woman: for we are asked to believe that a mother comes before the Duke and has her son disinherited, as being really the son of a falconer, simply because she is afraid he may come to harm in a family-feud. The danger is not even very pressing, and the motive seems hardly credible. However there it is; it bothers one at every reading of the play; and yet it is a pity to be obsessed with this one fairy-tale improbability to such a degree as to miss the real merits of the piece. It is not a great work: but it contains a good deal of vigorous comedy, and one most lovable character—worthy indeed of an even better play—Bianca, the Maid of the Inn. She is worthy also of a better lover than Cesario, who is however an excellently lifelike rendering of a selfish, self-satisfied young man, not without a hint of better qualities. He begins, in his warnings to his sister Clarissa, by reminding us inevitably of Laertes with Ophelia: but in that masterly and moving episode, seemingly by Ford, where Bianca offers him her hand, like her he springs into a vivid and individual life of his own. It is far the best single scene in the play and one of the most charming in all its author's work. The presence, on the other hand, of Massinger brings with it here that level dignity so characteristic of his writing, the superiority of which to the mass of contemporary drama is too seldom recognized. For though Massinger is less happy than many of his fellows at tickling the ears of the collector of poetic specimens, yet if he seldom flies so high as other Elizabethans, he seldom sinks to their depths; he knew, too, better than almost any of them how to make a play. And that must be allowed to be some merit in a playwright, even an Elizabethan one. For purple patches are after all not so effective a stage-costume as less gorgeous, but less piecemeal finery; and Massinger in his plots, his characters, his diction, keeps a mean that, if not golden, is seldom of base metal. Both for better and worse, he is slower than his more poetic rivals to forget himself: and so here, even if he may be responsible for only a fraction of the play, we should perhaps give him credit for the rapidity and smoothness with which its action (apart from its one fundamental improbability) hastens from its opening to its close. As for Webster,

in his share of the main-plot he seems less himself than the collaborator of Massinger; but in the comedy of Forobosco and his Clown, he strikes out a line of his own at once characteristic and new. It is not great work, but it is much cleverer than most Elizabethan humour ("sad stuff" mainly) and in a different world from the facetiousness of *Anything for a Quiet Life*; I must confess to being so childish as to laugh every time I read the scene of Forobosco's triumph (IV. 2). In fine, were we asked to produce for some enquiring foreigner a specimen of the Jacobean drama after the great age, which should justly represent, not its very highest level, but its general merits, we might choose far worse than *The Fair Maid of the Inn*.

THE FAIRE MAIDE OF THE INNE

[The Fair Maid of the Inn.

A Tragi-comedy.

The Persons represented in the Play.

Duke of Florence.

Cesario, *a young Gentleman of a fiery nature, Son to* Alberto.

Albertus, *Father to* Cesario, *Admiral of* Florence.

Baptista, *a brave Sea-Commander, antient friend to* Albertus, *and Father to* Mentivole *and* Biancha.

Mentivole, *Son to* Baptista, *Lover of* Clarissa.

Prospero, *a noble friend to* Baptista.

Two Magistrates *of* Florence.

Host, *the supposed Father to* Biancha.

Forobosco, *a cheating Mountebank.*

Clown, *the Mountebank's man, and setter.*

Three Gentlemen.

Secretary *to the Duke.*

Dancer,
Taylor,
Mulitteer,
Pedant,
} *Four fools and knaves, who pretend love to* Biancha, *the Fair Maid of the Inn.*

[Clarke.]

[Coxcombe.]

[Physition, Chirurgeon, Bishop, Magistrates, Courtiers, Attendants,] Sailors.

Women.

Mariana, *wife to* Albertus, *a virtuous Lady.*

Clarissa, Mariana's *Daughter, in love with* Mentivole.

Juliana, *Neece to the Duke of* Genoa, Baptista's *second wife.*

Biancha, *the Fair Maid of the Inn, beloved of* Cesario, *and Daughter to* Baptista *and* Juliana.

Hostess, *the supposed Mother of* Biancha.

The Scene, Florence.]

[Prologue.

Plays have their fates, not as in their true sence
They're understood, but as the influence
Of idle custom, madly works upon
The dross of many-tongu'd opinion.
A worthy story, howsoever writ
For Language, Modest Mirth, Conceit or Wit,
Meets oftentimes with the sweet commendation
Of "hang't, 'tis scurvy," when for approbation
A Jigg shall be clapt at, and every rhime
Prais'd and applauded by a clamorous chime.
Let ignorance and laughter dwell together,
They are beneath the Muses pity. Hither
Come nobler Judgements, and to those the strain
Of our invention is not bent in vain,
The Fair Maid of the Inn *to you commends*
Her hopes and welcomes, and withal intends
In th' Entertains to which she doth invite ye,
All things to please and some things to delight ye.]

THE FAIRE MAIDE OF THE INNE.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCAENA PRIMA.

[Alberto's House.]

Enter Cæsario, and Clarissa.

CESARIO.

INterpret not *Clarissa*, my true zeale
In giving you councell, to transcend the bounds
That should confine a brother; tis your honour,
And peace of mind (which, honour l[o]st, will leave you)
I labour to preserve, and though you yet are
Pure and untainted, and resolve to be so:
Having a Fathers eye, and Mothers care
In all your wayes to keep you faire, and upright...
In which respects my best advices must
Appeare superfluous; yet since love deere sister
Will sometimes tender things unnecessary,
Misconster not my purpose.

CLARIS. Sir, I dare not:
But still receive it as a large addition,
To the much that I already stand ingagd for,
Yet pardon me, though I professe upon
A true examination of my selfe,
Even to my private thoughts, I cannot finde
(Having such strong supporters to uphold me)
On what slight ground the least doubt can be raisd
To render me suspected I can fall,
Or from my fame or vertue.

CÆSAR. Far be it from me,
To nourish such a thought; and yet excuse me,
As you would doe a lapidary, whose whole fortunes
Depend upon the safety of one Jewell,
If he think no case pretious enough
To keep it in full lustre nor no locks,
Though lending strength to Iron doores, sufficient
To gard it, and secure him; you to me are

A Gemme of more esteeme, and prizd higher
Then Usurers doe their muck, or great men title.
And any flaw (which heaven avert) in you,
(Whose reputation like a Diamond
Cut newly from the rock, women with envie,
And men with covetous desires look up at)
By prying eyes discovered, in a moment
Would render what the braveries of *Florence*
For want of counterpoize forbeare to cheapen,
Of little or no value.
CLARIS. I see brother
The mark you shoot at, and much thank your love;
But for my Virgin Jewell which is brought
In comparison with your Diamond, rest assurd
It shall not fall in such a workmans hands
Whose Ignorance or Malice shall have power
To cast one cloud upon it, but still keep
Her native splendor.
CESARIO. Tis well, I commend you;
And study your advancement with that care
As I would doe a Sisters, whom I love
With more then common [ardour].
CLARIS. That from me,
I hope's returnd to you.
CESARIO. I doe confesse it,
Yet let me tell you (but still with that love,
I wish to increase between us) that you are
Observd, against the gravity long maintaind
In *Italy* (where to see a mayd unmaskd
Is held a blemish), to be over frequent
In giving or receiving visits.
CLARI. How?
CESAR. Whereas the custome is here to wooe by picture,
And never see the substance: you are faire,
And beauty drawes temptations on; You know it—
I would not live to [see] a willing grant
From you to one unworthy of your birth,
Feature or fortune; yet there have been Ladies
Of ranck, proportion, and of meanes beyond you,
That have prov'd this no miracle.
CLARIS. One unworthy?
Why pray you gentle brother, who are they
That I vouchsafe these bounties to? I hope
In your strict Criticisme of me, and my manners,
That you will not deny they are your equalls.
CESAR. Angry?

CLARIS. I have reason, but in cold bloud tell me,
Had we not one Father?
CESAR. Yes, and Mother to[o].
CLARIS. And he a Sou[l]dier?
CESAR. True;
CLARIS. If I then borrow
A little of the boldnesse of his temper,
Imparting it to such as may deserve it;
(How ere indulgent to your selves, you brothers
Allow no part of freedome to your sisters)
I hope 'twill not passe for a crime in me,
To grant accesse and speech to noble suitors;
And you escape for innocent, that descend
To a thing so far beneath you. Are you touchd?
Why did you think that you had *Giges'* ring,
Or the herbe that gives invisibility?
Or that *Bianchas* name had ne'r bin mentiond;
The faire mayd of the grand Osteria, brother?
CÆSARIO. No more!
CLARIS. A little, brother. Your night walkes,
And offerd presents; which coy she contemnd—
Your combats in disguises with your rivalls,
Brave *Muletiers*, Scullions perfum'd with grease,
And such as cry meat for Cats, must be rememberd;
And all this pother for a common trull,
A tempting signe, and curiously set forth,
To draw in riotous guests, a thing exposd
To every Ruffians rude assault; and subject
For a poore salary, to a rich mans lust,
Though made up of diseases!
CÆSAR. Will you end yet?
CLARIS. And this a Mistris for *Albertus'* sonne,
One that I should call sister?
CÆSAR. Part not with
Your modesty in this violent heate; the truth is,
(For you shall be my Confessor) I love her,
But vertuously; report that gives her out
Only for faire, and adds not she is chast,
Detracts much from her: for indeed she is,
Though of a low condition, composd
Of all those graces, dames of highest birth,
Though rich in natures bounties, should be proud of;
But leave her, and to you, my neerest care,
My dearest best *Clarissa*. Doe not think
(For then you wrong me) I wish you should live
A barren Virgin life; I rather ayme at

A noble husband, that may make you mother
Of many children, one that when I know him
Worth your embraces, I may serve, and sue to:
And therefore scorne not to acquaint me with
That man, that happy man, you please to favour.
CLARIS. I ever purposd it, for I will like
With your allowance:
CESAR. As a pawne of this;
Receive this ring, but ere you part with it
On any tearmes, be certaine of your choice;
And make it knowne to me.
CLARIS. You have my hand for't;
CESAR. Which were it not my sisters, I should kisse
With too much heate.
CLARIS. My Father, and his guests Sir.

Enter Servants with lights, Alberto, Baptista, Mariana, Mentivole.

ALBER. O my old friend, my tryde friend; my *Baptista*:
These dayes of rest, and feasting, sute not with
Our tougher natures—those were golden ones,
Which were enjoyd at Sea; thats our true Mother:
The Land's to us a stepdame; there we sought
Honour, and wealth through dangers; yet those dangers
Delighted more then their rewards, though great ones,
And worth the undertakers: here we study
The Kitchin arts, to sharpen appetite,
Dulde with abundance, and dispute with Heaven,
If that the least puffe of the rough Northwinde,
Blast our [vines'] burthen, rendring to our Palats
The charming juice lesse pleasing; whereas there
If we had bisket, powderd flesh, fresh water:
We thought them *Persian* delicates, and for musicke
If a strong gale but made the maine yard cracke,
We dancde to the lowd minstrell.
BAPTIST. And feard lesse,
(So far we were in love with noble action)
A tempest then a calme.
ALBER. Tis true *Baptista*;
There, there, from mutuall aydes lent to each other,
And vertuous emulation to exceed
In manly daring, the true schoole of friendship,
We learnt those principles, which confirmd us friends
Never to be forgot.
BAPTIST. Never I hope.
ALB[E]R. We were married there—for bells the roring Cannon

Aloud proclaimd it lawfull, and a prize
Then newly tane and equally divided,
Servd as a dowry to you, then stild my wife;
And did enable me to be a husband,
Fit to encounter so much wealth though got
With bloud and horror.

MARIA. If so got, tis fit Sir,
Now you possesse it, that you should enjoy it
In peace, and quiet; I, your sonne, and daughter
That reape the harvest of your winters labour,
Though debtors for it yet have often trembled,
When in way of discourse, you have related
How you came by it.

ALBER. Trembled? how the softnesse
Of your sex may excuse you, Ile not argue,
But to the world, how ere I hold thee noble,
I should proclaime this boy some cowards bastard,
And not the Image of *Albertus*' youth:
If when some wishd occasion calls him forth,
To a brave tryall, one weake artery
Of his should show a feaver, though grim death
Put on a thousand dreadfull shapes to fright him;
The Elements, the sea and all the windes
We number on our compasse, then conspiring
To make the Scæn more ghastly; I must have thee
Sirra, I must, if once you graple with
An enemies ship, to boord her, though you see
The desperat Gunner ready to give fire,
And blow the deck up—or like *Cesars* Souldiour,
Thy hands like his cut off, hang by the teeth,
And die undanted.

MARIA. I even dye to heare you:
My sonne, my lov'd *Cesario* runne such hazards!
Blesd Saints forbid it: you have done enough
Already for one family, that rude way;
Ile keep him safe at home, and traine him up
A compleat Courtier: may I live to see him,
By sweet discourse, and gracious demeanor,
Winne, and bring home a faire wife, and a rich;
Tis all I rest ambitious of.

ALBER. A Wife!
As if there were a course to purchase one
Prevailing more then honourable action!
Or any Intercessors move so farre,
To take a Mistris of a noble spirit,
As the true fame of glorious victories,

Achievd by sweat and bloud! ô the brave dames
Of warlike *Genoa*! they had eyes to see
The inward man, and only from his worth,
Courage and conquests the blind Archer knew
To head his shafts, or light his quenched torch,
They were proofe against them else.
No Carpet Knight
That spent his youth in groves, or pleasant bowers;
Or stretching on a Couch his lazy limbes,
Sung to his Lute such soft and melting notes,
As *Ovid*, nor *Anacreon* ever knew,
Could work on them, nor once bewitch their sense;
Though he came so perfumd as he had robd
Sabæa, or *Arabia*, of their wealth;
And stord it in one sute:
I still remember,
And still remember it with joy *Baptista*,
When from the resceu of the *Genoa* fleete,
Almost surprizd by the *Venetian* Gallies,
Thou didst returne, and wert receivd in triumph.
How lovely in thy honord wounds and scars
Thou didst appeare! what worlds of amorous glances
The beauties of the City (where they stood,
Fix'd like so many of the fairest starrs)
Shot from their windowes at thee! how it firde
Their blouds to see the Enemies captive streame[r]s
Borne through the streets! nor could chast *Juliana*
The Dukes faire *Neece*, though garded with [her] greatnesse,
Resist this gallant charge, but laying by
Disparity of fortune from the object,
Yeelded her selfe thy prisoner.

BAP. Pray you chuse
Some other theame.

MARI. Can there be one more pleasing?

BAP. That triumph drew on me a greater torture—
And tis in the remembrance little lesse—
Then ever Captive sufferd.

MARI. How? to gaine
The favour of so great a Lady?

BAP. Yes,
Since it prov'd fatall—t'have bin happy Madam
Adds to calamity, and the heavie losse
Of her I durst not hope for, once injoyd,
Turnes what you thinke a blessing to a curse,
Which griefe would have forgotten.

ALBER. I am sorry

I touchd upon it.
MARIA. I burne rather Sir,
With a desire to heare the story of
Your loves, and shall receave it as a favour,
Which you may grant.
BAP. You must not be denyde,
Yet with all brevity I must report it;
Tis true faire *Juliana* (*Genoas* pride)
Enamord of my actions, likd my person;
Nor could I but with joy meet her affection;
Since it was lawfull, for my first wife [was] dead.
We were closly married, and for some few months
Tasted the fruits of't; but malitious fate,
Envying our too much happinesse, wrought upon
A faithlesse servant, privie to our plot,
And Cabinet Councellor to *Juliana*,
Who either for hope [of] reward, or feare,
Discoverd us to the incensed Duke:
Whose rage made her close prisoner, and pronouncd
On me perpetuall banishment: some three yeares
I wanderd on the Seas, since entertaind
By the great Duke of *Florence*; but what fate
Attended her or *Prospero* my friend,
That stayd at *Genoa*, to expect the issue,
Is yet uncertaine. *Enter a Gentleman.*
ALBER. From the Duke:
BAP. Hee's welcome,
To end my forc'd relation.
ALBER. Signior *Baptista*;
The great Dukes will commands your present eare.
GENT. It points indeed at both of you;
BAP. I wait it.
ALBER. In, *Mariana*, to your rest.
BAP. Nay leave us,
We must be private.
MARIA. Stay not long *Cæsario*:
Exeunt. Mane[n]t Cæsario, Mentivole.
MENTIVO. So, these old men vanishd, tis allowd,
That we may speake, and how so ere they take
Delight in the discourse of former dangers,
It cannot hinder us to treate a little
Of present pleasures.
CÆSARIO. Which if well injoyd,
Will not alone continue, but increase
In us their friendship.
MENT. How shall we spend the night?

To snore it out like drunken Dutchmen, would
Sort ill with us *Italians*. We are made
Of other metall, fiery, quick, and active;
Shall we take our fortune? and while our cold fathers
(In whom long since our youthfull heates were dead,)
Talke much of *Mars*, serve under *Venus*' Ensignes,
And seeke a Mistris?

CÆSAR. Thats a game deere friend,
That does admit no [rivall] in chase of it,
And either to be undertooke alone,
Or not to be attempted.

MENT. I'le not presse you:
What other sports to entertaine the time with
The following morning?

CÆSAR. Any that may become us.

MENTI. Is the *Neapolitan* horse the *Vi[c]eroy* sent you,
In a fit plight to runne?

CÆSAR. So my Groom tells me,
I can boast little of my horsmanship;
Yet upon his assurance, I dare wager
A thousand Crowns, 'gainst any horse in *Florence*,
For an eight myle course.

MENTI. I would not win of you,
In respect you are impatient of losse:
Else I durst match him with my Barbary
For twice the summe.

CÆSAR. You doe well to excuse it,
Being certain to be beaten.

MENTI. Tush! You know
The contrary.

CESAR. To end the controversie,
Put it to tryall, by my life ile meete you *Enter Clarissa.*
With the next rising sunne.

MENTI. A match. But here
Appeares a [*Cynthia*], that scornes to borrow
A beame of light from the great eye of Heaven:
She being her selfe all brightnesse; how I envie [*Cesario kisses her.*]
Those amorous smiles, those kisses, but sure chast ones
Which she vouchsafes her brother!

CLARIS. [*to Cesario*] You are wanton:
Pray you think me not *Biancha*, leave I pray you;
My Mother will not sleep before she see you,
And since you know her tendernesse, nay fondnesse,
In every circumstance that concernes your safety,
You are not equall to her.

CESAR. I must leave you,

But will not faile to meet you.
MENTI. Soft sleepes to you.
Within MARIANA. *Cesario!*
CLARIS. You are calld againe.
CESAR. Some sonnes
Complaine of too much rigor in their Mothers;
I of too much indulgence; you will follow? *Exit.*
CLARIS. You are her first care, therefore leade the way.
MENT. [*aside*] She staies: blest opportunity, she staies!
As she invited conference—she was ever
Noble, and free; but thus to tempt my frailty,
Argues a yeelding in her; or contempt
Of all that I dare offer; stand I now
Consulting? No, ile put it home.
CLARIS. Who waites there?
More lights!
MENTI. You need them not, they are as usel[e]sse,
As at noone-day; can there be darknesse, where
Nature, then wisely liberall, vouchsafd
To lend two Sunnes?
CLARIS. *Hyperboles!*
MENTI. No, truths.
Truths, beauteous virgin—so my lovesicke heart
Assures me, and my understanding tels me
I must approach them wisely—should I rashly
Presse neare their scortching beams, they would consume me
And on the contrary should your disdaine
Keepe me at too much distance, and I want
Their comfortable heate, the frost of death
Would seise on all my faculties.
CLA. Pray you pause sir.
This vehemency of discourse must else needs tire you.
These gay words take not me, tis simple faith,
Honest integrity, and lawfull flames
I am delighted with:
MENT. Such I bring with me,
And therefore Lady—
CLA. But that you tooke me off
Ere I came to a period...I had added
A long experience must bee requird
Both of his faith and trust with whom a virgin
Trafficks for whats dearest in this life,
Her libertie, and honor; I confesse
I oft have viewd you with an eye of favour,
And with your generous parts the many tenders
Of doing me all faire offices, have woone

A good opinion from me.
MENT. Oh speake ever,
I never heard such musick;
CLA. A Playne tune sir:
But tis a hearty one; when I perceive
By evident proofes, your aimes are truly noble,
And that you bring the Engines of faire love,
Not of foule lust, to shake and undermine
My maiden fortresse: I may then make good
What now I dare not promise.
MENT. You already
In taking notice of my poore deservings,
Have beene magnificent, and twill appeare
A frontlesse Impudence to aske beyond this—
Yet qualifie, though not excuse my error,
Though now I am ambitious to desire
A confirmation of it.
CLA. So it wrong not
My modesty to grant it;
MENT. Tis far from me—
I only am a sutor, you would grace me
With some toy, but made rich in that you wore it,
To warrant to the world that I usurp not
When I presume to stile my selfe your servant—
A riband from your shooe—
CLA. You are too humble,
Ile think upon't; and something of more value
Shall witnesse how I prize you—it growes late,
Ile bring you to the doore.
MENT. You still more binde me. *Exeunt.*

[ACTUS PRIMUS. SCAENA SECUNDA.]

[*The Duke's Palace.*]

Ent. Duke of Florence, Alberto: Baptista: Magistrates, And Attendants.

DUKE. You finde by this assur'd intelligence
The preparation of the *Turke* against us.
We have met him oft and beate him; now to feare him
Would argue want of courage, and I hold it
A safer policie for us and our signories
To charge him in his passage ore the sea
Then to expect him here.
ALB. May it please your highnesse
Since you vouchsafe to thinke me worthy of

This great imployment, if I may deliver
My judgment freely, tis not flattery
Though I say my opinion waits on you,
Nor would I give my suffrage and consent
To what you have propos'd, but that I know it
Worth the great speaker, though that the deniall
Cald on your heavie anger. For my selfe
I do professe thus much, if a blunt Soldier,
May borrow so much from the [oy'ld-]tongu'd Courtier,
(That ecchoes what so ere the Prince allowes of)
All that my long experience hath taught me
That have spent three parts of my life at sea,
(Let it not tast of arrogance that I say it)
Could not have added reasons of more waite
To fortifie your affections, then such
As your grace out of observation meerly
Already have propounded.

BAP. With the honor
To give the daring enemy an affront
In being the first opposer, it will teach
Your Soldiers boldnesse: and strike feare in them
That durst attempt you.

1. MAGI. Victualls and ammunition,
And mony too, the sinewes of the war,
Are stor'd up in the *Magazine*.

2. MAGI. And the gallies
New rigd and traind up. And at two dayes warning
Fit for the service.

DUKE. We commend your care,
Nor will we ere be wanting in Our counsailes,
As we doubt not your action; you *Baptista*
Shall stay with us; that Merchant is not wise
That ventures his whole fortunes in one bottome.
Albert[o], be our Admirall, spare your thankes,
['Tis] merit in you that invites this honor,
Preserve it such; ere long you shall heare more—
Things rashly undertaken end as ill,
But great acts thrive when reason guides the will. *Exeunt.*

[ACTUS PRIMUS. SCAENA TERTIA.]

[*An open place.*]

Enter 3. *Gentlemen.*

1. No question twas not well done in *Cæsario*
To crosse the horse of younge *Mentivole*,
In the middest of [his] course.
2. That was not all,
The switching him duld him—
3. Would that both the jades
Had broke their necks, when they first started; ['slight],
We stand here prateing, give them leave to whisper...
And when they have cut one anothers throats, *Enter Mentivole,*
Make in to part em. *and Cesario.*
2. There is no such hazard,
Their fathers freindship, and their love forbid it;
See where they come!
1. With fury in their lookes.
MENT. You have the wage[r], with what fowle play got
Ile not dispute:
CÆSAR. Fowle play!—
MENT. I cannot speak it
In a fairer language, and if some respects
Familiar to my selfe chaind not my tongue,
I should say ∧ more. I should—but Ile sit down,
With this disgrace; how ere, presse me no farther.
For if once more provokd, youl understand
I dare no more suffer an Injury
Then I dare doe one—
CÆSAR. Why sir are you injur'd
In that I take my right which I would force,
Should you detaine it?
MENT. Put it to judgement.
CÆSAR. No
My will in this shall carrie it—
MENT. Your will?
Nay farwell softnes then. *They sodainly drawe.*
3. This I foresaw—
2. Hold hold!—
CÆSAR. I am hurt.
2. Shift for your selfe, tis death.
MENT. As you respect me, beare him off with care—
If he miscarry since he did the wrong,
Ile stand the shock of't.
2. Gently, he will faint else.

MENT. And speedily, I beseech you; my rage over *Exeunt. Gent.*
That pourd upon my reason clouds of error, *with Cæsario.*
I see my folly, and at what deare losse
I have exchangd a reall innocence
To gaine a meere fantasticall report,
Transported only by vaine popular wind,
To bee a daring nay foole-hardie man. *Ent. Baptista.*
But could I satisfie my selfe within here,
How should I beare my fathers frown[s]? They meet me,
My guilt conjures him hither.
BAP. Sirra:
MENTIV. Sir:
BAP. I have met the trophies of your ruffian sword:
Was there no other Anvile to make triall
How far thou durst be wicked, but the bosome
Of him which under the adulterate name
Of friendship thou hast murder['d]?
MENT. Murderd sir?
My dreams abhor so base a fact; true valor
Imployd to keepe my reputation faire,
From the austerest judge can never merit
To be branded with that title; you begot me
A man, no coward; and but call your youth
To memory—when injur'd you could never
Boast of the Asses fortitude, slavelike patience:
And you might justly doubt I were your sonne,
If I should entertaine it; if *Cæsario*
Recover, as I hope his wound's not mortall,
A second tryall of what I dare doe
In a just cause, shall give strong witnesse for me
I am the true heire to *Baptistas* courage
As to his other fortunes.
BAPTIST. Boy, to neither,
But on this strict condition, which intreaties
From Saints, nay Angels, shall not make me alter.
A friendship so beg[u]n, and so continu'd
Betweene me and *Alberto* my best friend,
Your brawles shall not dissolve; it is my will
And as I am thy father, I command thee,
That instantly on any tearms, how poore
So ere it skils not, thou desire his pardon
And bring assurance to me [he] has sign'd it,
Or by my fathers soule ile never know thee,
But as a stranger to my blood; performe it,
And suddainly without reply—I have said it.
MENT. And in it given a heavier sentence on me

Then the most cruell death; you are my father
And your will to be servd, and not disputed
By me that am your sonne: but ile obey,
And though my heart-strings crack for't, make it known,
When you command, my faculties are your own. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCAENA PRIMA.

[*Alberto's House.*]

Enter Alberto, Physition, and a Chirurgion.

PHYS. Have patience, Noble Sir; your sonne *Cæsario*
Will recover without question.
SURGEON. A slight wound.
Though it peirc't his body, it hath miss'd the vitals.
PHYS. My life for't, he shall take the aire againe
Within these 10. daies.
ALBER. O but from a friend,
To receive this blody measure from a friend!
If that a man should meete a violent death
In a place where he had taken sanctuary,
Would it not grieve him? such all Florence held
Their friendship, and tis that which multiplyes
The injury.
PHYSI. Have patience worthy Signior.
ALBER. I doe protest as I am man and soldier,
If I had buried him in a wave at sea,
(Lost in some honorable action)
I would not to the saltnesse of his grave
Have added the least teare; but these quarrels *Enter Mariana,*
Bred out of game and wine—I had as lief *and Clarissa.*
He should have died of a surfeit.
MARIA. Oh what comfort?
How is it with our son Sir?
ALBER. His Work-masters
Beare [me in] hand here as my Lawyer does,
When I have a crackt title, or bad sute in Law,
All shall goe well.
MARIA. I pray you Gentl[emen],
What think you of his wound?
PHYSI. Tis but a scratch,
Nothing to danger.
CLARIS. But he receiv'd it from a friend,
And the unkindnesse tane at that, may kill him.
MARI. Let me see him:
PHYSI. By no meanes, he slumbers.

MARI. Then I cannot beleive you, when you tell me
There's hope of him.
ALBER. Yet many Ladyes
Doe give ʌ more faith to their Physition
Then to their Confessor.
CLARIS. O my poore lost brother,
And friend more deere then brother.
ALBER. More loud instruments
To disturbe his slumbers! goe, goe, take Caroch:
And as you love me, you and the Girle retire
To our Summer-house, i'th Country; ile be with you
Within these two dayes.
MARIA. I am yours in all things,
Though with much sorrow to leave him. *Exeunt Maria. Claris.*
ALBER. I pray you Gentlemen,
With best observance tend your Patient;
The losse of my heire Male, lies now a-bleeding.
And think what payment his recovery *Exeunt Phisition, Chirur.*
Shall showre upon you. *Enter Mentivole.*
Of all men breathing,
Wherefore doe you arrive here? are you mad?
My injury begins to bleed afresh
At sight of you; why this affront of your[s]
I receive more malitious then the other.
Your hurt was only danger to my sonne:
But your sight to mee is death; why come you hither?
Do you come to view the wounds, wᶜʰ you have made?
And glory in them?
MENTI. Rather worthy Sir,
To powre oyle into them.
ALBER. I am a Souldier Sir,
Least part of [a] Courtier, and understand
By your smooth oyle
Your present flattery.
MENTI. Sir, for my Fathers sake acknowledge me
To be borne a Gentleman, no slave; I ever
Held flatterers of that breed; do not misconstrue
In your distaste of me, the true intent
Of my comming hither, for I doe protest
I doe not come to tell you I am sorry
For your sonnes hurt.
ALBER. Not sorry?
MENTI. No not sorry;
I have, to the lowest ebbe, lost all my fury:
But I must not lose my honesty; twas he
Gave heate unto the injury, which returnd

(Like a Petar ill lighted into'th bosome
Of him gave fire to't) yet I hope his hurt,
Is not so dangerous, but he may recover;
When if it please him call me to account,
For the losse of so much bloud, I shall be ready
To doe him noble reason.
ALBER. You are arm'd me thinks
With wondrous confidence.
MENTI. O with the best Sir;
For I bring penitence, and satisfaction.
ALBER. Satisfaction? Why I heard you say but now,
You were not sorry for his wounds.
MENTI. Nor am I:
The satisfaction which I bring Sir, is to you;
You are a Gentleman ne'r injurd me;
One ever lov'd my Father, the right way,
And most approv'd of noble amity.
Yet I have runne my sword quite through your heart,
And slightly hurt your sonne; for't may be feard,
A griefe tane at these yeares for your sonnes losse,
May hazard yours: And therefore I am sent
By him that has most interest in your sorrow;
Who having chid me almost to the ruin
Of a disheritance, for violating
So continued and so sacred a friendship
Of 50. winters standing: such a friendship,
That ever did continue like the spring;
Ne'r saw the fall o'th leafe; by him I am sent
To say the wrong I have done Sir, is to you:
And that I have quite lost him for a Father,
Untill I finde your pardon; nay there followes
A waightier deprivation; his estate
I could with a lesse number of sighes part with.
Fortune might attend my youth, and my deservings
In any Climate: but a Fathers blessing,
To settle and confirme that fortune, no where;
But only here. Your pardon, give me that;
And when you have done, kill me; for tis that
Takes from me the effect of excommunication;
A Fathers heavie curse.
ALBER. Nay, may that curse
Light on himselfe, for sending thee in this minute:
When I am grown as deafe to all compassion,
As the cruellest Sea-fight, or most horrid tempest,
That I had drownd i'th Sea a thousand duckets,
Thou hadst not made this visit! Rash young man,

Thou tak'st me in an ill Planet, and hast cause
To curse thy Father; for I doe protest,
If I had met thee in any part o'th world,
But under my own roofe, I would have killd thee.
Within there! *Enter Physitian, Chirurgion, and Servants.*
Looke you!
Here's a triumph sent
For the death of your young Master.
SERV. Shall we kill him?
ALBER. No, Ile not be so unhospitable; but Sir,
But my life, I vow to take assurance from you,
That right hand never more shall strike my sonne.
MENTI. That will be easily protested.
ALBER. Not easily,
When it must be exacted, and a bloudy seale to't.
Bind him, and cut off's right hand presently:
Faire words shall never satisfie foule deeds.
Chop's hand off.
MENTI. You cannot be so unrighteous,
To your own honour.
PHY. O sir, collect your selfe;
And recall your bloudy purpose.
ALBER. My intents of this nature,
Do ever come to action.
CHIRUR. Then I must fetch
Another stickler. *Exit.*
ALBER. Yet I doe grieve at heart;
And I doe curse thy Father heartily,
That's the cause of my dishonour; sending thee
In such an houre, when I am apt for mischiefe:
Apt as a Dutchman after a Sea-fight,
When his Enemy kneeles afore him; come dispatch.
PHYS. Intreate him Noble Sir;
MENTI. You shall excuse me;
Whatsoever he dares doe, that I dare suffer.

Enter Cesario, and Chirurgion.

CESAR. Oh sir, for honours sake stay your foule purpose,
For if you do proceed thus cruelly,
There is no question in the wound you give him,
I shall bleed to death for't.
ALBER. Thou art not of my temper,
What I purpose, cannot be alterd. [*Enter Servant.*]
SERV. Sir; the Duke
With all speed expects you. You must instantly
Ship all your followers, and to sea.

ALBER. My blessing
Stay with thee upon this condition—
Take away his use of fighting; as thou hop'st
To be accounted for my son, perform't. *Exit.*
CESAR. You heare what I am injoynd [to].
MENTI. Pray thee take it,
Only this ring, this best esteemed Jewell...
I will not give't to'th hangman chops it off;
It is to[o] deare a relique. Ile remove it
Nearer my heart.
CESAR. [*aside*] Ha, that ring's my sisters.
The ring I injoynd her never part withall
Without my knowledge; come sir, we are friends:
Pardon my fathers heate, and melancholy;
Two violent Feavers which he caught at Sea,
And cannot yet shake off: only one promise
I must injoyne you to, and seriously.
Hereafter you shall never draw a sword
To the prejudice of my life.
MENTI. By my best hopes
I shall not.
CESAR. I pray deliver me your sword
On that condition.
MENTI. I shall Sir, may it hereafter
Ever fight on your part!
CESAR. Noble Sir, I thank you;
But for performance of your vow, I intreat
Some gage from you.
MENTI. Any Sir.
CESAR. Deliver me that ring.
MENTI. Ha, this ring? indeed this Jewell bindes me,
If you knew the vertue of it, never more
To draw my sword against you.
CESAR. Therefore I
Will have it.
MENTI. You may not.
CESAR. Come: you must.
I that by violence could take your hand,
Can inforce this from you; this is a token Sir,
That we may prove friends hereafter. Fare you well.
PHYS. Why did you ceise his sword Sir?
CESAR. To perform
What my Father bade me—I have for the present
Tane away his use of fighting.
PHYS. Better so,
Then take that which your Father meant. *Exeunt. Manet Mentivole*

MENTI. Was ever the like usage? ô that ring
Dearer then life!—wh[i]ther is honour fled?
Cesario, thou art unmanly in each part,
To seize my sword first and then split my heart. *Exit.*

[ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCAENA SECUNDA.]

[*The Inn.*]

Enter Host, and Clowne.

HOST. Thy Master that lodges here in my Hosteria, is a rare man of art, they say hee's a Witch.

CLOW. A witch? Nay hee's one step of the Ladder to preferment higher, he is a Conjurer?

HOST. Is that his higher title?

CLOW. Yes, I assure you, for a Conjurer is the Devills Master, and commands him; whereas a witch is the Devills Prentice and obeys him.

HOST. Bound Prentice to the Devill!

CLOW. Bound and inrolld I assure you, he cannot start; and therefore I would never wish any Gentleman to turne Witch.

HOST. Why man?

CLOW. Oh he looses his gentility by it, the Devill in this case cannot helpe him, he must go to the Herald for new armes beleeve it.

HOST. As I am true Inkeper, yet a Gentleman borne, Ile ne'r turne witch for that trick—and thou hast bin a great Traveller?

CLOW. No indeed, not I Sir;

HOST. Come you are modest.

CLOW. No I am not modest, for I told you a lye, that you might the better understand I have bin a traveller.

HOST. So sir!—they say your Master is a great Physitian too.

CLOW. He was no foole told you that, I assure you.

HOST. And you have beene in *England*? But they say Ladies in *England* take a great deale of Physick.

CLOW. Both wayes, on my reputation.

HOST. So tis to be understood: but they say Ladyes there take Physick for fashion.

CLOW. Yes sir, and many times dye to keep fashion.

HOST. How? dye to keep fashion!

CLOW. Yes, I have knowne a Lady sicke of the small [Pocks], onely to keepe her face from Pitholes, take cold, strike them in againe, kick up the heeles and vanish.

HOST. There was kicking up the heeles with a witnesse.

CLOW. No Sir; I confesse a good face has many times bin the motive to the kicking up of the heeles with a witnesse: but this was not.

Enter Hostesse, and Bianca.

HOST. Here comes my wife and daughter.

CLOW. You have a prety commodity of this night-worm?

HOST. Why man?

CLOW. She is a pretty lure to draw custome to your ordinary.

HOST. Dost think I keep her to that purpose?

CLOW. When a Dove-house is empty, there is cumin-seed used to purloine from the rest of the neighbours; In *England* you have severall Adamants, to draw in spurres and rapiers; one keeps silk-worms in a Gallery: A Milliner has choice of Monkies, and Paraketoes; another shewes bawdy East Indian Pictures, worse than ever were *Aretines*, a Goldsmith keeps his wife wedged into his shop like a Mermaide, nothing of her to bee seene (thats woman) but her upper part.

HOST. Nothing but her upper part?

CLOW. Nothing but her upper bodies, and he lives at the more hearts ease.

HOST. Whats the reason?

CLOW. Because her neather part can give no temptation; by your leave sir, ile tend my Master, and instantly bee with you for a cup of Cherelly this hot weather.

HOST. A nimble-pated rascall!—come hither daughter,
When was *Cesario* here?

BIAN. Sir not this fortnight.

HOST. I doe not like his visits, commonly
He comes by Owle-light, both the time and manner
Is suspitious; I doe not like it.

BIAN. Sir, the Gentleman
Is every way so noble, that you need not
Question his intent of comming; though you did,
Pray Sir preserve that good opinion of me,
That though the custome of the place I was borne in
Makes me familiar to every guest,
I shall in all things keep my selfe a stranger
To the vices they bring with them.

HOSTIS. Right my daughter!
She has the right straine of her mother.

HOST. Of her mother!
And I would speake, I know from whence she took it
When I was as young I was as honest.

HOSTIS. Leave your prating,
And study to be drunk; and abuse your guests over, and over.

Enter Forobosco, and Clowne.

HOST. Peace wife. My honourable guest!—

FORO. My indeard Landlord! And the rest o'th complements o'th house.

HOST. Breakfast is ready Sir; it waites only the tide of your stomack.

CLOW. And mine gapes for't like a stale Oyster. Ere you goe to bed, faile not of that I pray.

FORO. We will instantly be with you; now we are all fellowes. Nine

Exeunt all but Forobosco, and Clowne.

a clock, and no clyents come yet!—sure thou dost not set up bills enough.

CLOW. I have set up bills in abundance.

FORO. What bills?

CLOW. Marry for curing of all diseases, recovery of stolne goods, and a thousand such impossibilities.

FORO. The place is unlucky.

CLOW. No certaine, tis scarcity of mony; doe not you he[a]re the Lawyers complain of it? men have as much malice as ever they had to wrangle, but they have no mony: wh[i]ther should this mony be [travell'd]?

FORO. To the Devill I think.

CLOW. Tis with his cofferer I am certaine, that's the Usurer.

FORO. Our cheating does not prosper so well as it was wont to doe.

CLOW. No sure, why in *England* we coo'd cozen 'em as familiarly, as if we had travaild with a Briefe, or a Lotterie.

FORO. I'th Low-countries we did prety well.

CLOW. So so, as long as we kept the Mop-headed butter-boxes sober; marry when they were drunke, then they grew buzards: You should have them reel their heads together, and deliberate; your Dutch-man indeed when he is foxt, is like a Fox; for when hee's sunke in drink, quite earth to a mans thinking, tis full Exchange time with him, then hee's subtlest; but your Switzer—'twas nothing to cheate him.

FORO. Nothing?

CLOW. No nor conscience to bee made of it; for since nature afore-hand cozend him of his wit, twas the lesse sinne for us to cozen him of his mony.

FORO. But these Italians are more nimble-pated, wee must have some new trick for them—I protest but that our Hostisse daughter is a sweet lasse, and drawes great resort to'th house, we were as good draw teeth a horseback.

CLOW. I told 'em in the Market-place you could conjure, and nobody would beleeve me: but ere long I will make 'em beleeve you can conjure, with such a figuary!

FORO. What language shal's conjure in? high *Dutch* I thinke, that's full i'th mouth.

CLOW. No, no, *Spanish*, that roares best; and will appeare more dreadfull.

FORO. Prethee tell me thy conceit thou hast to gull them.

CLOW. No, no, I will not [stale] it; but my dear Jews-trump—for thou art but my instrument, I am the plotter—[*whispers to him*]... and when we have cozen'd 'em most titely, thou shalt steale away the

Innkeepers daughter, I'le provide my selfe of another moveable: and wee will most purely retire our selves to *Geneva*.

FORO. Thou art the compasse I saile by. [*Exeunt.*]

[ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCAENA TERTIA.]

[*Baptista's House.*]

Enter Baptista and Mentivole.

[BAPT]. Was ever expectation of so Noble
A requitall answered with such contumely!
A wild *Numidian* that had suck't a Tigresse,
Would not have bin so barbarous; did he threat
To cut thy hand off?

MENT. Yes Sir, and his slaves
Were ready to perform't.

BAPT. What hindred it?

MENT. Onely his sonnes intreaty.

BAPT. Noble youth,
I wish thou wert not of his blood; thy pitty
Gives me a hope thou art not.

MENT. You mistake Sir,
The injury that followed from the sonne,
Was worse then the fathers; he did first disarme
And tooke from me a Jewell which I prize
Above my hand or life.

BAP. Take thy sword from thee!
He stole it like a thiefe rather, he could not
I'th field deprive thee of it.

MENT. He tooke it from me,
And sent me forth so thinne, and so unmade up,
As if I had bin a Foote-boy.

BAP. O my fury!
I must now aske thee forgivenesse, that my rashnesse
Bred out of too much friendship, did expose thee
To so eminent a danger; which I vowe
I will revenge on the whole Family:
All the calamities of my whole life,
My banishment from *Genoa*, my wifes losse
Compar'd to this indignity is nothing;
Their Family shall repair't; it shall be to them
Like a plague, when the Dog-star reignes most hot:
An *Italians* revenge may pause, but's ne're forgot. *Exit.*

MENT. I would I had conceal'd this from my father,
For my interest in *Clarissa*; my care now
Must be to untangle this division,

That our most equall flames may be united;
And from these various and perturbed streames
Rise like a sweet morne after terrible dreames. *Exit.*

[ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCAENA QUARTA.]

[*Alberto's House.*]

Enter Clarissa and Cæsario.

[CLAR.] I am happy in your recovery—
CÆSAR. And I Sister,
Am ever best pleased in your happinesse:
But I [miss] a toy should be on your finger.
CLAR. My Ring—this morning when I wash't
I put it off, 'tis in my windowe.
CÆS. Wher's your Looking-glasse?
CLAR. Here Sir. [*Takes it from her girdle.*]
CÆS. 'Tis a faire one.
CLAR. 'Tis pure Chrystall.
CÆS. Can a Diamond cut in Crystall? let me see,
I'le grave my name in't.
CLAR. Oh, you'l spoyl my glasse.
[CÆS.] Would you not have your brother in your eye?
I had thoug[h]t he had bin Planted in your heart,
Looke you, the Diamond cuts quaintly, you are cozen'd,
Your Crystall is too britle.
CLAR. [*aside*] 'Tis the Ring
I gave unto *Mentivole*, sure the same.
You put me to amazement Sir, and horror;
How came you by that ring?
CÆS. Does the blood rise?
CLAR. Pray Sir resolve me, ô for pitty doe;
And take from me a trembling at the heart,
That else will kill me: for I too much feare
Nothing but Death could ravish i[t] from his hand
That wore it.
CÆSAR. Was it given to *Mentivol[e]*
On that condition?
CLAR. Tell me of his health first.
And then I'le tell you any thing.
CESAR. By my life he's well,
In better health then I am.
CLAR. Then it was, Sir.
CÆSAR. Then shall I ever hate thee, oh thou false one;
Hast thou a Faith to give unto a friend,
And breake it to a brother? did I not

By all the tyes of blood importune thee
Never to part with it without my knowledge?
Thou might'st have given it to a Muliter,
And made a contract with him in a stable
At as cheap a price of my vengeance: never more
Shall a Womans trust beguile me; You are all
Like Reliques: you may well be look't upon,
But come a man to'th handling of you once,
You fall in peeces.

CLAR. Dear Sir, I have no way
Look't either beneath reason or my selfe
In my election; there's parity in our blood,
And in our fortunes, ancient amity
Betwixt our parents: to which wants nothing,
But the fruit of blest marriage between us,
To add to their posterities: nor does now
Any impeachment rise, except the sad
And unexpected quarrell which divided
So noble and so excellent a friendship,
Which as I ne're had Magick to foresee
So I could not prevent.

CÆSAR. Well you must give me leave
To have a hand in your disposing—I shall
In the absence of my father be your Guardian;
His Suit must passe through my office. *Mentivole*—
He has too much of my blood already; he has,
And he gets no more of't——

Enter Mariana and a Sailor.

Wherefore weep you mother?

MARIAN. 'Tis occasion'd by a sorrow,
Wherein you have a childs part, and the mainest—
Your Father's dead.

CÆSAR. Dead!

MARIAN. There's one can relate the rest.

SAILOR. I can Sir—
Your Father's drown'd, most unfortunately drownd.

CESAR. How? in a tempest?

SAILOR. No Sir, in a calme,
Calme as this evening; the Gunner being drunk,
Forgot to fasten the Ordnance to their ports,
When came a suddain gust which tumbled them
All to the starboord side, o'returnd the ship,
And sunck her in [a] moment—some six men
That were upon the deck were saved: the rest
Perish't with your Father. [*Exit.*]

CLARIS. O my dearest Father——
CESAR. I pray thee leave us. [*Exit Clarissa.*]
MARIA. I have a sorrow of another nature,
Equall to the former.
CESAR. And most commonly
They come together.
MARIA. The Family of the *Baptisti*
Are growne to faction, and upon distast
Of the injury late offerd in my house,
Have vowd a most severe, and fell revenge
'Gainst all our family, but especially
'Gainst you my deere *Cæsario.*
CÆSAR. Let them threat,
I am prepard to oppose them.
MARIA. And is your losse then
Of so easie an estimation?—what comfort
Have I but in your life?—and your late danger
Presents afore me what I am to suffer,
Should you miscarry; therefore ile advise you
When the Funerall is over, you would travaile,
Both to prevent their fury, and weare out
The injury.
CESAR. No Mother, I will not travaile,
[*aside*] So in my absence he may marry my Sister,
I will not travaile certaine. [*Exit.*]
MARIA. O my *Cæsario,*
Whom I respect and love 'bove my owne life,
Indeed with a kind of dotage!—he shall never
Goe forth a doores, but the contrary faction
Will indanger's life, and then am I most wretched.
I am thinking of a strange prevention,
Which I shall witnesse with a bleeding eye—
Fondnesse sometimes is worse then cruelty. *Ex*[*it*].

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCAENA PRIMA.

[*The Inn.*]

Enter Host, Hostesse, and Bianca.

HOST. Haunted, my house is ha[u]nted with goblins. I shal be frighted out of my wits, and set up a signe only to invite carriers and Foot-posts; scar-crows to keep off the Cavelrie, and Gentry of the best rank. I will naile up my doors, and wall up my girle (wife) like an Anchoresse; or she will be ravisht before our faces, by rascalls and cacafugo's (wife) cacafugo's.

HOSTESSE. These are your In-comes, remember your own proverb,

the savour of every gaine smelt sweet; thank nobody but your selfe for this trouble.

HOST. No gaulling (deere Spouse) no gaulling—every dayes new vexation abates mee two inches in the wast—terrible pennance for an Host—Girle, girle, girle, which of all this gally-maufry of mans flesh appears tolerable to thy choice; speak shortly, and speak truly: I must and will know, must and will; he[a]re ye that?

BIAN. Sir, be not jealous of my care and duty;
I am so far from entertaining thoughts
Of liberty, that much more excellent objects
Then any of such co[a]rse contents as these are,
Could not betray mine eye to force my heart,
Conceive a wish of any deerer happinesse
Then your direction warrants. I am yours sir.

HOSTESSE. What thinks the man now? is not this strange at 13?

HOST. Very good words, ther's a tang in 'em, and a sweet one, tis musicke (wife) and now I come t'ee. Let us a little examine the severall conditions of our Paragraphisticall suitors. The first, a travailing Tailor, who by the mistery of his needle and thimble, hath surveyd the fashions of the French, and English; this Signior Ginger-bread stitcht up in the shreds of a gaudy outside, sowes lineings with his crosse-legd complement, like an Ape doing tricks over a staffe, cringes, and crouches, and kisses his fore-finger.

HOSTESSE. Out upon him!

HOST. A second, a lavolteteere, a saltatory, a dancer with a Kit at his bum, one that by teaching great *Madon[n]as* to foot it, has miraculously purchast a ribanded wastcote, and foure cleane paire of socks; a fellow that skips as hee walkes, and instead of sensible discourse vents the curious conceit of some new tune stolne from a Maske, or a bawdie dittie elevated for the Pole Artick of a Ladies chamber—in that fyle stands another of your inamoratoes.

HOSTESSE. Hang him and his fiddle together, hee never fidles any child of ours.

HOST. The third, a Mongrell, got by a Switzer on an Italian—this puppy, being left well estated, comes to *Florence*, that the world may take notice, how impossible it is for experience to alter the course of nature—a foole (wife)—and indeed a Clown turnd gallant, seldom or never proves other then a gallant foole—this toy prates to little purpose other then what's a clock, shall's go drink, d'ee forsooth, and thank ye heartily; I feare no art in him to catch thee, and yet wee must bee tormented with this buzzard amongst the rest.

HOSTESSE. Tis your owne folly, forbid him the house.

HOST. The 4th, a Mule-driver, a stubborn & a harsh knave: the fifth a School-Master, a very amorous Pedant, run almost mad with study of Sonnets and Complements out of old play-ends—the last an Advocates clerk, that speaks pure Fustion in Law-termes—excellent

Courtiers all, and all as neate as a Magnifico's post new painted at his entrance to an office; thou shalt have none of 'em. Laugh at 'em, doe! I say thou shalt have none of 'em.

BIAN. Still your command to me shall stand a Law.

HOST. Now they throng like so many horse-coursers at a faire, in clusters about the man of art, for love powders, ingredients, potions, counsailes, postures, complements, philters: the devill and the——how now? tumults? batteries, noise? ha, get from my sight.

Clown cries within. Enter Forobosco and Clowne, his head bloody.

CLOW. Murther me, do, pound me to Mummye, doe; see what will come on't.

FORO. Dog, leave thy snarling, or i'le cut thy tongue out,
Thou unli[c]kt beare, darst thou yet stand my fury,
My generous rage? yet! by the sulpherous damps
That feed the hungry and incessant darknesse,
Which curles [a]round the grim Alastors back,
Mutter againe, and with one powerfull word,
Ile call an Host up from the Stygian lakes,
Shall waft thee to the Acherontick fennes;
Where choak't with mists as black as thy impost[ures],
Thou shalt live still a-dying.

CLOW. Conjure mee to the devill and you can, I live in hell upon earth ∧ already—and you had any mercy, you would not practise upon a kind heart thus.

HOST. You have drawne blood from him Signior, Is his offence unpardonable?

FORO. A lump of ignorance, pray speak not for him,
A drowsie grossenesse—in all christian kingdomes,
The mention of my art, my name, my practise,
Merit and glory hath begot at once
Delight and wonder; ile not be entreated;
Spare intercession for him,——ô thou scorne
Of learning, shame of duty; must thy sloth
Draw my just fame in question? I discharge thee
From my service; see me no more henceforth.

CLOW. Discharge me, is that my yeares wages! Ile not be so answerd.

FORO. Not, Camell!—sirra I am liberall to thee;
Thou hast thy life, begon.

CLOW. Vengeance, sweet vengeance.

FORO. D'ee mumble?

CLOW. Ile be revengd, monstrously, sudainly, and insatiably; my bulke begins to swell.

FORO. *Homot[e]le[u]ton, Pragmatophoros, Heliostycorax!*

CLOW. Call up your spirits, I defie 'em; well, [I'll] have law for my broken pate, twelve ounces of pure bloud; *Troy*-weight...in

despight of thee my Master, and thy Master the grand devill himselfe—*vindict[a], vindicta!* *Exit.*

HOST. Signior you are exceeding mov'd.

HOSTES. Mercy upon us, what terrible words thou talk'[s]t?

FORO. A slave, a curre——but be not you affrighted,
Young Virgin, 'twere an injury to sweetnesse,
Should any rough sound draw from your cheekes
The pretious tincture which makes nature proud
Of her own workmanship.

HOST. Wife! Marke, mark that, wife.

BIAN. Shake then your anger off Sir;

FORO. You command it
Faire one?—mine Host and Hostesse, with your leaves
I have a motion joyntly to you all.

HOSTESSE. An honest one I hope.

HOST. Well put in wife!

FORO. A very necessary one—the Messe
And halfe of suiters, that attend to usher *Stooles out.*
Their loves sir-reverence to your daughter, waite
With one consent, which can best please her eye,
In offering at a dance—I have provided
Musick. And 'twill be something I dare promise
Worthy your laughter—shal they have admittance?

H[OST]. By any means, for I am perswaded the manner will be so ridiculous, that it will confirm the assurance of their miserable fooleries—but no longer trouble with 'em here, then they are in these May-games.

FORO. So I am resolvd.

HOSTESSE. Nor any wise word of sencelesse love.

FORO. Not any; I have charm'd them—did you see
How they [prepare] themselves, how they stroak up
Their foretops, how they justle for the Looking-glasse,
To set their Faces by it; you would look
For some most impossible antick. See, they muster.

Enter Tailor, Dancer, Mule-Driver, Schoole-Master, Clarke, [*Coxcombe*]: (*all with severall papers, and present 'em to Forobosco.*)

HOST. So, so, so, so, here flutter the nest of hornets, the hotch-potch of rascallity, now, now, now, now, the dung-hill of corruption hath yawnd forth the burthen of abhomination. I am vext, vext to the soule, will rid my house of this unchristend fry, and never open my doores again.

FORO. Some other time—ile give no answer now,
But have preferred your suits—here shew your cunning.
First every one in order do his honour
To the faire mark you shoot at; courtly, courtly,

Convay your severall loves in lively measure:
Come, let us take our seates—some sprightly musick!
HOST. Dance all and part, tis a very necessary farewell.

They all make ridiculous conges, to Bianca: *ranck themselves, and dance in severall postures: during the dance, Enter Cæsario, and stands off.*

HOST. Well done my lusty blouds, preciously well done!—
One lusty rouse of wine, and take leave on all sides.
CÆSAR. Thanks for your revells Gentlemen; accept
This Gold, and drink as freely as you danc'd.
HOST. My noble Lord *Cesario*!—cleer the rooms sirs.
FORO. Away. Attend your answers.
Exeunt Foro. and those that Danc'd.
CÆSAR. With your favour
Rolando, I would change a word or two
With your faire daughter.
HOST. At your Lordships pleasure—come wife, no muttering!—
have a care girle—my love, service, and duty to your good Lordship.
Exeunt [Host] and Wife.
CÆSAR. My often visits (sweet *Bianca*) cannot
But constantly inform thy judgment, wherein
Thy happinesse consists—for to steale minutes
From great imployments, to converse with beauty
Lodg'd in so meane a fortune, to lay by
Consideration of the unequall distance
Between my blood and thine, to shun occasions
Of courtship with the Ladies of the time
Noble, and faire, only for love to thee,
Must of necessity invite a tendernesse,
As low as nature could have stampt a bondwomans,
To entertaine quick motions of rare gratitude
For my uncommon favours.
BIAN. Deed my Lord,
As far as my simplicity can leade mee,
I freely thank your curtesies.
CESAR. To thank them,
Is to reward them pretty one.
BIAN. Then teach me
How I may give them back again; in truth
I never yet receiv'd a paire of Gloves,
A trifling ring from any that expected
An equall satisfaction, but as willingly
I parted with the gift unto the owner,
As he bestowd it.
CÆSAR. But I pow're before thee

Such plenties, as it lyes not in the ability
Of thy whole kindred to returne proportionable
One for a thousand.
BIAN. You my Lord conclude
For my instruction—to ingage a debt
Beyond a possibilitie of paiment,
I ever thought a sinne; and therefore justly
Without conceit of scorne or curious rudenesse,
I must refuse your bounty.
CESAR. Canst thou love?
BIAN. Love! is there such a word in any language
That carries honest sence?
CESAR. Never dwelt ignorance
In so sweet-shap't a building—love, *Bianca*,
Is that firme knot which tyes two hearts in one,
Shall ours be tyed so?
BIAN. Use a plainer word,
My Lord. Insteed of tyes, say marries hearts,
Then I may understand.
CESAR. Their hearts are married
Whose enterchange of pleasures and embraces,
Soft kisses, and the privacies of sweetes,
Keeps constant league together; when temptation
Of great mens oathes and gifts shall urge contempt,
Rather then batter resolution. Novelty
Of sights, or taste of new delights in wantonnesse,
Breeds surfeit more then appetite in any
Reserv'd to noble vowes; my excellent maide
Live thou but true to me, and my contents,
Mine only, that no partner may pertake
The treasure of those sweets thy youth yet glories in,
And I will raise thy lownesse to abundance
Of all varieties, and more [t]riumph
In such a mistris, then great Princes doating
On truth-betraying wives.
BIAN. Thus to yeeld up then
The cottage of my vertue to be swallow'd
By some hard-neighboring landlord such as you are
Is in effect to love!—a Lord so vicious!
O where shall innocence find some poore dwelling
Free from temptations tirrany!
CESAR. Nay prethee;
B[i]AN. Gay clothes, high feeding, easie beds of lust,
Change of unseemly sights; with base discourse,
Draw curses on your Pallaces; for my part
This I will be confirmd in, I will eate

The bread of labour, know no other rest
Then what is earnd from honest paines, ere once more
Lend eare to your vild toyles; Sir, would you were
As noble in desires, as I could be
In knowing vertue. Pray doe not afflict
A poore soule thus.
CÆSAR. I sweare.——[*Enter a Gentleman.*] to me?——
Bianca steales off.
GEN. The Duke, my Lord, commands your speedy presence
For answering agreivances late urg'd
Against you by your Mother.
CÆSAR. By my Mother?
GENT. The Court is neere on sitting.
CESAR. I waite on it Sir. *Exeunt.*

[ACTUS TERTIUS. SCAENA SECUNDA.]

[*The Duke's Palace.*]

Enter Duke, Magistrate, Secretary, Baptista, Attendants, Mentivole: (they sit) Mentivole stands by.

DUKE. What wast of bloud, what tumults, what divisions,
What outrages, what uprores in a state,
Factions though issuing from meane springs at first
Have (not restraind) flowed to, the sad example
At *Rome* betweene the *Ursins* and *Col*[*onnas*],
Nay here at home in *Florence*, twixt the [*Neri*]
And the *Bianchi* can too mainly witnesse.
I sit not at the helme (my Lords) of soveraignty
Deputed Pilot for the Common-wealth,
To sleep whiles others steere (as their wild fancies
Shall councell) by the compasse of disorders.
Baptista, This short Preface is directed
Chiefly to you—the petty brawles and quarrels
Late urg'd betwixt th' *Alberti* and your family
Must, yes and shall, like tender unknit joynts
Fasten againe together of themselves:
Or like an angry Chyrurgion, we will use
The roughnesse of our justice, to cut off
The stubborne rancour of the limbes offending.
BAP. Most gracious *Florence*!
DUKE. Our command was signified,
That neither of the followers of each party
Should appeare here with weapons.
BAP. Tis obeyd Sir,
On my side.

DUKE. We must leave the generall cause
Of State employments to give eare to brawles
Of some particular grudges—pollitick government
For tutord Princes!—but no more! Henceforth

Ent. Mariana, and Clarissa, at one door Cesario at the other.

Our frowne shall check presumption, not our clemency—
MARI. All blessings due to unpartiall Princes, [*They kneel.*]
Crowne *Florence* with eternity of happinesse!
CESAR. If double praiers can double blessings (great Sir)
Mine joyne for your prosperity with my mothers.
DUKE. Rise both; now briefly (Lady) without circumstance
Deliver those agrievances which lately
Your importunity possest our counsaile
Were fit for audience, wherein you petitiond,
You might be heard without an Advocate,
Which boone you find is granted.
MARI. Though divided
I stand between the laws of truth and modesty,
Yet let my griefes have vent: Yet the cleernesse
Of strange necessity requires obedience
To nature and your mercy—in my weeds
Of mourning, emblems of too deer misfortunes,
Badges of griefes, and Widdowhood, the burthen
Of my charg'd soule must be layd downe before you;
Wherein if strict opinion cancell shame,
My frailty is my plea;
Stand forth young man,
And heare a story that will strike all reason
Into amasement.
CESAR. I attend.
MAR. *Alberto*
(Peace dwell upon his ashes—still the husband
Of my remembrance and unchanging vowes!)
Has by his death left to his heire possession
Of faire revenew, which this young man claymes
As his inheritance. I urgd him gently,
Friendly, and privately to grant a partage
Of this estate to her who ownes it all,
This his supposed Sister.
BAP. How supposed?
CESAR. Pray *Madam* recollect your selfe.
MAR. The relish
Of a strange truth begins to work like Physick
Already: I have bitternesse to mingle
With these preparatives, so deadly loathsome,

It will quite choake digestion; shortly heare it.
Cesario—for I dare not rob unjustly
The poore soule of his name—this, this *Cesario*
Neither for Father had *Alberto*, me
For Mother, nor *Clarissa* for his Sister.
CLARIS. Mother, ô Mother!
MENT. I am in a Dream sure.
DUKE. No interruptions. Lady on.
MARI. Mistake not
Great Duke of *Tuscany*, or the beginning
Or processe of this novelty; my husband
The now deceasd *Alberto*, from his youth
In-urd to an impatiency, and roughnesse
Of disposition, when not many monthes
After our marriage were worne out, repin'd
At the unfruitfull barrennesse of youth,
Which as he pleasd to terme it, cut our hop[e]s off
From blessing of some issue; to prevent it,
I grew ambitious of no fairer honor
Then to preserve [his] love, and as occasions
Still call'd him from me, studied in his absence
How I might frame his welcome home with comfort.
At last I faynd my selfe with child; the Message
Of freedome or reliefe to one halfe stervd
In prison is not utterd with such greedinesse
Of expectation and delight as this was
To my much affected Lord—his care, his goodnesse,
(Pardon me that I use the word) exceeded
All former feares—the houre of my deliverance
As I pretended, drawing neer, I fashiond
My birth-[rites] at a Country Garden-house,
Where then my Faulkners wife was brought a-bed
Of this *Cesario*; him I ownd for mine;
Presented him unto a joyfull Father.
DUKE. Can you prove this true?
MARI. Proofes I have most evident;
But O the curse of my impatiency!—shortly,
Ere three new Moones had spent their borrowed lights,
I grew with child indeed, so just is Heaven,
The issue of which burthen was this daughter;
Judge now most gracious Prince, my Lords and you,
What combats then and since I have indur'd
Between a mothers piety and weakenesse
Of a Soul-trembling wife; to have reveal'd
This secret to *Alberto*, had bin danger

Of ruine to my fame, besides the conflict
Of his distractio[n]s; now to have supprest it,
Were to defeate my child, my only child,
Of her most lawfull honors, and inheritance.
Cæsario, th'art a man still, Education
Hath moulded thee a Gentleman, continue so;
Let not this fall from greatnesse, sinke thee lower
Then worthy thoughts may warrant—yet disclaime
All interest in *Albertos* blood, thou hast not
One drop of his or mine.
DUKE. Produce your witnesse.
MARIAN. The Faulconers wife his mother,
And such women as waited then upon me,
Sworne to the privacy of this great secret.
DUKE. Give them all their oathes.
CESAR. O let me crave forberance, gracious Sir,
Vouchsafe me hearing.
DUKE. Speake *Cæsario*.
CESAR. Thus long
I have stood silent, and with no unwillingnesse,
Attended the relation of my fall
From a fair expectation; what I fear'd
(Sinc[e] the first sillable this Lady utter'd
Of my not being hers) benevolent Fates
Have eas'd me [of]; for to be basely born,
If not base-born, detracts not from the bounty
Of natures freedom or an honest birth.
Nobilitie claym'd by the right of blood,
Shewes chiefly that our Ancestors [deserv'd]
What we inherit; but that man whose actions
Purchase a reall merit to himselfe,
And [ranck] him in the file of ∧ prayse and honour,
Creates his own advancement; let me want
The fuell which best feedes the fires of greatnesse,
Lordly possessions, yet shall still my gratitude
By some attempts of mention not unworthy
Indeavour to returne a fit acquittance
To that large debt I owe your favours (Madam)
And great *Alberto's* memory and goodnesse;
O that I could as gently shake off passion
For the losse of [that] great brave man as I can shake off
Remembrance of [what] once I was reputed;
I have not much to say—this Princely presence
Needs not too strictly to examine farther
The truth of this acknowlegment; a mother
Dares never disavowe her only sonne,

And any woman must come short of Piety,
That can or dis-inherit her own issue,
Or feares the voice of rumor for a stranger.
Madam, you have confest, my Father was
A servant to your Lord and you: by interest
Of being his sonne, I cannot but claime justly
The honour of continuing still my service
To you and yours; which granted, I beg leave
I may for this time be dismist.
DUKE. Bold spirit!
BAP. I love thee now with pitty;
DUKE. Goe not yet——
A suddain tempest that might shake a rock,
Yet he stands firm against it; much it moves me—
He not *Alberto's* sonne, and she a widdow,
And she a widdow,——Lords your eare.
OMNES. Your pleasure?—— *Whispers.*
DUKE. So, Lady, what you [have] avouch't is truth?
MARI. Truth onely, gracious Sir.
DUKE. Heare then our Sentence.
Since from his cradle you have fed and fostered
Cæsario as your sonne, and train'd him up
To hopes of greatnesse; which now in a moment
You utterly againe have ruin'd, this way
We with our Councell are resolv'd—you being
A widdow shall accept him for a husband.
MARIA. Husband to me Sir!
DUKE. 'Tis in us to raise him
To honours, and his vertues will deserve 'em.
MARIA. But Sir, 'tis in no Prince nor his pre[r]ogative,
To force a womans choice against her heart.
DUKE. True, if then you appeale to higher justice,
Our doome includes this clause upon refusall—
Out of your Lords revenues shall *Cæsario*
Assure to any whom he takes for wife
The inheritance of three parts; the lesse remainer
Is dowry large enough to marry a daughter;
And we by our prerogative which you question
Will publiquely adopt him into'th name
Of your deceas'd *Alberto*, that the memory
Of so approv'd a Peer may live in him
That can preserve his memory—lesse you find out
Some other meanes which may as amply satisfie
His wrong, our Sentence stands irrevocable:
What think you Lords?
OMNES. The Duke is just and honorable.

BAP. Let me embrace *Cæsario*, henceforth ever
I vow a constant friendship.
MENTIVOLE. I remit
All former difference.
CESAR. I am too poore
In words to thanke this Justice. *Madam*, alwayes
My studies shall be love to you, and duty.
DUKE. Replyes we admit none. *Cæsario* waite on us.
Exeunt. Manent Mentivole, Bap. Mari. Claris.
BAP. *Mentivole.*
MENTI. My Lord.
BAP. Looke on *Clarissa*,
Shee's noble, rich, young, faire.
MENTIVOLE. My Lord, and vertuous.
BAP. *Mentivole*, and vertuous.——*Madam!*
MARIA. Tyranny
Of justice!—I shall live reports derision,
That am compeld to exchange a gracefull widdow-hood
For a continuall Martyrdome in marriage,
With one so much beneath me.
BAP. I'le plead for ye
Boldly and constantly, let you[r] daughter only
Admit my sonne her servant, at next visit,
Madam, ile be a messenger of comfort.
Mentivole, be confident and earnest. *Exit.*
MARIA. Married again, to him too! better't had been
The young man should have still retain'd the honors
Of old *Albertos* son, then I the shame
Of making him successor of his bed;
I was [to] blam[e]—
MENT. Indeed without offence,
Madame I thinke you were—
CLARIS. You urge it fairely,
And like a worthy freind.
MARIA. Can you say any thing
In commendation of a Mushroome withered
Assoone as started up?
MENT. You scorne an Innocent
Of noble growth, for whiles your husband liv'd
I have heard you boast *Cesario* in all act[i]ons
Gave matter of report, of imitation,
Wonder and envy; let not discontinuance
Of some few dayes estrange a sweet opinion
Of vertue, cheifely when in such extremity,
Your pitty not contempt will argue goodnesse.
MARIA. O Sir!—

CLA. If you would use a thriving courtship,
You cannot utter a more powerfull language
That I shall listen to with greater greedinesse
Then th'argument you prosecute; this speakes you
A man compleat and excellent;
MENT. I speake not,
They are his owne deserts.
MARIA. Good Sir forbeare,
I am now fully sensible of running
Into a violent Lethargy, whose deadlinesse
Locks up all reason—I shall never henceforth
Remember my past happinesse.
MENT. These clouds
May be disperst,
MARIA. I feare continuall night
Will over-shroud me, yet, poore youth, his trespasse
Lies in his fortune, not the cruelty
Of the Dukes sentence.
CLA. I dare thinke it does.
MARIA. If all faile I will learne thee to conquer
Adversity with sufferance.
MENT. You resolve Nobly. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCAENA PRIMA.

[*Alberto's House.*]

Enter Cesario and a Servant.

CESAR. Let any freind have entrance.
SERVANT. Sir a'shall.
CESAR. Any, I except none.
SERV. Wee know your minde Sir. *Exit.*
CESAR. Pleasures admit no bounds.
I am pitcht so high,
To such a growth of full prosperities
That to conceale my fortunes were an injury
To gratfulnesse and those more liberall favours
By whom my glories prosper. He that flowes
In gracious and swolne tydes of best abundance,
Yet will be Ignorant of his owne fortunes,
Deserves to live contemn'd, and dye forgotten;
The harvest of my hopes is now already
Ripen'd and gather'd, I can fatten youth
With choice of plenty, and supplies of comforts,
My fate springs in my owne hand, and Ile use it.

Enter 2 Servants and Bianca.

1 Tis my place—
2 Yours!—here faire one, Ile aquaint
My Lord—
1 He's here, go to him boldly.
2 Please you
To let him understand how readily
I waited on your errand?
1 Saucy fellow!—
You must excuse his breeding—
CESAR. Whats the matter?
Biancha, my *Biancha*!—to your offices! *Ex[eun]t Ser.*
This visit (Sweet) from thee (my pretty deere)
By how much more twas unexpected, comes
So much the more timely: witnes this free welcome,
What ere occasion led thee.
BIAN. You may gu[e]sse Sir,
Yet indeed tis a rare one.
CES. Prethee speake it,
My honest vertuous maide.
BIAN. Sir I have heard
Of your misfortunes, and I cannot tell you
Whether I have more cause of joy or sadnesse,
To know they are a truth.
CES. What truth *Bianca*!
Misfortunes, how, wherein?
BIAN. You are disclaym'd
For being the Lord *Albertos* sonne, and publickly
Acknowledg'd of as meane a birth as mine is—
It cannot chuse but greive thee.
CES. Greive me, ha ha ha ha?
Is this all?
BIAN. This all!
CES. Thou art sorry for't
I warrant thee—alas good soule, *Biancha*,
That which thou call'st misfortune is my happines,
My happines *Biancha*.
BIAN. If you love me,
It may prove mine too——
[CES.] May it? I will love thee,
My good good maid, if that can make thee happy,
Better and better love thee.
BIAN. Without breach then
Of modesty I come to claime the Interest
Your protestations both by vowes and letters

Have made me owner of—from the first houre
I saw you, I confesse I wisht I had beene
Or not so much below your ranke and greatnesse,
Or not so much above those humble flames
That should have warm'd my bosome with a temperate
Equality of desires in equall fortunes.
Still as you utter'd Language of affection,
I courted time to passe more slowly on
That I might turne more [fool] to lend attention
To what I durst not credit nor yet hope for:
Yet still as more I heard, I wisht to heare more.
CES. Didst thou introth wench?
BIAN. Willingly betraid
My selfe to hopelesse bondage.
CES. A good girle,
I thought I should not misse
What [e'er] thy answer was.
BIANCHA. But as I am a maid Sir—and I'faith
You may beleeve me, for I am a maid—
So deerely I respected both your fame
And quality, that I would first have perisht
In my sicke thoughts then ere have given consent
To have undone your fortunes by inviting
A marriage with so meane a one as I am—
I should have dyed sure, and no creature knowne
The sicknesse that had kill'd me.
CES. Pretty heart,
Good soule, alas! alas!
BIAN. Now since I know
There is no difference twixt your birth and mine,
Not much twixt our estates—if any bee,
The advantage is on my side—I come willingly
To tender you the first fruits of my heart,
And am content t'accept you for my husband,
Now when you are at lowest.
CES. For a husband?
Speake sadly, dost thou meane so?
BIAN. In good deed Sir,
Tis pure love makes this proffer.
CES. I beleeve thee—
What counsaile urg'd thee on, tell me—thy Father
My worshipfull smug Host? was't not he wench?
Or mother Hostesse? ha?
BIAN. D'ee mock my parentage?
I doe not scorne yours.
Meane folkes are as worthy

To be well spoken of if they deserve well,
As some whose only fame lies in their bloud.
O y'are a proud poore man: all your oathes falshood,
Your vow[s] deceite, your letters forg'd, and wicked.
CES. Thou'dst be my wife, I dare sware.
BIAN. Had your heart,
Your hand and tongue been twins, you had reputed
This courtesy a benefit—
CES. Simplicity,
How prettily thou mov'st me? why Biancha
Report has cozned thee, I am not fallen
From my expected honors, or possessions,
Though from the hope of birthright.
BIAN. Are you not?
Then I am lost againe—I have a suit too;
Youle grant it if you be a good man.
CES. Any thing—
BIAN. Pray doe not talke of ought what I have said t'ee.
CES. As I wish health I will not.
BIAN. Pitty me,
But never love me more.
CES. Nay now y'are cruell,
Why all these teares?——Thou shalt not goe.
BIAN. Ile pray for yee
That you may have a vertuous wife, a faire one,
And when I am dead——
CES. Fy, fy—
BIAN. Thinke on me sometimes,
With mercy fo[r] this trespasse.
CES. Let us kisse
At parting as at comming. [*Kisses her.*]
BIAN. This I have
As a free dower to a virgins grave—
All goodnesse dwell with yee. *Exit.*
CES. Harmelesse Biancha!
Unskild, what hansome toyes are maids to play with!
How innocent! but I have other thoughts *Enter Mariana*
Of nobler meditation——my felicity, *and Clarissa.*
Thou commest as I could wish, lend me a lip
[As] soft, as melting as when old *Alberto*,
After his first nights triall taking farewell
Of thy youthes conquest, tasted.
MARIA. You are uncivill.
CES. I will be Lord of my owne pleasures, Madame—
Y'are mine, mine freely,
Come, no whimpering henceforth!

New con the lessons of loves best experienc[e],
That our delights may meet in equal measure
Of resolutions and desires; this sullenes
Is scurvy, I like it not—
MAR. Be modest.
And doe not learne Cesario how to prostitute
The riot of thy hopes to common folly;
Take a sad womans word—how ere thou doatest
Upon the present graces of thy greatnes,
Yet I am not falne so belowe my constancy
To vertue, nor the care which I once tendred
For thy behoof, that I prefer a sentence
Of cruelty before my honor.
CES. Honor!
MARIA. Hear me, thou seest this girle! now the comfort
Of my last dayes. She is the onely pledge
Of a bed truly noble, shee had a father
(I need not speake him more then thou remembrest)
Whom to dishonor by a meaner choice,
Were injury and infamy—
CLARIS. To goodnes,
To time and vertuous mention.
MAR. I have vow'd—
Observe me now Cesario—that how ere
I may be forc't to marry, yet no tyranny,
Perswasions, flattery, guifts, intreats, or tortures,
Shall draw me to a second bed.
CLAR. Tis Just too.
MARIA. Yes and tis Just *Clarissa.* I allow
The Dukes late sentence, am resolv'd young man
To be thy wife, but when the ceremony
Of marriage is perform'd, in life I wil bee,
Though not in name, a widdow.
CES. Pray a word t'ee,
Shall I in earnest never be your bedfellow?
MARIA. Never, ô never; and tis for your good too.
CES. Prove that.
MAR. Alas too many yeares are numbred
In my account to entertaine the benefit
Which youth in thee *Cesario* and ability
Might hope for and require—it were Injustice
To rob a gentleman deserving memory
Of Issue to preserve it.
CES. No more!—herein,
You are an excellent patterne of true piety,
Let me now turne your advocate. Pray looke into

The order [that] the Duke injoynd—admit
I satisfie the sentence without mariage
With you, how then?
MAR. Cesario!
CES. If I know
How to acquit your feares, yet keepe th'injunction
In every clause whole and entire, your charity
Will call me still yo[u]r servant?
MAR. Still my son.
CES. Right Madam, now you have it, still your son.
The Genius of your blessings hath instructed
Your tongue oraculously—wee wil forget
How once I and *Clarissa* enterchangd
The tyes of brother and of sister, henceforth
New stile us man and wife.
CLA. By what authority?
CES. Heavens great appointment—yet in all my dotage
On thy perfections, when I thought, *Clarissa*,
Wee had beene pledges of one wombe, no loose
No wanton heat of youth, desir'd to claime
Priority in thy affections, other
Then nature might commend. Chastly I tendred
Thy [welfare] as a brother ought; but since
Our bloods are strangers, let our hearts contract
A long life-lasting unity, for this way
The sentence is to be observd or no way.
MAR. Then no way.
CES. I expected other answer
Madam from you.
MAR. No. Every age shall curse me,
The monster, and the prodigie of nature—
Horrors beyond extremity!—
CLA. Pray mother
Confine the violence of greife—
CES. Yes mother,
Pray do.
MAR. Thus some catch at a matrons honor
By flying lust to plot Incestuous witchcrafts,
More terrible then whoredomes; cruell mercy
When to preserve the body from a death
The soule is strangled!
CES. This is more then passion.
It comes neere to distraction.
MAR. I am quieted.
Cesario, thou maiest tell the Duke securely
Albertos titles, honors and revenues,

The Duke may give away—Injoy them thou.
Clarissas birthright, *Marianas* dower
Thou shalt be Lord of; turne us to the world
Unpittyed and unfreinded, yet my bed
Thou never sleep'st in; as for her...she heares me,
If she as much as in a [thought] consent,
That thou may'st call her wife, a Mothers curse
Shall never leave her.
CLAR. As a brother once
I lov'd you, as a noble freind yet honor y[ou],
But for a husband sir, I dare not owne you,
My faith is given already.
CES. To a Villaine—
Ile cut his throat.
MAR. "Why this is more then passion.
It comes neere a distraction."
CLAR. Call to minde Sir,
How much you have abated of that goodnesse
Which once raign'd in ye, [yea], appear'd so lovely
That such as freindship led to observation
Courted the great example. *Enter Baptista and Mentivole.*
CES. Left and flatterd
Into a broad derision!
MAR. Why d'ee thinke so?
My Lord *Baptista*, is your sonne growne cold
In hasting on the marriage, which his vowes
Have seald to my wrongd daughter?
BAP. Wee come Lady,
To consummate the contract.
CES. With *Mentivole*?
Is he the man?
MENT. *Clarissas* troth and mine,
Cesario, are recorded in a character
So plaine and certaine, that except the hand
Of heaven which writ it first, would blot it out againe,
No human power can raze it.
CES. But say you
So too? young Lady—
CLA. I should els betray
My heart to falshood, and my tongue to perjury.
CES. Madam, you know the sentence.
BAP. From the Duke,
I have particular comforts which require
A private eare.
MAR. I shall approve it gladly,
Wee are resolvd *Cesario*.

BAP. Be not insolent
Upon a Princes favour.
CLA. Loose no glory,
Your younger yeares have purchast.
MENT. And deservd too—
Y'have many worthy freinds.
BAP. Preserve and use them. *Exeunt: Manet Cesar.*
CES. Good, very good, why heres a complement
Of mirth in desperation—I could curse
My fate. ô with what speed men tumble downe
From hopes that soare to[o] high! *Biancha* now
May scorne me justly too—*Clarissa* married,
Albertos widdow resolute, *Biancha*
Refusd, and I forsaken—let me study—
I can but dye a Batchelor, thats the worst on't. *Exit.*

[ACTUS QUARTUS. SCAENA SECUNDA.]

[*The Inn.*]

Enter Host, Taylor, Muliter, Dancer, Pedant, [*Clarke*], *Coxcombe.*

HOST. Come Gentlemen, this is the day that our great artist hath promist to give all your severall suites satisfaction.
DANCER. Is he stirring?
HOST. He hath beene at his booke these two houres.
PEDANT. Hees a rare Physitian.
HOST. Why Ile tell you, were *Paracelsus* the German now living, hee'd take up his single rapier against his terrible long sword—he makes it a matter of nothing to cure the goute, sore eyes he takes out as familiarly, washes them, and puts them in againe, as you'd blanch almonds.
TAY. They say he can make gold.
HOST. I, I, he learnt it of Kelly in Germany. Theres not a Chimist in christendome can goe beyond him for multiplying.
PEDANT. Take heed then, he get not up your daughters belly my Host.
HOST. You are a merry Gentleman and the man of art will love you the better.
DANCER. Does he love mirth and crotchets?
HOST. O hee's the most courteous Physitian, you may drink or drab in's company freely—
The better he knowes how your disease growes,
The better he knowes how to cure it.
DANC. But I wonder, my Host, he has no more resort of Ladyes to him.
HOST. Why Sir?
DAN. O divers of them have great beleife in conjurers. Lechery is a great helpe to the quality.

HOST. Hee's scarce knowne to be in towne yet, ere long we shall have em come hurr[y]ing hither in Fetherbeds.

DAN. How? bedridden?

HOST. No sir, in fetherbeds that move upon 4 wheeles, in Spanish caroches.

PED. Pray acquaint him we give attendance.

HOST. I shall gentlemen. I would faine be rid of these rascalls, but that they raise profit to my wine-[cellar]; when I have made use of them sufficiently, I will intreat the conjurer to tye crackers to their tailes, and send them packing.

Enter Forobosco as in his Study. (A paper)

FORO. Come hither mine Host looke here.

HOST. Whats that?

FORO. A challenge from my man.

HOST. For breaking's pate?

FORO. He writes here if I meet him not ith Feild within this halfe houre, I shall heare more from him.

HOST. O sir, minde your profit, nere thinke of the rascall, here are the gentlemen.

FORO. Morrow my worthy clients!—what, are you all prepard of your questions? That I may give my resolution upon them.

OMNES. We are sir.

PEDANT. And have brought our mony.

FORO. Each then in order, and differ not for precedency.

DAN. I am buying of an office sir, and to that purpose I would faine learne to dissemble cunningly.

FORO. Doe you come to me for that? you should rather have gone to a cunning woman.

DANC. I sir but their Instructions are but like women, pretty well but not to the depth, as I'de have it—you are a conjurer, the devils master, and I would learn it from you so exactly—

FORO. That the divill himselfe might not go beyond you?—

DANC. You are ith right sir.

FORO. And so your mony for your purchase might come in againe within a 12 month.

DANC. I would be a Graduate sir, no freshman.

FORO. Heres my hand sir, I will make you dissemble so methodically, as if the divell should be sent from the great Turke, in the shape of an Embassador to set all the christian princes at variance.

DANC. I cannot with any modesty desire any more. Theres your mony sir—

FO[R]O. [*writes*] For the art of dissembling.

COX. My suite sir will be newes to you when I tell it—

FORO. Pray, on.

Cox. I would set up a presse here in Italy, to write all the Caranta for Christendome.

Foro. Thats newes indeed, and how would you imploy me in't?

Cox. Marry sir, from you I would gaine my intelligence.

Foro. I conceave you, you would have me furnish you with a spirit to informe you.

Cox. But as quiet a Divell as the woman, the first day and a halfe after she's married, I can by no meanes indure a terrible one.

Foro. No, no, Ile qualifie him, he shall not fright you, it shall be the ghost of some lying Stationer, a Spirit shall looke as if butter would not melt in his mouth, A new *Mercurius Gallobelgicus*.

Coxc. O there was a captaine was rare at it—

Foro. Nere thinke of him—though that captaine writ a full hand-gallop, and wasted indeed more harmelesse paper then ever did laxative Physick, yet wil I make you to out-scribble him, and, set downe what you please, the world shall better beleeve you.

Cox. Worthy sir I thanke you, there's mony.

Foro. [*writes*] A new office for writing pragmaticall Currantos.

Pedant. I am a schoole-master sir, and would faine conferre with you about erecting 4 new sects of religion at Amsterdam.

Foro. What the Divell should new sects of religion doe there?

Peda[n]t. I assure you I would get a great deale of mony by it.

Foro. And what are the 4 new sects of religion you would plant there?

Ped. Why thats it I come about sir, tis a Divel of your raising must invent 'em, I confesse I am too weake to compasse it.

Foro. So sir, then you make it a matter of no difficulty to have them tolerated.

Pedant. Trouble not your selfe for that, let but your Divel set them a-foot once, I have Weavers, and G[i]nger-bread makers, and mighty *Aquavitæ-men*, shall set them a-going.

Foro. This is somewhat difficult, and will aske some conference with the divell.

Ped. Take your owne leasure sir, I have another busines too, because I meane to leave *Italy*, and bury my selfe in those neather parts of the low countries.

Foro. Whats that sir?

Ped. Marry I would faine make 9 dayes to the weeke, for the more ample benefit of the captaine.

Foro. You have a shrewd pate sir.

Ped. But how this might be compasd?

Foro. Compasd easily; tis but making a new Almanacke, and dividing the compasse of the yeare into larger penny-worths, as a Chandler with his compasse makes a Geometrick proportion of the Holland cheese he retailes by stivers. But for getting of it licenc'd?

Ped. Trouble not your selfe with that sir, theres your mony—

FORO. [*writes*] For foure new sects of religions, and 9 dayes to the weeke.

PED. To be brought in at generall pay-dayes, write I beseech you.

FORO. [*writes*] At generall pay-dayes.

TAYLOR. I am by profession a taylor, you have heard of me.

FORO. Yes sir, and will not steale from you the least part of that commendation I have heard utterd.

TAYLOR. I take measure of your worth sir, and because I will not afflict you with any large bill of circumstances, I will snip off particulars. I would faine invent some strange and exquisite new fashions.

FORO. Are you not travel'd sir?

TAY. Yes sir, but have observ'd all we can see or invent are but old ones with new names to 'em, now I would some way or other grow more curious.

FORO. Let me see; to devise new fashions. Were you never in the Moone?

TAY. In the Moone taverne! yes sir: often.

FORO. No, I do meane in the new world, in the world thats in the Moone yonder.

TAY. How? a new world ith moone?

FORO. Yes I assure you.

TAY. And peopled?

FORO. O most fantastically peopled.

TAY. Nay certaine then ther's worke for taylors?

FORO. That there is, I assure you.

TAY. Yet I have talked with a Scotch taylor that never discover'd so much to me, though he has travail'd far, and was a pedlar in *Poland*.

FORO. That was out of his way, this lies beyond *China*—you would study new fashions you say? take my councell, make a voyage, and discover that new world.

TAY. Shall I be a moon-man?

FORO. I am of opinion, the people of that world (if they be like the nature of that climate they live in) do vary the fashion of their cloathes oftner then any quick-silver'd nation in Europe.

TAY. Not unlikely, but what should that be we call the man in the moone then?

FORO. Why tis nothing but an Englishman that stands there starke naked, with a paire of sheires in one hand, and a great bundle of broad cloath in the other (which resembles the bush of thornes) cutting out of new fashions.

TAYLOR. I have heard somewhat like this, but how shall I get thither?

FORO. Ile make a new compasse shall direct you.

TAY. Certaine?

FORO. Count me else for no man of direction.

TAY. Theres 20 duckats in hand, at my returne Ile give you a 100.

FORO. [*writes*] A new voyage to discover new fashions.

MUL. I have been a travailer too sir, that have shewed strange beasts in Christendome, and got mony by them, but I finde the trade to decay. Your Camelion, or East-Indian hedg-hog gets very little mony, and your Elephant devoures so much bread, brings in so little profit, his keeper were better every morning cram 15 Taylors with white manchet —I would have some new spectacle, and one that might be more attractive.

FORO. Let me see, were you ever in *Spaine*?

MULE. Not yet Sir.

FORO. I would have you go to *Madrill*, and against some great festivall, when the court lies there, provide a great and spacious Eng[li]sh Oxe, and roste him whole, with a pudding in's belly; that would be the eight wonder of the world in those parts I assure you.

MULE. A rare project without question.

FORO. Goe beyond all their garlike Olla Podrithoes, though you sod one in Garquentuas cauldron—bring in more mony, then all the monsters of *Affrick*.

HOST. Good Sir do your best for him; he's of my acquaintance, and one if ye knew him——

FORO. What is he?

HOST. He was once a man of infinite letters.

FORO. A Scholler?

HOST. No sir, a packet-carrier, which is alwaies a man of many letters, you know: then he was Mule-driver, now hee's a gentleman, and feedes monsters.

FORO. A most ungratefull calling.

MULE. Ther's mony for your direction; the price of the Oxe Sir?

FORO. A hundred French crownes, for it must be a *Lincolneshire* Oxe, and a prime one: [*writes*] for a rare and monstrous spectacle, to be seen at *Madrill*.

Enter Clown, Hostesse, and Bianca.

HOSTES. Pray forbeare sir, we shall have a new quarrell.

CLOW. You durst not meet me ith' field, I am therefore come to spoyle your market.

FORO. Whats the newes with you sir?

CLOW. Gentlemen, you that come hither to be most abominably cheated, listen, and be as wise as your plannet will suffer you—keep your mony, be not guld, be not laught at.

PEDA[N]T. What meanes this? would I had my mony ag[a]ine in my pocket.

HOST. The fellow is full of malice, do not mind him.

CLOW. This profest cheating rogue was my master, and I confesse my selfe a more preternotorious rogue then himselfe, in so long keeping his villainous counsell.

FORO. Come, come, I will not heare you.

CLOW. No couzner, thou wouldest not heare me, I do but dare thee to suffer me to speake, and then thou and all thy divells spit fire, and spoute *Aqua fortis*.

FORO. Speake on, I freely permit thee.

CLOW. Why then know all you simple animals, you whose purses are ready to cast the calfe, if they have not cast it already, if you give any credit [to] this jugling rascal, you are worse then simple widgins, and will be drawne into the net by this decoy ducke, this tame cheater.

FORO. Ha, ha, ha, pray marke him.

CLOW. He does professe Physicke, and counjuring; for his Physicke; he has but two medicins for all manner of diseases; when he was i'th low countryes, he us'd nothing but butterd beere, colourd with Allegant, for all kind of maladies, and that he called his catholick medcine; sure the Dutch smelt out it was butterd beere, else they would never have endur'd it for the names sake: then does he minister a grated dogs turd instead of Rubarbe, many times of Unicornes horne—which working strongly with the conceit of the Patient, would make them bescummer to the height of a mighty purgation.

FORO. The rogue has studied this invective.

CLOW. Now for his conjuring, the witches of Lapland are the divells chaire-women to him, for they will sell a man a winde to some purpose; he sells winde, and tells you fortye lyes over and over.

HOSTESS. I thought what we should find of him.

HOST. Hold your prating, be not you an hereticke.

CLOW. Conjure! Ile tell you, all the divells names he calls upon, are but fustian names, gatherd out of welch heraldry; in breife, he is a rogue of six reprieves, foure pardones of course, thrice pilloried, tw[ic]e sung *Lacrymæ* to the Virginalls of a carts taile, h'as five times been in the Gallies, and will never truly run himselfe out of breath, till he comes to the gallowes.

FORO. You have heard worthy gentlemen, what this lying detracting rascall has vomited.

TAY. Yes certaine, but we have a better trust in you, for you have taine our mony.

FORO. I have so—truth is he was my servant, and for some chastisement I gave him, he does practise thus upon me; speake truly sirra, are you certaine I cannot conjure?

CLOW. Conjure! ha, ha, ha!

FORO. Nay, nay, but be very sure of it.

CLOW. Sure of it? why Ile make a bargaine with thee, before all these gentlemen—use all thy art, all thy roguery, and make me do any thing before al this company I have not a mind to, Ile first give thee leave to claime me for thy bond slave, and when thou hast done, hang me.

FORO. Tis a match, sirra, Ile make you caper ith' aire presently.

CLOW. I have too solid a body, and my beleife is like a Puritans on Good-Friday, too high fed with capon.

FORO. I will first send thee to [Green]-land for a haunch of venison, just of the thicknesse of thine own tallow.

CLOW. Ha, ha, ha, Ile not stir an inch for thee.

FORO. Thence to *Amboyna* ith' *East-Indies*, for pepper to bake it.

CLOW. To *Amboyna*? so I might be pepperd.

FORO. Then will I conveigh thee stark naked to *Develing* to beg a paire of brogs, to hide thy mountainous buttocks.

CLOW. And no doublet to 'em?

FORO. No sir, I intend to send you of a sleevelesse errand; but before you vanish, in regard you say I cannot conjure, and ar[e] so stupid, and opinionated a slave, that neither I, nor my art can compell you to do any thing thats beyond your own pleasure, the gentlemen shall have some sport—you cannot endure a cat sirra?

CLOW. Whats that to thee Jugler?

FORO. Nor you'l do nothing at my entreaty?

CLOW. Ile be hang'd first.

FORO. Sit Gentlemen, and whatsoever you see, be not frighted.

HOSTESS. Alas I can endure no conjuring.

HOST. Stir not wife.

BIAN. Pray let me go sir, I am not fit for these fooleryes.

HOST. Move not daughter.

FOR. I wil make you dance a new dance calld leap-frog.

CLOW. Ha, ha, ha!

F[o]RO. And as naked as a frog.

CLOW. Ha, ha, ha, I defye thee.

Foro. lookes in a booke, strikes with his wand, Musick playes. Enter 4. Boyes shap't like Frogs, and dance.

PEDANT. Spirits of the water in the likenes of frogs.

TAY. He has fisht faire beleeve me.

MULE. See, see, he sweats and trembles.

FORO. Are you come to your quavers?

CLOW. Oh, oh, oh!

FORO. Ile make you run division on that [Oh] ere I leave you; looke you, here are the playfellowes that are so indeerd to you; come sir, first uncase, and then dance, nay Ile make him daunce stark naked.

HOST. Oh let him have his shirt on, and his Mogols breeches, here are women ith' house.

FORO. Well for their sakes he shall.

Clown teares off his doublet, making strange faces as if compeld to it, falls into the Daunce.

TAY. He daunces—what a lying rogue was this to say the gentleman could not conjure!

FORO. He does prettily well, but tis voluntary, I assure you, I have no hand in't.

CLOW. As you are a Counjurer, and a rare Artist, free me from these couplets; of all creatures I cannot endure a Frog.

FORO. But your dauncing is voluntary, I can compell you to nothing.

HOSTES. O me, daughter, lets take heed of this fellow, he'le make us dance naked, an' we vex him. *Exeunt Hostesse and Bianca.*

FORO. Now cut capers sirra, Ile plague that chin[e] of yours.

CLOW. Oh, oh, oh, my kidneys are rosted, I drop away like a pound of butter rosted.

TAYL. He will daunce himselfe to death.

FORO. No matter, Ile sell his fat to the Pothecaries, and repaire my injury that way.

HOST. Enough, in conscience!

FORO. Well, at your entreaty—vanish! [*Exeunt Boys.*] And now I wil only make him breake his neck in doing a sommerset, and thats all the revenge I meane to take of him.

CLOW. O gentlemen, what a rogue was I to belye so an approved Master in the noble dark science! you can witnesse, this I did only to spoyle his practise and deprive you of the happynesse of injoying his worthy labours; rogue that I was to do it, pray sir forgive me.

FORO. With what face canst thou ask it?

CLOW. With such a face as I deserve, with a hanging looke, as all here can testifie.

FORO. Well gentlemen, that you may perceive the goodnes of my temper, I will entertain this rogue again in hope of amendment, for should I turn him off, he would be hanged.

CLOW. You may read that in this foule coppy.

FORO. Only with this promise, you shall never cozen any of my patients.

CLOW. Never.

FORO. And remember hence forward, that though I cannot counjure, I can make you daunce sirra—go get your selfe into the cottage againe.

Enter Cæsario.

CLOW. I will never more daunce leape-Frog: [*aside*] now I have got you into credit, hold it up, and cozen them in abundance.

FORO. Oh rare rascall! *Exit Clown.*

CESAR. How now, a Frankford mart here, a Mountebanke,
And his worshipfull auditory!

HOST. They are my ghuests Sir.

CESAR. A——upon them, shew your jugling tricks
In some other roome.

HOST. And why not here Sir?

CESAR. Hence,
Or sirra I shall spoile your figure-flinging,
And all their radicall questions.

OMNES. Sir we vanish. *Exeunt. Manen[t] Host. & Cæsar.*

HOST. *Signior Cæsario*, you make bold with me,
And somewhat I must tell you to a degree
Of ill manners—they are my ghuests, and men I live by,

And I would know by what authority
You command thus far.
CESAR. By my interest in your daughter.
HOST. Interest do you call't? as I remember
I never put her out to Usury
On that condition.
CESAR. Pray thee be not angry.

Enter Bianca and Hostesse.

I am come to make thee happy, and her happy:
Shee's here; alas my pretty soule, I am come
To give assurance thats beyond thy hope,
Or thy beleife, I bring repentance 'bout me,
And satisfaction—I will marry thee.
BIANCA. Ha?
CÆSAR. As I live I will, but do not entertain't
With too quick an apprehension of joy,
For that may hurt thee, I have heard some dye of't—
BIAN. Do not feare me.
CÆSAR. Then thou think'st I faigne
This protestation, I will instantly
Before [these testifie] my new alliance,
Contract my selfe unto thee—then I hope
We may be more private.
HOST. But thou shalt not sir,
For so has many a maiden-head been lost,
And many a bastard gotten—
CES. Then to give you
The best of any assurance in the world,
Entreat thy father to goe fetch a Preist—
Wee will instantly to bed, and there be married.
BIAN. Pride hath not yet fo[r]saken you I see,
Though prosperity has.
HOST. Sir you are too confident
To fashion to your selfe a dreame of purchase
When you are a begger—
CES. You are bold with me.
HOSTES. Doe we not know your value is cried downe
Fourescore i'th hundred?
BIAN. Oh sir I did love you
With such a fixed heart, that in that minute
Wherein you slighted, or contemn'd me rather,
I tooke a vow to obey your last decree,
And never more looke up at any hope
Should bring me comfort that way—and though since
Your Foster-mother, and the faire *Clarissa*

Have in the way of marriage despis'd you,
That hath not any way bred my revenge,
But compassion rather. I have found
So much sorrow in the way to a chaste wedlock
That here I will s[i]t downe, and never wish
To come to'th journies end. Your suite to mee
Henceforth be ever silenc't.

CESAR. My *Bianca*!

HOSTES. Henceforward pray forbeare her and my house:
She's a poore vertuous wench, yet her estate
May weigh with yours in a gold balance.

HOST. Yes, and her birth in any Heralds office
In Christendome.

HOSTES. It may prove so: when you'l say,
You have leapt a Whiteing. *Ex[eunt].*

Enter Baptista and Mentivole.

CES. How far am I growne
Behind hand with fortune!

BAP. Here's *Cesario.*
My son sir is to-morrow to be married
Unto the faire *Clarissa*—

CES. So.

MENT. Wee hope
Youle be a gueste there?

CES. No I will not grace
Your triumph so much.

BAP. I will not tax your breeding.
But it alters not your birth sir, fare you well.

MENT. Oh sir doe not greive him,
He has to[o] much affliction already. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Sailor.

CES. Every way scorn'd and lost!—
Shame follow you!
For I am growne most miserable.

SAIL. Sir doe you know a Ladies son in towne here
They cal *Cesario*?

CESAR. Ther's none such I assure thee;

SAIL. I was told you were the man.

CESAR. Whats that to thee?

SAIL. A——on't. You are melancholy, will you drink Sir?

CESAR. With whom?

SAIL. With mee Sir; despise not this pitcht Canvas;
The time was wee have knowne them lined with Spanish Duckets;
I have news for you:

CESAR. For me!
SAIL. Not unlesse you'l drink;
We are like our Sea provision, once out of pickle,
We require abundance of drink; I have news to tell you
That were you Prince,
Would make you send your mandate
To have a thousand bonfires made i'th City,
And pist out agen with nothing but Greek wine.
CESAR. Come, I wil drink with thee howsoever—
SAIL. And upon these terms I wil utter my mind to you. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCAENA PRIMA.

[*Before the Inn.*]

Enter Alberto, Prospero, Juliana and Saylors.

SAIL. Shall we bring your necessaries ashore my Lord?
ALB. Do what you please, I am land-sicke, worse by far
Then [e'er] I was at sea.
PROS. Collect your selfe.
ALBER. O my most worthy *Prospero*, my best friend,
The noble favor I receivd from thee
In freeing me from the Turks I now accompt
Worse than my death; for I shall never live
To make requitall; what doe you attend for?
SAIL. To understand your pleasure.
ALBER. They doe mock me;
I doe protest I have no kind of pleasure
In any thing i'th world, but in thy friendship—
I must ever except that.
PROS. Pray leave him, leave him. *Exeunt Sailors.*
ALBER. The newes I heard related since my landing
Of the division of my Family—
How is it possible for any man
To bear't with a set patience?
PROS. You have suffer'd
Since your imprisonment more waighty sorrowes.
ALBER. I, then I was a man of flesh and bloud,
Now I am made up of fire, to the full height
Of a deadly Calenture; ô these vild women
That are so ill preservers of mens honors,
They cannot governe their own honesties!
That I should thirty and odde winters feed
My expectation of a noble heire,
And by a womans falshood finde him now
A fiction, a meare dreame of what he was!

And yet I love him still.
PROS. In my opinion
The sentence (on this tryall) from the Duke
Was noble, to repaire *Cesarios* losse
With the marriage of your wife, had you been dead.
ALBER. By your favor but it was not—I conceive
'Twas disparagment to my name, to have my widdow
Match with a Faulkners son—and yet beleev't
I love the youth still, and much pitty him.
I doe remember at my going to Sea,
Upon a quarrell, and a hurt receiv'd
From young *Mentivole*, my rage so farre
Oretopt my nobler temper, I gave charge
To have his hand cut off, which since I heard,
And to my comfort, brave *Cæsario*
Worthyly prevented.
PROS. And 'twas nobly done.
ALBERT. Yet the revenge for this intent of mine
Hath bred much slaughter in our families,
And yet my wife (which infinitly moanes me)
Intends to marry my sole heire *Clarissa*
To the head branch of the other faction.
PROS. Tis the meane to work reconcilement.
ALBER. Betweene whom?
PROS. Your selfe, and the worthy *Baptista*.
ALBER. Never!
PROS. O you have been of a noble and remarkable freindship,
And by this match tis generally in *Florence*
Hop'd, twill fully be reconcild; to me
'Twould be absolute content.
JULIA. And to my selfe,
I have maine interest in it.
ALB. Noble Sir,
You may command my heart to breake for you
But never to bend that way; poore *Cæsario*,
When thou pu[t]t'st on thy mournfull willow garland,
Thy enemy shall be suted (I do vow)
In the same livery—my *Cæsario*
Loved as my foster child, though not my sonne—
Which in some countryes formerly were barbarous,
Was a name held most affectionate; thou art lost,
Unfortunate young man, not only slighted
Where thou receiv'd'st thy breeding, but since scorn'd
Ith' way of marriage, by the poore *Bianca*
The In-keepers daughter.
PROS. I have heard of that too;

But let not that afflict you; for this Lady
May happily deliver at more leasure
A circumstance may draw a faire event,
Better then you can hope for. For this present
We must leave you, and shall visit you againe
Within these two houres. [*Exeunt.*] *Enter Cæsario.*
ALBERT. Ever to me most welcome,——O my *Cæsario*!
CÆSAR. I am none of yours Sir,
So tis protested; and I humbly beg,
Since tis not in your power to preserve me
Any longer in a noble course of life,
Give me a worthy death.
ALBER. The youth is mad.
CÆSAR. Nay Sir, I will instruct you in a way
To kill me honorably.
ALBER. That were most strange.
CÆSAR. I am turning Pirate—You may be imployed
By the Duke to fetch me in; and in a sea-fight
Give me a noble grave.
ALBER. Questionlesse he's mad; I would give any Doctor
A thousand crownes to free him from this sorrow.
CÆSAR. Here's the Physitian. *Shewes a Poniard.*
ALBER. Hold Sir, I did say
To free you from the sorrow, not from life.
CÆSAR. Why life and sorrow are unseparable.
ALBER. Be comforted *Cæsario*. *Mentivole*
Shall not marry *Clarissa*.
CÆSAR. No Sir, ere he shall,
Ile kill him.
ALBER. But you forfeit your own life then.
CÆSAR. Thats worth nothing.
ALBER. *Cæsario*, be thy selfe, be mine, *Cæsario*,
Make not thy selfe uncapable of that portion
I have full purpose to confer upon thee,
By falling into madnesse—beare thy wrongs
With noble patience, the afflicted['s] freind
Which ever in all actions crownes the end.
CES. You [have] well awak['d] me; nay recover'd me
Both to sence and full life—ô most noble sir,
Though I have lost my fortune, and lost you
For a worthy Father: yet I will not loose
My former vertue, my integrity
Shall not yet forsake me; but as the wilde Ivy,
Spredds and thrives better in some pittious ruin
Of tower, or defac'd Temple, then it does
Planted by a new building—so shall I

Make my adversity my instrument
To winde me up into a full content.
ALBER. Tis worthily resolv'd; our first adventure
Is to stop the marriage; for thy other losses,
Practis'd by a womans malice, but account them
Like conjurers windes rais'd to a fearefull blast,
And doe some mischeife, but do never last. *Exeunt.*

[ACTUS QUINTUS. SCAENA SECUNDA.]

[*The same.*]

Enter Forobosco and Clowne.

CLOW. Now sir, will you not acknowledge that I have mightily advanc[t] your practice?

FOROBOS. Tis confest, and I will make thee a great man for't.

CLOW. I take a course to do that my selfe, for I drinke sack in abundance.

FORO. O my rare rascall! We must remove.

CLOW. Whither?

FORO. Any whither: Europe is to[o] little to be cozned by us, I am ambitious to goe to the East-Indies, thou and I to ride on our brace of Elephants.

CLOW. And for my part I long to be in England agen; you wil never get so much as in *England*—we have shifted many countryes, and many names: but [traunt] the world over you shall never purse up so much gold as when you were in England, and call'd your selfe Doctor Lambestones.

FORO. Twas an atractive name I confesse, women were then my only admirers.

CLOW. And all their visits was either to further their lust, or reveng injuries.

FORO. You should have forty in a morning beleager my closett, and strive who should be cozend first—amongst fourescore love-sick waighting women that has come to me in a morning to learne what fortune should betide them in their first marriage, I have found above 94 to have lost their maidenheads.

CLOW. By their owne confession—but I was faine to be your male midwife, and worke it out of them by circumstance.

FORO. Thou wast, and yet for all this frequent resort of women and thy handling of their urinalls and their cases, thou art not given to lechery—what should be the reason of it? thou hast wholsome flesh enough about thee; me thinkes the divell should tempt thee [to]'t.

CLOW. What need he do that, when he makes me his instrument to tempt others?

FORO. Thou canst not chuse but utter thy rare good parts; thou wast an excellent baude I acknowledge.

Clow. Well, and what I have done that way—I will spare to speake of all you and I have done sir, and though we should——

Foro. We will for England, thats for certaine.

Clow. We shall never want there.

Foro. Want? the Court of Wards shall want mony first, for I professe my selfe Lord Paramount over fooles and madfolkes.

Clow. Do but store your selfe with lyes enough against you come thither—

Foro. Why thats all the familarity I ever had with the Divell, my guift of lying—they say hees the Father of lyes, and though I cannot conjure, yet I professe my selfe to be one of his poore gossips. I will now reveale to thee a rare peece of service.

Clow. What is it my most worshipful Doctor Lambstones?

Foro. There is a Captaine come lately from Sea, they call *Prosper*—I saw him this morning through a chincke of wainscote that divides my lodging and the Host of the house, withdraw my Host, and Hostesse, the faire *Biancha*, and an antient gentlewoman into their bedchamber; I could not overheare their conference, but I saw such a masse of gold & Jewels, & when he had done he loc[k]'t it up into a casket; great joy there was amongst them & forth they are gone into the city, and my Host told me at his going forth he thought he should not returne till after supper; now sir, in their absence will we fall to our picklocks, enter the chamber, seize the Jewels, make an escape from *Florence*, and wee are made for ever.

Clow. But if they should goe to a true conjurer, and fetch us back in a whirlewinde?

Foro. Doe not beleeve there is any such fetch in Astrology—and this may be a meanes to make us live honest hereafter.

Clow. Tis but an ill road [to]'t that lyes through the high way of theeving.

Foro. For indeed I am weary of this trade of fortune-telling, and meane to give all over, when I come into England, for it is a very ticklish quality.

Clow. And ith end will hang by a twine thred.

Foro. Besides the Island has too many of the profession, they hinder one anothers market.

Clow. No, no, the pillory hinders their market.

Foro. You know there the jugling captaine?

Clow. I theres a sure carde.

Foro. Onely the fore-man of their jury is dead, but he dyed like a Roman.

Clow. Else tis thought he had made worke for the hangman.

Foro. And the very Ball of your false prophets, hee's quasht too.

Clow. He did measure the starres with a false yard, and may now travaile to Rome with a morter on's head to see if he can recover his mony that way.

FORO. Come, come, lets fish for this casket, and to Sea presently.

CLOW. We shall never reach London I feare; my minde runs so much of hanging, landing at Wapping. *Exeunt.*

[ACTUS QUINTUS. SCAENA TERTIA.]

[*Alberto's house.*]

Enter Mariana.

[MARIA.] This well may be a day of joy long wish'd for
To my *Clarissa*, shee is innocent.
Nor can her youth but with an open bosome
Meet Himens pleasing bounties—but to me
That am invirond with black guilt and horror
It does appeare a funerall—though promising much
In the conception [it was] hard to mannage
[And] sad in the event—it was not hate
But fond indulgence in me to preserve
Cesarios threatned life, in open court
That forc'd me to disclaime him, choosing rather
To rob him of his birth-right and [his] honor
Then suffer him to run the hazard of
Inrag'de *Baptistas* fury; while he lives,
I know I have a sonne, and the Dukes sentence
A while deluded, and this tempest over,
When he assures himselfe despaire hath seizd him,
Knock within. *Enter Baptista.*
I can relieve and raise him——speake, who is it
That presses on my privacies? Sir your pardon.
You cannot come unwelcome, though it were
To reade my secret thoughts.

BAP. Lady to you
Mine shall be ever open; Lady said I?—
That name keeps too much distance, sister rather
I should have stilde you, and I now may claime it,
Since our divided families are made one
By this blessed marriage; to whose honor comes
The Duke in person, waited on by all
The braveries of his Court, to witnesse it,
And then to be our ghests—is the bride ready
To meet and entertaine him?

MARIA. She attends
The comming of your sonne.

BAP. Pray you bring her forth.
The Dukes at hand——Musick in her loud voyce,
Speakes his arrivall.

MARIA. Shee's prepard to meet it. *Exit.*

Enter Mariana, Clarissa led by two Maides: at the other doore, Baptista meetes with Mentivole, led by two Courtiers; the Duke, Bishop; diverse Attendants: (A Song) whilst they salute.

DUKE. It were impertinent to wish you joy,
Since all joyes dwell about you, *Himens* torch
Was never [lighted] with a luckier omen,
Nor burnt with so much splendor—to defer
With fruitlesse complement, the meanes to make
Your certain pleasures lawfull to the world;
Since in the union of your hearts they are
Confirmd already: would but argue us
A boaster of our favours; to the Temple!—
And there the sacred knot once tyde, all triumphs
Our Dukedome can affoord, shall grace your nuptialls.

Enter Alberto and Cæsario.

BAP. On there!
MENT. I hope it is not in the power
Of any to crosse us now.
ALBER. But in the breath
Of a wrongd Father I forbid the ban[e]s.
CESAR. What, doe you stand at gaze?
BAP. Risen from the dead!
MARIA. Although the sea had vomitted up the figure
In which thy better part livd long imprisond,
True love despising feare, runs thus to meete it.
CLARIS. In duty I kneele to it. [*They run to him.*]
ALBER. Hence vile wretches,
To you I am a substance incorporeall,
And not to be prophand with your vile touch
That could so soone forget me—but such things
Are neither worth my anger, nor reproofe.
To you great sir, I turne my selfe and these
Immediate Ministers of your government,
And if in my rude language I transgresse;
Ascribe it to the cold remembrance of
My services, and not my rugged temper.
DUKE. Speake freely, be thy language ne're so bitter,
To see thee safe, *Alberto*, signes thy pardon.
ALBER. My pardon! I can need none, if it be not
Receivd for an offence. I tamely beare
Wrongs, which a slave-born Muscovite would check at.
Why if for treason I had beene deliverd
Up to the hangmans Axe, and this dead trunck
Unworthy of a Christian Sepulcher,

Exposd a prey to feed the ravenous vulture,
The memory of the much I oft did for you,
Had you but any touch of gratitude,
Or thought of my deservings, would have stopd you
From these unjust proceedings.
DUKE. Heare the motives
That did induce us.
ALBER. I have heard them all,
Your highnesse sentence, the whole Court abusd,
By the perjuries, and practise of this woman...
(Weepest thou, Crocodile?) my hopefull son,
Whom I dare sweare mine owne, degraded of
The honors that descend to him from me:
And from that in his love scornd by a creature
Whose base birth though made eminent by her beauty,
Might well have markd her out *Cesarios* servant—
All this I could have pardond and forgot;
But that my daughter with my whole estate
So hardly purchasd, is assignd a dower
To one whose Father, and whose family
I so detest, that I would loose my essence
And be transformed to a Basiliske
To look them dead, to mee's an injury,
Admits no satisfaction.
BAP. Ther's none offerd.
ALBER. Nor would not be accepted, though upon
Thy knees twere tenderd.
MARIA. Now the storme grows high.
BAP. But that I thought thee dead, and in thy death
The brinie Ocean had entombd thy name;
I would have sought a wife in a Bordello
For my *Mentivole*, and gladly hugd
Her spurious Issue as my lawfull Nephewes,
Before his blood should ere have mixd with thine;
So much I scorne it.
ALBER. I'll not bandy words,
But thus dissolve the contract. [*Seizes Clarissa.*]
BAP. There I meet thee,
And seize on whats mine owne. [*Seizes Mentivole.*]
ALBER. For all my service,
Great Sir grant me the combat with this wretch,
That I may scourge his insolence.
BAPTIST. I kneele for it.
CÆSAR. And to approve my selfe *Albertos* sonne,
I'le be his second upon any odds,
Gainst him that dare most of *Baptistas* race.

MENTI. Already upon honorable termes,
In me thou hast met thy better—for her sake
I'le adde no more.
ALBER. Sir, let our swords decide it.
MARIA. O stay Sir, and as you would hold the title
Of a just Prince, ere you grant licence to
These mad-mens fury, lend your private eare
To the most distres'd of women.
DUKE. Speake, tis granted. *He takes Mariana aside.*
CLAR. In the meane time, let not *Clarissa* be
A patient looker-on—though as yet doubtfull,
To whom to bend her knee first, yet to all
I stoop thus low in duty, and would wash
The dust of fury with my Virgin teares,
From his blessd feete, and make them beautifull
That would move to conditions of peace,
Though with a snaile-like pace—they all are wingd
To beare you to destruction: reverend sirs,
Think on your ancient friendship cæmented
With so much bloud, but shed in noble action,
Divided now in passion for a brawle,
The makers blush to own—much lov'd *Cæsario*!
Brother, or friend, (each title may prevaile,)
Remember with what tendernesse from our child-hood
Wee lov'd together, you preferring me
Before your selfe, and I so fond of you
That it begot suspition in ill mindes
That our affection was incestuous.
Thinke of that happy time, in which I know
That with your deerest blood you had prevented
This showre of teares from me—*Mentivole*,
My husband, registred in that bright star-chamber,
Though now on earth made strangers, be the example
And offer in one hande the peacefull *Olive*
Of concord, or if that can be denyed,
By powerfull intercession in the other
Carry the *Hermian* rod and force atonement—
Now we will not bee all marble! Deaths the worst then
And hee shall be my bridegroome— *offers to kill her selfe.*
MENT. Hold, *Clarissa*—
[This] loving violence [I] needs must offer
In spite of honor——*he snatches away her knife and sets it to his owne breast—she stayes his hand.*
DUKE. Was it to that end then
On your religion?
MAR. And my hope in heaven Sir.

Duke. Wee then will leave entreaties, and make use
Of our authority—must I cry aime
To this unheard-of insolence? in my presence
To draw your swords, and as all reverence
Thats due to majesty were forfeited,
Cherish this wildenesse! sheath them instantly,
And shew an alteration in your lookes,
Or by my power—
Alber. Cut of[f] my head—
Bapt. And mine—
Rather then heare of peace with this bad man,
I'le not alone give up my throat, but suffer
Your rage to reach my family.

Enter Prospero, Juliana, Biancha.

Alb. And my name
To be no more remembred.
Duke. What are these?
Cæs. *Biancha*, tis *Biancha*, still *Biancha*:
But strangely alter'd.
Bapt. If that thirteene yeares
Of absence could raze from my memory
The figure of my freind, I might forget thee;
But if thy Image be graven on my heart,
Thou art my *Prospero*.
Pros. Thou my *Baptista*!
Duke. A suddaine change!
Bap. I dare not aske deere freind
If *Juliana* live! for thats a blessing
I am unworthy of—but yet deny not
To let me know the place she hath made happy
By having there her sepulcher.
Pros. If your highnesse please to vouchsafe a patient eare
Wee shall make a true relation of a story
That shall call on your wonder.
Duke. Speake, wee heare you.
Pros. *Baptistas* Fortune in the *Genoa* court,
His banishment, with his faire wifes restraint
You are acquainted with; what since hath follow'd
I faithfully will deliver—ere eight moones
After *Baptistas* absence were compleate,
Faire *Juliana* founde the pleasures that
They had injoy'd together were not barren,
And blushing at the burthen of her wombe,
No father neere to owne it, it drew on
A violent sicknesse, which call'd downe compassion

From the angry *Duke*, then carefull of her health.
Physitians were enquir'd of, and their judgment
Prescrib'd the Bathes of *Luca* as a meanes
For her recovery; to my charge it pleas'd her
To be committed; but as on the way
Wee journy'd, those throwes only knowne to women
Came thick upon her, in a private village.
BAP. Shee died?
PROS. Have patience, she brought to the world
A hopefull daughter; for her bodies sicknesse,
It soone decai'd, but the greife of her minde
Hourely increas'd, and life grew tedious to her,
And, desperate [e'er] to see you, she injoyn'd me
To place her in a *Greekish* Monastery,
And to my care gave up her pretty daughter.
BAPT. What monastery? as a Pilgrim bare-foot,
Ile search it out.
PROS. Pray you interrupt me not—
Now to my fortunes; the girle well dispos'd [of]
With a faithfull freind of mine, my cruell fate
Made me a prisoner to the Turkish gallies,
Where for 12 yeares, these hands tugd at the oare—
But, fortune tyr'd at length with my afflictions,
Some ships of *Malta* mett the Ottaman fleete,
Charg'd them and boorded them, and gave me freedome.
With my deliverers I serv'd, and gott
Such reputation with the great Master
That he gave me command over a tall
And lusty ship, where my first happy service
Was to redeeme *Alberto* rumor'd dead,
But was like me surpris'd by *Cortugogly*.
ALBER. I would I had dyed there.
PROS. And from him learning
Baptista liv'd, and their dissolved freindship,
I hois'd up sailes for *Greece*, found *Juliana*
A votary at her beades; having made knowne
Both that you liv'd, and where you were, she borrow'd
So much from her devotion as to wish me
To bring her to you; if the object please you,
With joy receave her.
BAPT. Rage and fury leave me! *throwes away his sword.*
I am so full of happines, theres no room left
To entertaine you—O my long lost Jewell,
Light of mine eyes, my soules strength!
JULIA. My best Lord,
Having Embrac'd you thus, death cannot fright me

BAPT. Live long to do so!—though I should fix here,
Pardon me *Prospero* though I enquire
My daughters fortune.
PROS. That your happinesse
May be at all parts perfect, here she is!
CÆS. *Biancha* daughter to a princesse!
PROS. True!—
With my faithfull Host I left her, and with him
Till now she hath resided, ignorant
Both of her birth and greatnesse.
BAP. O my blest one!
Joy upon joy over-whelmes me.
DUKE. Above wonder!
ALB. I doe begin to melt too, this strange story
Workes much upon me.
DUKE. Since it hath ple[a]s'd heaven
To grace us with this miracle, I that am
Heavens instrument here, determine thus; *Alberto*
Be not unthankefull for the blessings showne you,
Nor you *Baptista*; discord was yet never
A welcome sacrifice; therefore rage layd by,
Embrace as freinds, and let pass'd difference
Be as a dreame forgotten.
BAP. Tis to me.
ALBER. And me—and thus confirme it. [*They embrace.*]
DUKE. And to tye it
In bonds not to be broken, with the marriage
Of young *Mentivole*, and faire *Clarissa*,
So you consent great Lady, your *Biancha*
Shall call *Cæsario* Husband.
JULIA. Tis a motion
I gladly yeeld too.
CÆSAR. One in which you make
A sadd man happy. *Offers to kneele.*
BIAN. Kneele not, all forgiven.
DUKE. With the Duke your Unkle I will make attonement
And will have no denyall.
MAR. Let this day
Be still held sacred. *Enter Host, Forobosco, Clowne and Officers.*
HOST. Now if you can conjure,
Let the Divell unbind you—
FORO. Wee are both undone.
CLOW. Already wee feele it.
HOST. Justice sir!—
DUKE. What are they?
PROS. I can resolve you, slaves freed from the Gallyes

By the Viceroy of *Sicilia.*

DUKE. Whats their offence?

HOST. The robbing me of all my plate and Jewels,
I meane the attempting of it.

CLOW. Please your grace I will now discover this varlet in earnest—
this honest pestilent rogue profest the art of conjuring, but all the skill that ever he had in the black art was in making a seacole fire; only with wearing strange shapes he begot admiration amongst fooles and women.

FORO. Wilt thou [peach] thou varlet?

DUKE. Why does he gogle with his eyes, and stauke so?

CLOW. This is one of his Magicall raptures.

FORO. I doe vilifie your censure—you demand if I am guilty, whir! sayes my cloake by a tricke of legerdemaine, now I am not guilty, I am guarded with innocence—pure silver lace I assure you.

CLOW. Thus have I read to you your vertues, which notwithstanding I would not have you proud of.

FORO. Out, thou concealement of tallow, and counterfeit *Mummia*!

DUKE. To the Gallyes with them both!

CLOW. The onely sea-physick for a knave i[s] to be basted in a gally with the oyle of a Bulls peesell.

FORO. And will not you make a soure face at the same sauce, sirra? I hope to finde thee so leane in one fortnight, thou mayest be drawne by the eares through the hoop of a firkin. [*They fight.*]

DUKE. Divide them and away with them ʌ to'th Gallyes.

CLOW. This will take downe your pride, Jugler.

DUKE. This day
That hath given birth to blessings beyond hope
Admits no criminall sentence—to the Temple!
And there with humblenesse praise heavens bounties;
For blessings nere discend from thence, but when
A sacrifice in thankes ascends from men. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

COMMENTARY

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

THE PERSONS

Clown...setter: a *setter* is a swindler's confederate (probably met. of a setter-dog).

I. 1.

Outer stage.

1 ff. The reader of this opening passage cannot fail to be reminded of the scene between Ophelia and Laertes in *Hamlet*, I. 3.

38. *braveries*: brave young gallants.

190–5. *I.e.* I must have thee board her; or else hang on.

218. *Carpet Knight*: originally applied, with no reproach, to those knighted at home and in peace-time; but naturally enough the term soon acquired a sense of contempt.

269. *closly*: secretly.

347. *equall*: just, fair.

409. *qualifie*: extenuate, condone.

I. 2.

Whole stage.

I. 3.

Outer stage.

II. 1.

Whole stage.

25. *Beare* [*me in*] *hand*: amuse with delusive assurances.

140–2. *protested...exacted*: with a play on the legal sense of "protest"—"to make a formal declaration of the non-payment of a bill of exchange as a preliminary to bringing an action to recover the debt" (cf. *D.M.* III. 2. 208).

153. *stickler*: mediator (he means Cesario).

158–9. *Dutchman...When his Enemy kneeles afore him*: with allusion to the atrocities attributed to the Dutch in their trade-conflicts with English rivals in the E. Indies, particularly at Amboyna, Feb. 11th 1623 (see on IV. 2. 256). Similarly in Glapthorne's *Lady Mother*, II. 1: "like a tyrannical Dutch man-of-war that shows no mercy to the yielding enemy.

II. 2.

Outer stage.

9. *start*: break away. We still speak of a ship's planks as "starting".

29–31. See on *D.M.* II. 1. 27–30.

32. *with a witnesse* seems to mean "with a vengeance"; then in the next line there is a quibble on the literal sense. Cf. *A.Y.L.* II. 1. 18.

36. *night-worm*: prostitute.

40–1. Cf. "Overbury", *Char.* "An Host": "His wife is the cummin-seed of his dove-house".

42. *Adamants...rapiers.* Cf. Jonson, *Alchemist*, I. 1:

> Beneath your threshold bury me a loadstone,
> To draw in gallants that wear spurs.

48. *bodies*: bodice.

53. *Cherelly*: I owe to Mr Sykes the explanation of this word which had baffled previous editors. Howell's *Vocabulary* (1659), XVIII, has "Claret wine; Vino chiaretto, ò chiarello" (quoted by H. C. Hart on 2 *Hen. VI*, II. 3. 63 in *Arden Shakespeare*).

I may add that Perocchi's *Italian Dict.* (1887) gives "Chiarello: Vino fatto con molt' acqua".

68. *Right my daughter!*: "just like my daughter!"

79–80. *Ere you goe to bed, faile not of that I pray.* The sense is obscure: and not made clearer by assigning the sentence, with some editors, to the Host. The clown may be jesting feebly on yawning: or "that I pray" may mean "that which I have asked you for". But what this was, unless it were the "other moveable" (wench) of 123 below, I do not know. In acting, a gesture might make this clear.

96. *a Briefe*: a Church Brief or King's Letter, licensing collections in churches for some charitable object. Pepys (June 30th 1661) complains that they have become so common "that we have resolved to give no more to them".

99. *grew buzards*: became blockheads. Yet the sense requires that, on the contrary, when they were drunk, they should have *ceased* to be stupid: they were stupid, when *sober*. See Text. Note; and cf. Howell, *Letters* (1890), I. 208, who says that the Netherlanders "make commonly their bargains in drink, and then are they more cautelous" (May 1st 1622).

114. *figuary*: fegary, vagary, prank. Stress: "with *such* a figuary!"—"I have no end of a trick to make them believe you can conjure".

120. [*stale*] *it*: give it away, reveal it (to the audience).

123. *moveable*: a vagrant or flighty person: (*e.g.* of a strolling tinker in "Overbury's" *Characters*). Here, "wench".

124. *purely...Geneva*: with allusion to that city's Calvinistic strictness.

II. 3.

Whole stage.

22. *unmade up*: disordered, dishevelled?

II. 4.

Outer stage.

16. *quaintly*: cunningly, finely.

III. 1.

Whole stage, perhaps changing to outer stage at 154 where Cesario and Bianca are left alone.

6. *cacafugo's*: spitfires (Span. *cacafuego: cagar* (= Lat. *cacare*) + *fuego*). So according to Howell, *Letters*, II. 297, the Spaniards called Richelieu "the grand *Cago-fuego* of Christendom".

8. *every gaine smelt sweet*: derived, ultimately at least, from the story of Vespasian (Suetonius, *Vespasian*, 23): "Reprehendenti filio Tito, quod etiam urinae vectigal commentus esset, pecuniam ex prima pensione admovit ad nares, sciscitans *num odore offenderetur*".

25. *Paragraphisticall*: used, seemingly, as a mere nonsense-word.

32. *lavolteteere*: dancer of *lavoltas*, a lively dance for two people. Cf. Sir John Davies's description in his *Orchestra*:

> Yet is there one, the most delightful kind,
> A lofty jumping or a leaping round,
> Where arm in arm two dancers are entwin'd,
> And whirl themselves in strict embracements bound,
> And still their feet an anapaest do sound.

32. *Kit*: small fiddle. (? Gk. κιθάρα.)

54. *Magnifico's post new painted*: newly elected mayors and sheriffs used to have their gateposts repainted.

58. *horse-coursers*: horse-dealers.

68. *Alastors*: avenging demon's (not before 1810 in *N.E.D.*—a good example of the danger of depending on its dating of words). I have found it also in Coryat's *Crudities* (1611), applied to the mice that ate up the wicked Bishop Hatto in his Mouse-tower at Bingen.

95. *Homot[e]le[u]ton*: a nonsensical distortion of a rhetorical term (homœoteleuton), which signifies the use of a series of words with the same terminations. Cf. Puttenham, *Art of Poesy*, III. 16: "The Greeks used a manner of speech or writing in their proses that went by clauses, finishing in words of like tune... which they called Omoioteleton, and is that wherein they nearest approached to our vulgar rhyme, and may be thus expressed:

> Weeping, creeping, beseeching, I wan
> The love at length of Lady Lucian."

95. *Pragmatophoros, Heliostycorax*: nonsense Greek. The first, did it exist, might mean "trouble-bringer": the second is a hotch-potch of *Helios*, the sun and, perhaps, *Styx*, the infernal river, combined with *Corax*, raven (? cf. *Sycorax* = sow-raven).

99. *vindict[a], vindicta!*—the traditional cry of the revengeful ghost in Elizabethan tragedy of the Senecan style. Cf. the Induction to *A Warning for Fair Women* (1599):

> Then too a filthy whining ghost,
> Lapt in some foul sheet or a leather pilch,
> Comes screaming like a pig half stick'd
> And cries, *vindicta*—Revenge, revenge!

114–5. *Messe And halfe*: "six" (four being the regular number to a mess).

115. *Stooles out*: a prompt-copy direction. The stools are, of course, for Host, Hostess, and Bianca to sit on while watching the masque.

116. *sir-reverence*: a corruption of "save" (sa') + "reverence": here "respects".

123. *no longer trouble*: *i.e.* there shall be no more trouble, I will not put up with it.

III. 2.

Whole stage, perhaps changing to outer stage at 214.

49–50. This has been taken to mean: "If my strict conscience emboldens me to brave the shame of confessing, let my frailty plead my excuse". An alternative rendering might be: "If a strict judgment of my conduct pronounces me to have behaved shamelessly, still—forgive my weakness". But both seem impossible. *Counsel shame* has been suggested, *i.e.* "advise a shamed silence". This is better, though not very satisfactory.

82. *In-urd*: habituated.

139–40. *basely born, If not base-born*: of humble, but not illegitimate, birth.

242. *Assoone*: quite common as one word in English of the time.

IV. 1.

Whole stage.

98. *sadly*: seriously.

237. *flying lust*: a strange epithet—a combination of the idea of lust as flighty and pouncing, and of witches flying through the air?

IV. 2.

Outer stage, changing to whole stage at 36.

6–7. *Paracelsus . . . long sword*: Paracelsus was said to have had a familiar spirit in his sword-hilt. See on *D.M.* v. 2. 27.

11. *Kelly*: Edward Kelley (1555–95), alchemist and magician, and for a long time colleague of Dr Dee, went to Germany and was patronized by Rudolph II; professed to have succeeded in transmuting base metals—$1\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of mercury, on one occasion, into 1 oz. of gold; and died of injuries received in an attempt to break prison. (See Wood, *Athen. Oxon.* (1691), I. 244: Charlotte Fell Smith, *Dr Dee.*)

26. *quality*: profession.

36–7. *Enter F. as in his Study*: *i.e.* the curtain of the inner stage is drawn back, revealing him.

(*A Paper*): a stage-copy direction to ensure that this "property" should be ready.

70. *Caranta*: Corantoes, news-sheets (so called because "running" on from number to number).

76–7. *as quiet...as the woman...married.* Cf. Jonson's *Epicœne.*

79–80. *butter...Mercurius Gallobelgicus*: an allusion to Nathaniel Butter, one of the founders of English journalism, who is attacked also in Jonson's *Staple of News* (1625), I. 2 and Shirley's *Love Tricks* (1625). He began as a stationer; published among other things the first Quarto of *Lear* (1608); passed from writing single pamphlets on current events of interest (*e.g.* a murder in Yorkshire 1605) to the eventual production, from 1622 onwards, of a news-sheet on foreign affairs, called *News from most parts of Christendom*, which appeared at intervals of a week or less; and only gave up this occupation at the beginning of the Civil War. He died, very poor, in 1664.

Mercurius Gallobelgicus was a sort of annual register of European events published in Latin at Cologne from 1594 onwards down to 1635, first yearly, then every six months. The title was imitated by other journalistic ventures such as the *Mercurius Britannicus*, the first English periodical with a regular title, which appeared in the year of this play, 1625; and the name still survives, of course, in the various "Mercuries" of modern journalism.

81. *there was a captaine*: this must be Captain Thomas Gain(s)ford "the gazette-maker", whose death in the previous week is recorded in a letter from Chamberlain to Carleton of Sept. 4th 1624 (*Cal. State Papers* (*Dom.*) 1623–5, p. 334). Cf. Jonson, *Staple of News* (1625), I. 1: "It is not now as when the captain lived". Gainsford published with Butter in 1618 his *True and Wonderfull History of Perkin Warbeck*, largely used in Ford's *Perkin Warbeck*. (See a note on him in Herford and Simpson, *Ben Jonson*, II. 173–4; *Anglia* (1925), XLIX. 80–91.)

89. *Amsterdam*: the sanctuary of religious fanatics. "I believe in this street where I lodge," says Howell, writing thence on May 1st 1619, "there be well near as many religions as there be houses".

107. 9 *dayes to the weeke*: this idea seems to be, as Dyce suggests, an old joke on the unpunctuality of soldiers' pay. Cf. *Witch of Edmonton*, III. 1: "Ask any soldier that ever received his pay but in the Low Countries, and he'll tell thee there are eight days in the week there, hard by". The captain would thus be able to keep back more of his men's pay; similarly in *A.Y.L.* I. 1. 246–7.

114. *stivers*: coin of the Low Countries, worth about $1\frac{1}{2}d.$

130 ff. Cf. Jonson's *News from the New World Discovered in the Moon* (1621).

141–2. *Scotch taylor...pedlar in Poland*: for Scotch pedlars in Poland see on *W.D.* III. 3. 6–7: Scotch tailors appear, from a tract of 1623 quoted here by Weber, to have flourished in Blackfriars.

152 ff. See on *D.M.* IV. 2. 54–5.

167. *manchet*: the finest wheaten bread.

175. *eight wonder*: a sneer at the penuriousness of Spanish diet, bitterly complained of by English visitors to Spain, as consisting largely of salads and fish. This contrast was particularly brought home during the visit of Charles and Buckingham to Madrid in 1623. *Eight* for "eighth" is quite common.

177. *Olla Podrithoes*: *olla podridas*—hotch-potches of meat and vegetables.

198. *your plannet*: the moon, since they are lunatics.

218. *Allegant*: wine of Alicant. See on *C.C.* IV. 1. 13.

219. *catholick medcine*: probably with allusion to the laxative electuary called "Diacatholicon", either from containing all sorts of ingredients, or curing all sorts of ills. Cf. Burton, *Anat.* II. 4. 2. 3. Naturally the Protestant Dutch would have disliked the name.

222. *Unicornes horne*: against poison.

226. *witches of Lapland*: see on *C.C.* IV. 2. 97.

227. *chaire-women to him*: charwomen compared with him (*i.e. they* do some real work for their money).

233. *pardones of course*: regular, ordinary pardons. Similarly "Writs of course".

233–4. *sung Lacrymæ*: see on *D.L.* IV. 2. 537.

256–7. *Amboyna...pepperd*: in February 1623 the few English residents at Amboyna, the headquarters of the clove-trade, were arrested as conspiring with Japanese soldiers in the Dutch service to seize the castle. They were tortured horribly, until some confessed guilt, and ten were beheaded. The memory long rankled in England and fifty years later Dryden could still use the subject for a play, *Amboyna*, to inflame feeling against Holland.

258. *Develing*: Dublin.

259. *brogs*: trousers (Lat. *bracca*).

261. *of a sleevelesse errand*: on a futile errand, fool's errand—(a common phrase).

278. There is something rather delightful about the calmly judicial way in which the Pedant at once explains to his less learned fellows the exact nature of these phenomena.

283. *division*: "the execution of a rapid melodic passage...*esp.* as a variation on, or accompaniment to, a theme or 'plain song'". (*N.E.D.*) Cf. *descant*.

286. *Mogols breeches*: baggy eastern trousers? Probably there is a hit here at the orientalisms of T. Coryat (see on V. 2. 9–10).

316. *entertain*: employ.

317. *turn him off,...hanged*: with a play on "turn off" (the ladder) ="hang".

318. *this foule coppy*: the Clown's face? Less likely seems the idea that his recent punishment was a "rough draft" or rehearsal of his end on the gallows.

398. *leapt a Whiteing*: "lost your labour". More fully—"leapt at a whiting". Cf. *Marriage of Wit and Science*, IV. 1:

> But he that takes not such time while he maye,
> Shal leape at a whyting when time is a waye.

428–9. Cf. "Overbury", *Char.* "A Sailor": "He is part of his own provision for he lives ever pickled".

V. 1.

Outer stage.

70. *countryes formerly were barbarous*: the allusion is apparently to Ireland.

V. 2.

Outer stage.

9–10. *ride...Elephants*: probably, as Dyce suggests, a hit at Coryat the traveller, who was represented riding one on the frontispiece of his book—*Letters from Asmere, the Court of the Great Mogul* (1616). Cf. "Beaum. & Fl.", *Queen of Corinth*, III. 1.

13. [*traunt*]: "peddle"—the same word as Thomas Hardy's "tranter".

15. *Doctor Lambestones*: Dr Lambe, "the Devil" who, according to the popular rhyme, was supposed to rule the Duke (of Buckingham) as the Duke ruled the King. He had been imprisoned for witchcraft (1608) and long kept in easy confinement; then later condemned for the rape of a girl of eleven (1623), but pardoned by the influence of Buckingham, whose procurer he was reputed to be. In 1628 coming from the Fortune Theatre he was hooted by apprentices and threatened (like Forobosco, curiously enough) to make them dance naked; in return the crowd mauled him so horribly that he died next morning; and it was sung through the city:

> Let Charles and George do what they can,
> The Duke shall die like Doctor Lambe—

a prophecy fulfilled two months later by Felton's knife. (Cf. Jonson, *Staple of News*, I. 2.)

39. *the Court of Wards* and Liveries, established by 32 Hen. VIII, c. 46, and abolished in 1660, watched over the payment, by heirs of royal tenants, of their various dues to the crown. It was further authorized "to survey governe and order all and singulier ideottis and naturall fooles now being in the Kinges handis" together with their revenues: and made a lucrative business of farming out the guardianship of these unfortunates.

61. *fetch*: trick.

72–5. *the jugling captaine...the fore-man of their jury...dyed like a Roman*: Weber identified the "jugling captaine" with the scribbling captain of IV. 2. 81; and the "foreman" with Banks (see on *W.D.* II. 2. 14) who was burned at Rome by the Inquisition, together with his performing horse. Gifford (*Jonson*, V. 185) was outraged by the

suggestion—"This stupidity is intolerable. Does Mr. Weber suppose that the Romans were burned to death?" It does indeed seem certain that the "jugling captaine" is not Gainsford (who, anyway, was now dead); but I cannot identify him.

With the "foreman" it is otherwise: who can this be but the famous sorcerer Dr Simon Foreman or Forman (1552–1611)? Hence the whole point of the quibbling phrase. Forman was a schoolmaster who turned to magic and quack-medicine with great success, despite repeated imprisonments; he gained many noble clients and among them the famous Countess of Essex, who, through Mrs Turner, received potions from him to attract Rochester and repel her husband. On Sunday, Sept. 8th 1611, he foretold that he would die on the following Thursday; and punctually did so, as he was crossing the Thames.

The suggestion of "dyed like a Roman" is, clearly, that he "played the Roman fool" and committed suicide; this would well explain his prediction of his death. That he would have "made worke for the hangman" is certain enough, considering his implication in the Essex-Overbury affair (for her share in which Mrs Turner was beheaded), apart from his other perpetual clashes with the law.

(For "die like a Roman" used of suicide, cf. Beaumont, *Woman-Hater*, III. 2: "'I will die bravely like a Roman'; have a care; mark that! When he hath done all, he will kill himself"; *Macbeth*, v. 7. 30.)

77. *Ball* (cf. Jonson, *Staple of News* (1625), III. 1; and *Execration upon Vulcan*, 1623) was a Puritan tailor who prophesied that James I was destined to be crowned in the Pope's Chair, and even laid money upon its coming to pass. The allusion here is doubtless to the final extinction of his hopes with the death of James (March 27th 1625).

79. *travaile to Rome with a morter on's head*: there was a curious proverbial expression—"to hop to Rome with a mortar on one's head"—of unknown origin. The idea that a mortar-shaped cap is meant (Fr. *mortier*) is now discredited.

83. *hanging... Wapping*: there was a gallows at Execution Dock by Wapping New Stairs where pirates were fastened at low tide to drown, and left till three tides had covered them.

v. 3.

Whole stage.

74. *slave-born Muscovite*: see on *D.M.* III. 5. 90–1.

110. *Nephewes*: "grandchildren" (but perhaps also with allusion to the euphemistic use of the word for illegitimate children).

136–9. Colman (1778) compares *Isaiah* lii. 7: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!" And Dyce further points out the reminiscence of Mary Magdalen.

140. *they*: *i.e.* your feet.

155. *star-chamber*. Cf. *A.V.* I. 4. 9.

160. *Hermian rod*: the *caduceus* or herald's rod of Hermes, with its twining serpents, the symbol of peace (see on *Mon. Col.* 32).

170–1. *cry aime To*: "encourage", as did spectators at archery by crying "Aim!" To be distinguished from "give aim" (see on *W.D.* III. 2. 27).

218. *throwes*: throes.

219. *private village*: *private*, of a town, sometimes meant that it was not the seat of government; applied to a village it seems to mean little more than "obscure", "humble".

243. *Cortugogly*: I cannot identify him. That Turkish pirates were, however, more than a name at this time, we may judge from the contemporary report by Chamberlain to Carleton, for instance, of the seizure of prizes in the Severn itself by eleven Turk privateers in Aug.–Sept. 1624. (*Cal. State Papers* (*Dom.*), 1623–5, p. 334.)

259. *though I should fix here*: though I ought to ask no further, let matters rest at that. Massinger uses the phrase again in *The Duke of Milan*, II. 1: "Take heed That you fix here, and feed no hope beyond it.

311. *seacole fire*: always particularly associated with witchcraft. Cf. *Characters*, "A Quacksalver", 4.

317. *vilifie your censure*: despise your judgment.

318. I suppose at this point Forobosco does some piece of business with his cloak—suddenly turning it inside out, so that he changes from a black figure to a white, or the like.

319. *guarded*: (1) protected, (2) trimmed (cf. "lace"). Cf. *Char.*, "Foote-man", 12.

325. *peesell*: pizzle.

TEXTUAL NOTES

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

For editions see Bibliography. A complete collation (not always accurate, indeed) of the First and Second Folio versions, is to be found in Glover and Waller's *Beaumont and Fletcher*, vol. IX. (Cambridge, 1910). Only the main variants are given here. In the notes that follow

F_1 = First Folio (1647). (Brit. Mus. C. 39. K. 5.)
F_2 = Second Folio (1679).
Ff = F_1 and F_2.
S = Seward (1750).
W = Weber (1812).
D = Dyce (1843–6).

Dramatis Personae and Prologue only in F_2.

I. 1.

4. *which, honour l*[*o*]*st,* S: *which honour last* Ff.
52. [*ardour*] S: *order* Ff.
66. [*see*] F_2: *say* F_1.
149. [*vines'*] D: *vine's* S: *times* Ff.
215. *conquests*] followed by colon in Ff.
239. [*her*] F_2: *their* F_1.
268. [*was*] D adds; with comma after *affection,* colon after *dead.*
268. *dead.*] *dead;* Ff.
274. [*of*] D: *or* Ff (which is not impossible).
307. *our* F_1: *their* F_2D (needlessly); *our* = "which are now ours".
311. [*rivall*] *rivald* F_1: *rival* F_2D (*d* and *l* are liable to confusion; *e.g. sullen* and *sudden* in *Rich. II,* I. 3. 227).
337. [*Cynthia*] F_2: *Cynthian* F_1.
387. *period. . .*] *period.* F_1 (perhaps only a misprint for a comma).

I. 2.

12. *you*] *yours* S.
18. [*oy'ld-*] *old* F_1: *oy'ld* F_2.
44. ['*Tis*] F_2: *His* F_1.

I. 3.

3. [*his*] *this* FfD. Cf. *W.D.* I. 2. 293.
7. ['*slight*] F_2: *light* F_1.
15. *wage*[*r*] F_2: *wages* F_1.
21. *say* ∧ *more* S: *say no more* Ff: *say—no more!* ed. 1778 (G. Colman).
50. *frown*[*s*]] *frowne* Ff.

II. 1.

25. [*me in*] F_2: *in my* F_1.
39. *give* ∧ *more* F_2: *give him more* F_1.

*51–2. It looks as if a line might have dropped out between these. Possibly *life* should replace *losse*: but I feel that *my heire Male, lies now a-bleeding* stands for *my heire Male* who *lies*, etc.
219–20. *fled? Cesario,*] *fled Cesario?* F_1: *fled? Cesario.* F_2.

II. 2.

Numerous patches of prose in this and similar subsequent scenes are printed as verse.
29. [*Pocks*] F_2: *Pockets* F_1.
79–80. *Ere you...pray.*] Different editors have transferred this sentence to the Host (so D) or the Hostess, without really mending matters.
91. [*travell'd*] F_2: *tralaunct* F_1.
*99. *grew buzards*] exactly the wrong sense (see Commentary): *grew* [*no*] *buzards* would patch, though hardly mend, the passage.
114. *conjure,...figuary!*] *conjure...figuary.* Ff edd. (obscure).
120. [*stale*]] *steale* F_1: *stael* F_2.
121. [*whispers to him*] I have added this direction and the dots to make sense of the *and* which follows; D moves the *and* to follow *instrument.*

II. 3.

1. [*Bapt.*] F_2: *Ment.* F_1.

II. 4.

1. F_1 gives this also to *Cæsar.*: F_2 rightly gives to *Clar.*, but inserts *Brother,* before *I am happy.*
4. [*miss*] F_2: *wish* F_1.
14. Ff give to *Clar.*: S corrected.
52. *blest*] *blessed* D (to ease the metre: he ends 51 with *but*).
83. [*Exit Clarissa.*]] *Exit Sailor* D (taking the line as addressed to him).

III. 1.

32. *A* Ff: *The* D.
61. *ha,...sight.*] SD transfer to Forobosco. But it may well be the alarmed outcry of the Host at the sudden sight of the bloody-headed Clown.
68. [*a*]*round* F_2: *round* F_1.
72. *impost*[*ures*] F_2: *impostors* F_1.
75. *earth* ∧ *already* F_2: *earth 'em already* F_1: ? *earth even already* D.
95. *Homot*[*e*]*le*[*u*]*ton*], *Homotolenton* Ff edd.
96. *well,* [*I'll*] F_2D: *well* F_1. But should we not simply read *we'll*?
101. *talk'*[*s*]*t* F_2: *talk't* F_1.
128. [*prepare*] D: *prepared* Ff.
131. *See, they muster*] printed as stage direction in Ff. (This mistake of printing speeches as S.D. certainly occurs elsewhere in the play.)
131–2. S.D. [*Coxcombe*] W adds. Ff include him in IV. 2, and there are *six* suitors ("a mess and a half").
143–4. S.D. ∧ *They*] *Enter Cæsario, They* F_1.
233. [*Enter a Gentleman*] added by F_2.

III. 2.

S.D. *Magistrate* Ff: *Magistrates* D (quite probably).
5. *Col*[*onnas*] S: *Columnies* F_1: *Columni's* F_2.

6. [*Neri*] *Neers* Ff.
10. *whiles* F_1: *while* F_2 D. *Whiles* is rather ugly followed by *others*: but cf. 244. Note that the form recurs in Ford's verses prefixed to *D.M.*
43. *Yet the cleernesse*] ? *for the cleernesse* Deighton.
49. *cancell*] *counsel* Deighton.
56–7. (*Peace dwell, etc.*] Ff close the brackets at *ashes*.
*77–8. Between these lines F_1 inserts:

Maria. How ever
Bap. A Faulkners sonne:

No mention of a *Faulkner* has yet been made: the words *might* be inserted after 131.
89. [*his*] F_2: *her* F_1.
100. *birth-*[*rites*]] *birth-rights* Ff (ambiguous spelling).
126–7. D makes these lines end with *woman, privacy*: quite probably rightly, for there do not seem to be any short lines here.
143. [*deserv'd*] Theobald: *desir'd* Ff.
146. [*ranck*] D: *rancks* Ff.
155. [*that*] F_2: *what* F_1.
156. [*what*] S: *that* F_1. Clearly the two words got transposed.
178. [*have*] F_2: *heard* F_1.
196. *remainer* Ff: *remainder* D (quite needlessly). See *N.E.D.*
*271. *thee* Ff: *then* SD (quite possibly right: but *learne thee* might mean "teach thee", "set thee an example".)

IV. 1.

*11. *best* Ff: *blest* S.
56. F_1 gives to *Bian*.
70. [*fool*] F_2: *food* F_1.
77–8. There sometimes seem to be reasons of elocution for printing as two lines a verse which is metrically one: but it is hard, I think, to see much point in it here.
111. *vow*[*s*] F_2: *vowe* F_1.
147. [*As*] Ff omit.
154. *experienc*[*e*] F_2: *experiencd* F_1.
*200. *The order* [*that*] *the Duke injoyn'd—admit*] *The order of the Duke. Injoyn'd, admit* Ff: *The order of* (= *by*) *the duke enjoined; admit* WD. It looks as if the Ff reading were a mixture of two alternative versions—*The order of the Duke* and *The order that the Duke injoyn'd*; though it is just possible to leave the passage as it stands in Ff—*Injoyn'd* then agreeing with *I*. But this very harsh.
222. [*welfare*] F_2: *farewell* F_1.
251. [*thought*] F_2: *thoughts* F_1.
260–1. I have added the inverted commas.
264. [*yea*]] *they* Ff: *which* S: *nay* D. The confusion may be due to two alternative versions—*those virtues...they appear'd* and *that goodnesse...* which should have been followed not by *they*, but *it*. *Yea*, however, might easily drop out between *ye* and *appear*; the gap being then stopped with *they*.

IV. 2.

S.D. [*Clarke*] D adds.
20–1. The rhymes seem to indicate that these two lines should be left as

verse (in Ff the whole scene down to 171 is printed as verse, though obvious prose). Edd. print as prose.
34. [*cellar*] F_2: *seller* F_1 (ambiguous spelling).
253. [*Green*]-*land* F_2: *Greeke-land* F_1.
265. *cat*] ? *frog* S.
283. [*Oh*] D: *o's* F_1: *o'r* F_2: *oh, or* S: *on those "o"s* W.
298. *chin*[*e*] F_2: *chin* F_1.
323. *the cottage* Ff: *thy coatage* Mason (but the word is unknown). Forobosco means the Inn.
347–51. F_1 gives to Hostess.
359. [*these testifie*] F_2: *this testimony* F_1.
388. *s*[*i*]*t* D: *set* Ff.

V. 1.

50. *moanes* Ff: *moves* Sympson (there seems no parallel for this use of *moan*, transitively, with the person grieved, not the person grieved *for*, as object).
83. *Ever to me most welcome*] perhaps should be addressed to Prospero and Juliana as they go out. So D.
112. *afflicted*[*'s*] F_2: *afflicted* F_1.
114. [*have*]. . . *awak*[*'d*] D: *awake* F_1: *awak'd* F_2. It might be simpler to change *recover'd* to *recover*.
129. *And* Ff: ? *Which* Heath. But the text, though ungrammatical, may be right, if we take *rais'd* = *that are rais'd*.

V. 2.

*13. [*traunt*] D: *traunce* F_1: *trance* F_2: *trace* S. The verb "to traunt" is a back-formation from "tranter", "traunter" = peddlar (T. Hardy's "tranter"): a rare word, but quite plausible here, I think. *Traverse* seems to me also possible: the old by-forms *trauerce*, *trauice* might easily become *traunce*; it is just worth noting that in II. 2. 91 F_1 has *tralaunct* for *travell'd* —*tralaunce* could easily become *traunce*—so that even *travel* is not an impossible conjecture.
18. *was* Ff: *were* edd.
21. *fourescore* Ff: *five score* Mason. (But we need not take the figures very seriously.)
22. *has* Ff: *have* edd.
39. *the* F_1: *their* F_2 D.

V. 3.

*6–8. F_1 reads:

> It does appear a funerall though promising much
> In the conception were hard to mannage
> But sad in the event, it was not hate, etc.

Seward proposed:

> It does appear a funeral. *My design*
> Though promising much in the conception,
> *Was far too* hard to manage, *and doth prove*
> But sad in the event, etc.

(By reading *designs* he could have kept *were*.)
Mason suggested:

> It does appear a funeral. Though promising much
> In the conception *it* (my plot) *was* hard to manage,
> But sad in the event.

This I have followed, while further changing *But* to *And*, as seems essential (cf. *C.C.* III. 1. 51).

D merely marks *lacunae* after *conception* and *manage*.

12. [*his*] D queries adding: Ff omit.

40. [*lighted*] F_2: *slighted* F_1.

53. *ban*[*e*]*s* F_2: *bands* F_1. Confusion of *d* and *e* is particularly easy (cf. *experiencd* for *experience* in IV. 1. 154 above: and for the phrase, *A.Q.L.* IV. 3. 26).

161. *Now we will not bee all marble.* Ff: *Nay, we*...Mason: *How! ye*...? Mitford D.

163–5. *Hold*...*offer* S: *Hold Clarissa, his loving violence needs must* | *Offer in spite, etc.* Ff.

170. *cry aime* F_1: *cry ai-me* (Ay me!) F_2.

259. *Live long to do so!—though I should fix here,* Mason D: *Live long to do so though I should fix here.* F_1. The Folio reading might seem possible, meaning—"Live long to embrace me, though I remain rooted to this spot for ever": just as Posthumus says to Imogen "Hang there like fruit, my soul, Till the tree die!" But the correction is, I think, certain: see Commentary.

283. *and thus* Ff: *I thus* D.

293. *all* Ff: ? *all's*.

314. [*peach*] F_2: *preach* F_1.

318. *cloake*] should perhaps be followed by a full stop: *whir! sayes my cloake. By a tricke of legerdemaine now I am not guilty.*

329. *them* ∧ F_2: *them them* F_1.

APPENDIX I

WEBSTER'S EARLY COLLABORATION WITH DEKKER

THE discussion of the respective shares of Dekker and Webster in *Sir Thomas Wyat*, *Westward Ho!* and *Northward Ho!* belongs by right, like the plays themselves, to a complete edition of Dekker. For Webster's contribution is of minor importance; and since the present work is already unduly swollen with investigations of authorship, I shall deal more briefly with this question. The pages of parallel passages which really settle the matter will be found printed in full in Pierce's *Collaboration of Webster and Dekker* (see Bibliography).

A. *Sir Thomas Wyat*

The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyat appeared in quarto in 1607 and reached an ill-deserved second edition in 1612.

Now entries in Henslowe's *Diary* record payments for a play called *Lady Jane* (the same, probably, as he calls elsewhere *The Overthrow of Rebels*) to Chettle, Dekker, Heywood, Smith, and Webster on Oct. 15th and 21st 1602; and a further payment in earnest of a second part of *Lady Jane* on the 27th of that month. Accordingly Dyce suggested that *Sir Thomas Wyat* was an abridgment of both these parts. Further, Henslowe's payments were made on behalf of Worcester's Men, who became the Queen's Majesty's Servants in 1603; the 1607 Quarto says that *Wyat* was played by the Queen's Majesty's Servants; and it is clearly unlikely that Dekker and Webster would have written twice on the same subject for the same company within five years. So that Dyce's identification is quite convincing.

Stoll indeed has suggested that *Wyat* may represent only *Lady Jane, Part I*: but I should be slow to believe in a *Lady Jane, Part II* that only commenced after the heroine's death and burial. One cannot assert it is impossible in Henslowe's rough and ready language. But there is much more to be said for Greg's conjecture that the opening speech of Queen Mary on p. 30 of Hazlitt's edition represents the beginning of the old *Part II*; which no doubt went on to include "The Coronation of Queen Mary and coming in of King Philip", which are mendaciously promised by the Quartos on their title-pages.

The play may, then, be dated 1602; it was probably acted at the Rose (Chambers II. 409).

Its source is clearly Holinshed (Stoll 45).

The assignment of the shares of the various authors has been very variously made, as follows.

(The numbers refer to scenes, as divided by Fleay and Pierce.[1])

	Dekker	Webster	Notes
Fleay (II. 269)	11–17	1–9	—
Greg (*Henslowe's Diary*, II. 233)	12–15, 17	1–10, 16	(3–5, 11 doubtful)
Stoll... ...	"Practically all"	—	—
F. E. Pierce	1, 3, 4, 7–9, 11–3, 15, 17	2, 5, 6, 10, 14, 16	(Some, perhaps all, retouched by Dekker)
M. L. Hunt, *Dekker*	Parts of 7 and 9, probably 4	10	(Plot by Chettle; otherwise general agreement with Fleay's division)
Brooke ...	"A good deal"	2, 16	(Heywood's hand occasionally, *e.g.* 6, 10)

Here is a considerable amount of discrepancy. And yet there might well be more. For five authors were paid for *Lady Jane*; and we can hardly suppose that the shares of Dekker and Webster, when separated from the rest, neatly formed *Sir Thomas Wyat*. The assignment of the play to Dekker and Webster by the Quarto perhaps entitles us to hold them the main authors; but we have no right to simplify the problem by assuming them the only ones.

Stoll is, I think, not far from the truth when he asserts there is nothing in the play that we can claim with certainty as Webster's. Even where parallels occur with Webster's later writings, we have to remember that he might well reproduce passages not his own from a play in which he had collaborated, considering how often he reproduces them from plays with which he had nothing whatever to do. Nor, on the other hand, is it safe to credit Dekker with everything that seems to be in Dekker's manner. For what more natural than that the young Webster, working with a more experienced partner, should imitate his elder's style? Writers, like humanity as a whole, go through an ape-stage in their evolution. Imitation is their apprenticeship. And supposing we had

[1] Scene I ends at p. 8, l. 8 in Hazlitt's *Webster*; II. at p. 10 (bottom); III. at p. 12 (1 line from bottom); IV. at p. 14, l. 20; V. at p. 16, l. 2; VI. at p. 20, l. 11; VII. at p. 22, l. 5; VIII. at p. 26 (4 lines from bottom); IX. at p. 30, l. 13; X. at p. 36 (4 lines from bottom); XI. at p. 39, l. 6; XII. at p. 43, l. 3; XIII. at p. 46, l. 19; XIV. at p. 48 (4 lines from bottom); XV. at p. 50, l. 15; XVI. at p. 55 (bottom).

lost all the early work of a certain modern poet except some anonymous passages in a vein like this—

> With Hope Reflexion blends her social rays
> To gild the total tablet of his days,

who could possibly detect there the hand of Wordsworth? Similarly the young Meredith alternately disguised himself as Tennyson and as Browning. We cannot know how Webster may have written ten years before *The White Devil*. All we can say is that the greater part of the play is more like Dekker than Webster; but that there are a few parallels with Webster's later work, which may reveal Webster's authorship—though not necessarily, as seems to be sometimes assumed, his authorship of the whole scene in which they occur. The chief parallels are these (the *Wyat* references are to the pages of Hazlitt's *Webster*): Sc. II. p. 9, "flattering bells", cf. *W.D.* III. 2. 96; "fetters...of gold", cf. *D.M.* IV. 2. 222 ff.; p. 10: "We are led with pomp to prison", cf. *W.D.* IV. 2. 90–2 (it is also usual to quote the passage just preceding, about "dead men's skulls", as if Webster had a monopoly in death's-heads); Sc. X. p. 34 ("body will follow"), cf. *W.D.* IV. 1. 136[1]; p. 53—

> And will you count such forcement treachery?
> Then make the silver Thames as black as Styx,
> Because it was constrain'd to bear the barks
> Whose battering ordnance should have been employ'd
> Against the hinderers of our royalty;

cf. *W.D.* III. 2. 212–4 (also a retort by the defendant in a trial-scene); Sc. XVII. p. 58 ("Men run their course of lives as in a maze"), cf. *W.D.* V. 4. 115 (it is doubtful however if *mase* in the latter has anything to do with a *maze* or labyrinth).

In fine, we may say that possible signs of Webster's hand appear in II., X., XVI., and perhaps XVII. (it is noticeable how many of the parallels are with *W.D.* III. 2–IV. 2); but to try to prove more definite details of his share is, I think, merely "weaving nets to catch the wind".

B. *Westward Ho!*

The play was registered for printing on March 2nd 1605, though the Quarto did not appear till 1607. On the other hand, it contains allusions (I. 1: IV. 2) to the length of the siege of Ostend (July 15th 1601–Sept. 20th 1604) and to a book written about it. It was therefore probably produced towards the end of 1604.

There is no definite source, though there are situations which recall other plays of Dekker, like *Satiromastix*.

[1] The expression is, however, proverbial. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI*, IV. 7. 25–6.

The play has been divided as follows between its authors:

	Webster	Dekker
Fleay	I.–III., IV. 2 (part)	Rest of IV., V.
Stoll	"Some slight undetermined part in the more colourless and stereotyped portions"	The rest
Pierce	Much, perhaps most, of I. 1 and III. 3: a small part of I. 2 and III. 2	The rest
Brooke	Strong traces in I. 1 and III. 3	II. 1, 2; V. 3.
Sykes	III. 4. Parts of I. 1 and 2; of III. 2 and 3; and of V. 3	The rest

The problem has really been solved by Pierce, whose results are strikingly confirmed by an independent and unpublished paper of Sykes, which he kindly placed at my disposal. One may not always agree with Pierce's methods; his "three-syllable Latin word test"[1] has rightly been criticized by Rupert Brooke; but his excellent use of the simpler and surer criterion of parallel passages has settled the main problems of both this play and *Northward Ho!* There is no space to reprint that evidence here; nor is there really any reason for so doing. A certain number of additional parallels had been noted by Sykes; a few more still have occurred to the present writer; but they would only serve to confirm the results already reached, except in one point. Pierce brings good evidence for attributing III. 4, unlike Sykes, to Dekker; but, on the other hand, Sykes is probably right, I think, in seeing Webster's hand in v. 3[2] (in Hazlitt; = v. 4 in Dyce). But these are small discrepancies compared with the striking general agreement reached by two independent investigators of a very difficult question.

[1] This consisted in counting the number of Latin-derived words of three or more syllables in each scene; calculating the number of prose-lines in Dyce's *Webster* which the scene, whether prose or verse, would have occupied; and so working out the average number of such words per line. Only 11 per cent. of Webster's scenes, Pierce claims, have an average below ·225; only 11 per cent. of Dekker's an average above ·275. The method does work surprisingly well in a great many cases; but it remains liable to sudden and serious lapses. How polysyllabic a passage is, clearly depends on matter as well as author. I do not see that the test can really inspire much confidence; still less why so clumsy a unit as a prose-line in Dyce was adopted, instead of simply saying what percentage of the total number of words contained three or more syllables and was of Latin origin.

[2] He compares the opening of Justiniano's story (Hazlitt, p. 159), "I'll tell you a tale", with *W.D.* IV. 2. 224; J.'s remark on p. 160, "Take my counsel, I'll ask no fee for't", with *W.D.* I. 2. 87, *D.L.* I. 2. 300, *C.C.* IV. 1. 206, *A.V.* III. 2. 238; and the phrase on p. 166, "an almanack that threatens nothing but foul weather", more doubtfully, with *A.V.* III. 2. 12. One might also compare, on the same page, "Have we smelt you out, foxes?" with *A.V.* III. 2. 166–7.

C. *Northward Ho!*

The play was registered on Aug. 6th 1607 and published in the same year. With its probable satire on Chapman as Bellamont, it is a reply to *Eastward Ho!*, which in its turn had been a reply to *Westward Ho!* (late 1604). *Eastward Ho!* was registered on Sept. 4th 1605 and therefore belongs to some time in the first eight months of 1605: and as Day's *Isle of Gulls*, staged Feb. 1606, refers to all three plays, *Northward Ho!* must belong in its turn to the latter end of 1605 (or, just possibly, to Jan. 1606).

As with *Westward Ho!* the plot seems mainly invented, though the ring-story appears to be ultimately derived from an episode in La Sale's *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles* (LXII).

The parts have been assigned as follows:

	Webster	Dekker
Fleay	The rest	I. 2; II. 1; III. 1; IV. 1 (Doll-scenes)
Stoll	As for *Westward Ho!*	Predominantly Dekker
Pierce	Much, probably most, of I. 1, II. 2, V. (beginning); retouching of III. 1	The rest
Brooke	Most of II. 2 and V. (beginning), perhaps I. 1 and III. 1	IV. 1
Sykes	II. 2. Parts of I. 1; of III. 1 and 2; and of V.	The rest

As with *Westward Ho!*, the decisive evidence is that of parallel passages; and the same comments apply. Pierce, Brooke, and Sykes are in close agreement, especially the first and last; the only point of divergence being Webster's possible share in the short scene III. 2.[1] I will close by summarizing, in a different form, the results for both plays together, since they mutually support each other and throw an interesting light on the partners' method of dividing a play between them:

Westward Ho!		*Northward Ho!*	
I. 1.	Dekker and Webster	I. 1.	Dekker and Webster
2.	Dekker and Webster	2.	Dekker
		3.	Dekker
II. 1.	Dekker	II. 1.	Dekker
2.	Dekker	2.	Webster
3.	Dekker		

[1] The evidence is very slight: but Sykes argues that the use of "politic" and "i' th' world" indicates Webster.

III. 1.	Dekker	III. 1.	Dekker and Webster
2.	Dekker and Webster	2.	Dekker and Webster (?)
3.	Dekker and Webster		
4.	Dekker		
IV. 1.	Dekker	IV. 1.	Dekker
2.	Dekker	2.	Dekker
		3.	Dekker
		4.	Dekker
V. 1.	Dekker	V. 1.	Dekker and Webster
2.	Dekker		
3.	Dekker and Webster		

APPENDIX II

THE SPURIOUS PLAYS

THESE are two—*The Weakest Goeth to the Wall* and *The Thracian Wonder*.

The first, that "apocryphal abortion" as Swinburne called it, was registered and published as an anonymous work in 1600. A second edition followed in 1618. Milton's nephew, Edward Phillips, in his *Theatrum Poetarum* (1675; p. 116), first assigned it to Webster and Dekker, along with *The Noble Stranger* (really by L. Sharpe), *A New Trick to Cheat the Devil* (by Davenport), and *A Woman will have her Will* (by Haughton). He was followed by Winstanley (1687). But four years later Langbaine dismissed this whole string of assertions as "a great mistake" in his *Account of the English Dramatic Writers* (1691; p. 510), where he rightly attributes to Webster *W.D.*, *D.M.*, *D.L.*, *C.C.*, and *A.V.* Since then no one has supported Phillips's clearly baseless statement; and *The Weakest Goeth to the Wall* has been assigned to various other writers. Fleay (II. 113–4) gave it to Munday: Ward (III. 55) sees in its humour a likeness to Dekker; Miss Hunt (*Dekker*, p. 42) thinks that he only revised what was originally the work of Chettle; H. D. Sykes (*Sidelights on Elizabethan Drama*, p. 221) in a brief note rejects both Chettle and Munday, while assigning to Dekker I. 2–3, II. 3, III. 4–5, IV. 3, V. 2. A. Acheson, on the contrary (*Shakespeare, Chapman, and "Sir Thomas More"*, Paris, 1926), reverts to the view of Fleay, whose reason for giving the piece to Munday was that its title-page states it to have been acted sundry times by the Earl of Oxford's Servants. The only person known to us to have written for this company, beside Oxford himself, is Munday. Therefore Munday wrote the play (*c.* 1584). That indeed is the sort of "argument" Fleay loved.

Chambers (IV. 52–3) rejects this theory on the ground that Oxford had two companies, one mainly of boys (formed *c.* 1579), one of men (in existence *c.* 1601–2). Munday was only connected with the first of these; whereas Chambers, presumably on account of the date of publication, connects *The Weakest Goeth to the Wall* with the later company. There seems, however, no particular reason for this. And Acheson argues on the contrary that the term "pigmies" used in II. 1 (Hazlitt's ed. p. 242: cf. "mannikins", p. 235) points to boy-actors. This seems plausible, though not certain. But when he further argues that the date must be *c.* 1581 because boys in their teens in 1579 would

no longer be "pigmies" in 1584, I cannot follow him. Why should they be the same boys? A slightly better argument for an early date would be the indebtedness of the plot to the first novel in B. Rich's *Farewell to the Military Profession* (1581), "Sappho Duke of Mantona". In any case the question of Munday's authorship can only be settled by an intensive comparison of the style of this play with Munday's known work, which may or may not establish that resemblance which Fleay saw and Sykes denies. *Sed non est meum hoc.*

The Thracian Wonder was published by Kirkman in 1661 at the same time as *A Cure for a Cuckold* and as by the same authors—Webster and Rowley. Even the title-pages of the two plays are typographically twins, and bear the same motto—*Placere Cupio.* The nature of the play is however such that no one has ever believed Kirkman; the only question is how he came to make the mistake—not that any elaborate explanation is needed. For Kirkman was *capable de tout.*

The plot is based on a story found in Warner's *Albion's England* (1586; IV. 20), copied by Greene's novel *Menaphon* (1589), and again by William Webster's *Historie of Curan...and Argentile*, a poem in six-line stanzas (1617). Collier not unplausibly suggested that Kirkman, seeing the parallel between *William* Webster's poem and this anonymous play, by some confusion, whether intentional or no, assigned the play to *John* Webster. But why also to Rowley—no usual partner of Webster's? "Because," answers Stoll, "the companion-manuscript of *A Cure for a Cuckold* did genuinely bear the names of Webster and Rowley"; which is a very neat way of fitting in an additional argument for the authenticity of the latter play. It is quite a possible suggestion; but, for lack of evidence, it cannot be more. In any case Kirkman's word hardly counts as a reason for believing that Webster wrote *The Thracian Wonder*; while the whole style of one of the most fatuous even of Elizabethan plays is a strong reason for believing that he did not. This being so, it is hardly the province of the present work to consider who did. A brief summary of the main views on the subject may, however, be added.

The chief contributions are by J. Q. Adams (*Mod. Philol.* Jan. 1906), J. le G. Brereton (*Mod. Lang. Rev.* Oct. 1906), O. L. Hatcher (*Mod. Lang. Notes*, Jan. 1908), and C. W. Stork, *All's Lost by Lust and A Shoemaker, A Gentleman* (Introd.; 1910).

The first two, writing independently, both established the wholesale and indeed slavish indebtedness of the play, alike in plot and language, to Greene's *Menaphon*; but differed in the conclusions they drew from this—Brereton inferring that Greene was the author of the play, Adams that it was the *pastiche* of an imitator. Who this imitator was, remained uncertain; but Adams was not disinclined to accept Fleay's identification

of *The Thracian Wonder* with a play called *War without Blows and Love without Suit* ("*without Strife*" in the second entry) referred to as Heywood's in Henslowe's *Diary* for Dec. 12th 1598 and Jan. 26th 1599. (Reference to *The Thracian Wonder*, I. 2 and III. 2 will indicate Fleay's reasons for this identification. They do not strike one as very convincing.[1]) In any case it can hardly be much later in date.

Following these critics Hatcher more closely examined the resemblances between *The Thracian Wonder* and other works of Greene's—*Orlando Furioso* and, to a smaller extent, *James IV* and *Alphonsus*. His conclusion is, however, that despite all these resemblances Greene's whole freshness of spirit is lacking in the play and it was probably written, or at least revised, by some other hand.

Lastly C. W. Stork argues that some of the Clown's quips in I. 1, II. 2, IV. 2, V. 2 betray a superficial patching by Rowley. Nor, of course, is it out of the question that Webster himself might have gone over the work with the hastiest of pens.[2] That he did more than this seems incredible.

[1] Fleay, I. 287: he takes, however, a different view in II. 332. See Greg, *Henslowe's Diary*, II. 199.

[2] Cf. II. 2 (Hazlitt, p. 150), "Puff, they're blown away with a whirlwind" with *D.M.* IV. 1. 107; II. 4 (p. 157), "I have some strange meditations" with *D.M.* II. 1. 45, etc.; IV. 2 (p. 184), the rare Heywoodian word "obdure" with *A.V.* IV. 2. 102 (though this of course would square even better with Fleay's assignment of the play to Heywood himself).

APPENDIX III

THE ADDITIONS TO *THE SPANISH TRAGEDY*

AS is well known, entries in Henslowe's *Diary* for Sept. 25th 1601 and June 22nd 1602 record payments made to Ben Jonson for additions to "*Ieronimo*"; and in 1602 there appeared a new quarto of *The Spanish Tragedy*, "with new additions of the Painter's part and others", which met with great success. These additions are (in Boas's *Kyd*) II. 5. 46–97; III. 2. 65–74; III. 11. 2–50; III. 12 A; IV. 4. 168–217. Now there has always been extreme difficulty, despite Henslowe's evidence, in attributing to Jonson anything so romantically unlike the rest of his work as these passages. And so it has been variously suggested that "*Ieronimo*" does not refer here to *The Spanish Tragedy* at all; or that Jonson farmed out the work to another; or that the additions paid for are not the passages quoted above, but other more extensive alterations made earlier, and so important as to enable Henslowe in 1597 to refer to "*Ieronimo*" (meaning *The Spanish Tragedy*?) as a "new" play, although it had been acted years before. In support of this third view the editors of the Malone Society Reprint of *The Spanish Tragedy* forcibly point out that it is hardly conceivable that Henslowe should have apparently paid a sum in the neighbourhood of £5 for less than 340 lines of "additions", when he often gave no more than that for a whole play. Accordingly the work for which Jonson was paid would seem to have been some earlier and more extensive revision of *The Spanish Tragedy*, and not the "additions of the Painter's part and others" which here concern us and are most unlikely to be by him. But if not his, whose are they?

Long ago Lamb in his *Specimens* suggested Webster as their author—"They are full of that wild, solemn, preternatural cast of grief which bewilders us in *The Duchess of Malfi*". His view was repeated by Fitz-Gerald (*Letters of E. FitzGerald to Fanny Kemble*, 1895, p. 63): "Nobody knows who wrote this one scene (III. 12 A): it was thought Ben Jonson, who could no more have written it than I who read it; for what else of his is it like? Whereas Webster, one fancies, might have done it". And Webster's authorship is seriously put forward by Castelain in his *Ben Jonson* (1907: Appendix B).

I do not think the additions are really very like Webster. They treat indeed of death and madness; but that is common in Elizabethan drama.

They treat them with extreme effectiveness; that is less common; but it is far from proving Webster's authorship. Take a typical passage—"Let the Clowdes scowle, make the Moone darke, the Starres extinct, the Windes blowing, the Belles towling, the Owle shrieking, the Toades croking, the Minutes jerring, and the Clocke striking twelve". It is easy enough at the first croak of the Toad to exclaim "Webster!" But is it after all much like his style? One can only judge for oneself; but Webster seems to me to read, as he wrote, rather slowly. He is sudden, but not continuously rapid like this. He seems a thunder-cloud lit up by intermittent lightning-flashes; but this is the headlong onrush of a gale. Throughout, these additions seem to me to flow with a swifter, easier motion than Webster's style. Indeed I could far more readily believe, with Coleridge, that they were the work of Shakespeare himself. But I have too often been irritated by the personal impressions of others in matters so elusive to expect anyone to swallow mine. It remains only to point out the scarcity of satisfactory parallels[1] with Webster's known work; and there is the difficulty of the date. In 1602 Webster was doing his share in *Sir Thomas Wyat*, a poor piece of uninspired hack-work. Two years later in the Induction to *The Malcontent* and *Westward Ho!* he still shows not a glimmer of genius; and genius is hardly too strong a word for the author of these additions. Ten years later Webster was writing, not indeed like this, but as well. But it would seem improbable that he had written the additions in 1612; it seems all but impossible in 1602.

[1] We may indeed cf. *Span. Trag.* III. 11. 5 ff.: "My sonne—and what's a sonne?" with *D.M.* I. 1. 456 ff.; and in *Span. Trag.* III. 12 A: "we are very merrie, very merrie" and "painted comforts" are rather Websterian. Similarly when the mad Hieronimo beats the Painter, we may recall the mad Ferdinand beating the Doctor in *D.M.* V. 2. And again with *Span. Trag.* IV. 4. 175: "O damned Devill, how secure he is!" cf. *W.D.* V. 3. 170: "O the cursed devill, Come to himselfe againe!" But it all amounts to very little; and the turning of the phrases, the whole run of the prose in the Painter scene, especially, seems to me much more like Shakespeare, at any rate than Webster.

APPENDIX IV

METRICAL

THE danger of metrical evidence is that it is too often believed. It is interesting when it enables us to watch, as here, a poet's technical development; it is useful when it confirms a theory *already* probable on other grounds; but it is always treacherous. Scholars who deal in these tests tend too often to cloak the wide fluctuations which occur between different scenes, under specious averages for whole plays; and they often ignore also the strong subjective element in all metrical statistics. It does not indeed matter if *A* disagrees with *B* about percentages, provided he is consistent with himself: for what we want to know is how play *X* compares with play *Y*, not whether *A*'s idea of what constitutes a resolved foot is more correct than *B*'s. It is no use trying to be too uniform; for on no subject do human beings disagree with more frenzy than on prosody; but it is hopeless to think, as some scholars seem still to do, that one can use one's own figures for, say, one play of Webster's side by side with someone else's figures for another. Each investigator must cover the whole ground for himself; it may be tedious, but it is absolutely essential.[1]

The tables below have been calculated on a basis slightly different from that generally employed. It is usual to count straight ahead through long speeches and broken dialogue indiscriminately. But surely if one is to compare the metre of one work with that of another, a little more care than this is needed in the selection of one's specimens. For it is only when he has space and time to settle into his rhythmical stride that a poet is able to become metrically most himself: and it is absurd to compare the metre of a scene which is composed largely of long tirades with the metre of another consisting for the most part of rapid dialogue and broken lines. If we wanted to compare the gait of two walkers, we should watch them both going over the same sort of ground; and, preferably, ground open and level enough for each to get into his characteristic stride. Accordingly the figures below are based almost entirely on speeches of five continuous lines or more.

With different poets different tests prove most significant; with Fletcher and Massinger, for instance, the feminine ending. With Webster

[1] Previous work on Webster's metre has been done by Meiners and Stoll. Meiners is, I fear, negligible; with Stoll's figures I sometimes agree, but very often do not. This may be partly explained by my working only on continuous speeches; but not altogether.

far the most important figures are the percentages of resolved feet per hundred lines. By a "resolved foot" I mean very much what Professor Saintsbury means in his *History of English Prosody*. At that name, no doubt, a sudden yell of rage will escape nine-tenths of my metrically-minded readers; but when they have recovered their self-possession, will they reflect that whatever other prosodist I had named, the same result would have followed? Professor Saintsbury may or may not be right (the advantage he has over most of his rivals seems to me that he explains not only what English metre is, but how it came to be so); but all that matters here is to have one consistent measure to apply to the various plays. And so for present purposes a foot is "resolved", when the staple iamb of two syllables is broken up into some equivalent foot of three syllables (sometimes even more, in Webster[1]), generally an anapaest. The other significant tests here employed are the feminine ending (useful for distinguishing Webster's work from Massinger's and Ford's), run-on lines, and rhyme. Light and weak endings, on the other hand, are always ticklish to discriminate, and tend to be inconveniently rare. It is so much safer and more reliable to work with percentages of, say, 20 or 30 than of 2 or 3.

The White Devil (1611–2)

Act	No. of lines tested	Rhymed endings*	Feminine endings	Run-on lines	Resolved feet
I.	100	4	29	37	25
II.	100	10	21	28	16
III.	100	8	22	24	26
IV.	100	16	24	23	22
V.	100	20	22	29	31
Total	500	58 (11·6)†	118 (23·6)	141 (28·2)	120 (24)

* Exclusive of the final couplets of scenes (as the passages selected sometimes included the ends of scenes, sometimes not, to count them would have introduced an element of chance).

† Throughout these tables where two numbers are thus given, the lower, bracketed one is the percentage.

[1] There are times in *The Devil's Law-Case* when he seems to revert in effect to the older English system of simply counting the accented syllables and ignoring the number of unaccented ones.

The Duchess of Malfi (1613–4)

Act	No. of lines tested	Rhymed endings	Feminine endings	Run-on lines	Resolved feet
I. (excluding the addition of 1617)	100	0	32	18	45
II.	100	6	28	27	43
III.	100	0	34	35	70
IV.	100	4	18	23	45
V.	100	6	25	41	44
Total	500	16 (3·2)	137 (27·4)	144 (28·8)	247 (49·4)

Note the increase in resolved feet and the decrease in rhyme.

The Devil's Law-Case (*c.* 1620)

Act	No. of lines tested	Rhymed endings	Feminine endings	Run-on lines	Resolved feet
I.	100	0	35	42	52
II.	100	2	29	22	85
III.	100	0	29	34	71
IV.	100	2	29	37	61
IV. (*cont.*), V.	100	2	29	47	66
Total	500	6 (1·2)	151 (30·2)	182 (36·4)	335 (67)

Note again the decrease in rhyme and the marked further increase in resolved feet. How Stoll arrived at a percentage of only 35·3 resolved feet for this play ("epical caesura", 5·5 + "extra syllables exclusive of epical caesura", 29·8), I cannot conceive.

Anything for a Quiet Life (*c.* 1621)

(Webster's share: the rest is Middleton's prose)

Scene	No. of lines tested	Rhymed endings	Feminine endings	Run-on lines	Resolved feet
I. 1	100	0	25	49	68
III. 1	50	0	14	13	22
			(28)	(26)	(44)
V. 1	100	2	30	32	39
Total	250	2	69	94	129
		(·8)	(27·6)	(37·6)	(51·6)

The number of resolved feet has thus reacted to the level of *D.M.* Run-on lines, on the other hand, are more numerous here than ever before or again; similarly, as we should expect, light and weak endings are a good deal commoner here (3·6 per cent.) than anywhere else in Webster.

The Fair Maid of the Inn (1625)

Scene	No. of lines tested	Rhymed endings	Feminine endings	Run-on lines	Resolved feet
I. 1 (Massinger)	100	0	40	24	24
I. 2–3 (Massinger)	75	0	42 (56)	27 (36)	17 (22·66)
II. 1 (Webster)	75	0	27 (36)	25 (33·3)	34 (45·33)
II. 3–4 (Webster)	60	2 (3·33)	18 (30)	23 (38·33)	36 (60)
III. 1 (Verse by Ford)	80	0	40 (50)	36 (45)	11 (13·75)
III. 2 (Mainly Ford)	100	0	71	52	16
IV. 1 (Ford)	80	0	48 (60)	31 (38·75)	11 (13·75)
V. 1 (Webster)	60	4 (6·66)	24 (40)	23 (38·33)	28 (46·66)
V. 3 (Mainly Massinger)	150	0	62 (41·33)	55 (36·66)	27 (18)
Total for Massinger	325	0	144 (44·3)	106 (32·61)	68 (20·92)
Total for Webster	195	6 (3·07)	69 (35·38)	71 (36·41)	98 (50·25)
Total for Ford	260	0	159 (61·15)	119 (45·76)	38 (14·61)

These figures work out very well. Webster is marked by rhyme and a high percentage of resolved feet (about the same as in *A.Q.L.*); Ford by abundance of feminine endings[1] and rarity of resolved feet; while Massinger stands between. The unusually large proportion of feminine endings even in Webster's share may be due to the influence or to the insertions of his partners.

A Cure for a Cuckold (c. 1625)

Scene	No. of lines tested	Rhymed endings	Feminine endings	Run-on lines	Resolved feet
I. 1	70	0	14 (20)	25 (35·71)	8 (11·43)
I. 2	100	2	17	27	8
II. 1–2	75	2 (2·66)	16 (21·33)	19 (25·33)	15 (20)
II. 4	60	2 (3·33)	20 (33·33)	16 (26·66)	22 (36·66)
III. 1	90	0	19 (21·11)	32 (35·55)	33 (36·66)
III. 3	40	0	10 (25)	14 (35)	9 (22·5)
IV. 1	35	0	3 (8·57)	8 (22·85)	4 (11·42)
IV. 2	100	6	32	40	37
V. 1 a	50	2 (4)	11 (22)	12 (24)	9 (18)
V. 1 b	50	0	12 (24)	18 (36)	21 (42)
Total for III. 1, IV. 2, V. 1 b (Webster's clearest work)	240	6 (2·5)	63 (26·25)	90 (37·5)	91 (37·91)

Even if we attributed to Webster only III. 1, IV. 2, and V. 1 b (II. 4 being more doubtful on grounds of style), there would be a further

[1] Very characteristic also are the triple endings in Ford's part of the play. His fondness for these and for double (or feminine) endings does indeed vary considerably (see F. E. Pierce, "The Collaboration of Dekker and Ford" in *Anglia*, XXXVI. 142–3 (1912), where the percentage of double endings to unrhymed lines is said to range from 14·9 in *'Tis Pity* to 60·3 in *The Fancies Chaste and Noble*. He appears in fact to have two distinct metrical styles, one sparing of double and triple endings, the other abounding in them; but in *all* his collaborated work, as here, it is the latter that he employs. The high percentage of 71 feminine endings in *F.M.I.* III. 2 need cause no difficulty: in parts of *The Fancies* I have found as many as 77% of double (and 10% of triple) endings.

noticeable decline in his use of resolved feet, to a percentage of 37·91. But, as we shall see in a moment, some of the scenes most certainly Webster's in *Appius* have far fewer still, so that it is not safe to assume that scenes in the present play are not Webster's because they show a percentage of only 14 or even less (*e.g.* cf. *A.V.* IV. 1). His versification would seem to have become uneven, perhaps because he was consciously forcing it. At all events in this play and the next these figures are less helpful.

Appius and Virginia (?1625–7)

(The terminations of Roman names in -ius, -ia are so easily slurred as one syllable that they are not here counted as making resolved feet.)

Scene	No. of lines tested	Rhymed endings	Feminine endings	Run-on lines	Resolved feet
I. 1	80	10 (12·5)	20 (25)	34 (42·5)	17 (21·25)
I. 2	30	4 (13·33)	6 (20)	17 (56·66)	4 (13·33)
I. 3	30	4 (13·33)	6 (20)	9 (30)	4 (13·33)
I. 4	100	6	33	26	12
II. 1	40	0	21 (52·5)	10 (25)	3 (7·5)
II. 2	100	6	20	39	30
II. 3	100	6	19	21	11
III. 1	40	0	8 (20)	7 (17·5)	3 (7·5)
III. 2	70	16 (22·85)	11 (15·71)	15 (21·42)	13 (18·57)
IV. 1	100	18	26	28	14
IV. 2	100	6	26	22	18
V. 3	100	12	16	24	15
Total for I. 1, III. 2, IV. 1 (Webster's clearest work)	250	44 (17·6)	57 (22·8)	77 (30·8)	44 (17·6)

We may then summarize as follows Webster's general metrical development (the figures are here percentages):

Play	Rhymed endings	Feminine endings	Run-on lines	Resolved feet
White Devil	11·6	23·6	28·2	24
Duchess of Malfi ...	3·2	27·4	28·8	49·4
Devil's Law-Case ...	1·2	30·2	36·4	67
Anything for a Quiet Life	·8	27·6	37·6	51·6
Fair Maid of the Inn...	3·07	35·38	36·41	50·25
Cure for a Cuckold ...	2·5	26·25	37·5	37·91
Appius and Virginia ...	17·6	22·8	30·8	17·6

What strikes the eye at once is that Webster's metrical development, unlike Shakespeare's "whose compulsive course Ne'er feels retiring ebb", does seem to show a marked reaction towards regularity after reaching, in *The Devil's Law-Case*, the extreme point of license.[1] In that play indeed the resolved feet become so numerous that at times its blank verse is on the point of flying to pieces altogether. Webster seems to have felt this: in his next work the tightening is already considerable.

Apart from that, our metrical evidence gives further proof, if proof were needed, of the correctness of the general belief, questioned tentatively by Sampson, that *The Duchess of Malfi* is later than *The White Devil*; it agrees quite well with our dating of *Anything for a Quiet Life*; and it provides very satisfactory confirmation of the division of *The Fair Maid of the Inn* between its authors. For the date of *Appius and Virginia*, on the other hand, it tells us little, except that the play is at one end or other of Webster's development: taken by itself, indeed, it would rather suggest the earlier end for some scenes, the later for others. But, pressed to this point, verse tests break down, and we have to betake ourselves elsewhere.

On the whole then the metrical evidence confirms, or at least does not contradict, the conclusions reached on other grounds; and that is all that metrical evidence can or should be expected to do.

[1] This may seem strange; and yet, more strangely still, it can be paralleled in the metrical development of Aeschylus and Sophocles (and with the Greek iambic we are on far less debatable ground than in dealing with blank verse); whereas Euripides on the contrary shows a continuous evolution like Shakespeare's. I owe the figures that follow to the kindness of Mr Ernest Harrison.

Aeschylus

Suppliants.	1 resolved foot in	11·1	lines (	9	per cent.)
Persae (472 B.C.)	,,	7·5	,, (	13·3	,,)
Seven against Thebes (467)	,,	7·4	,, (	13·5	,,)
Agamemnon (458)	,,	15·4	,, (	6·5	,,)
Choephoroe (458)	,,	15·9	,, (	6·28	,,)
Eumenides (458)	,,	17·9	,, (	5·58	,,)

(The date of the *Prometheus* is too uncertain for our purpose.)

In other words the *Eumenides* is metrically much stricter than the very archaic *Suppliants*, which is easily the earliest of the plays. The same tendency, less clearly, shows itself in Sophocles; whereas Euripides increases the proportion of his resolved feet fairly steadily from 1 in 15·2 lines in the *Alcestis* (438 B.C.) to 1 in 2·3 lines in the *Bacchae* at the close of his career (406). There is nothing metrically unparalleled, then, in putting *Appius* last of Webster's works.

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As the spelling of the same words often varies in the text, it has been modernized throughout the index. Webster's main borrowings will be found recorded under the names of the authors imitated.

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